August 10, 1940

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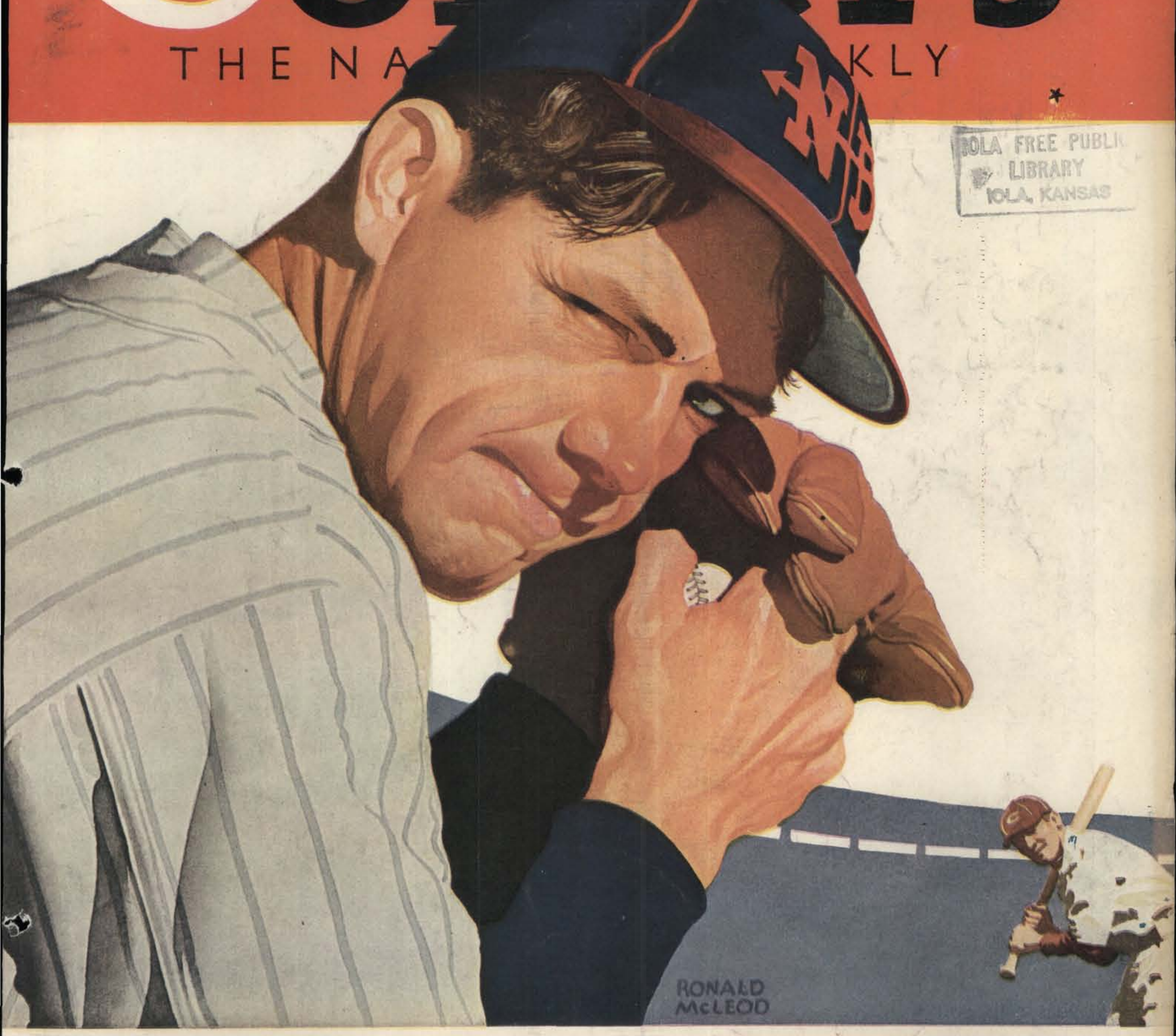

General de Gaulle—THE MAN WHO DIDN'T QUIT By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Aug. 10, 1940

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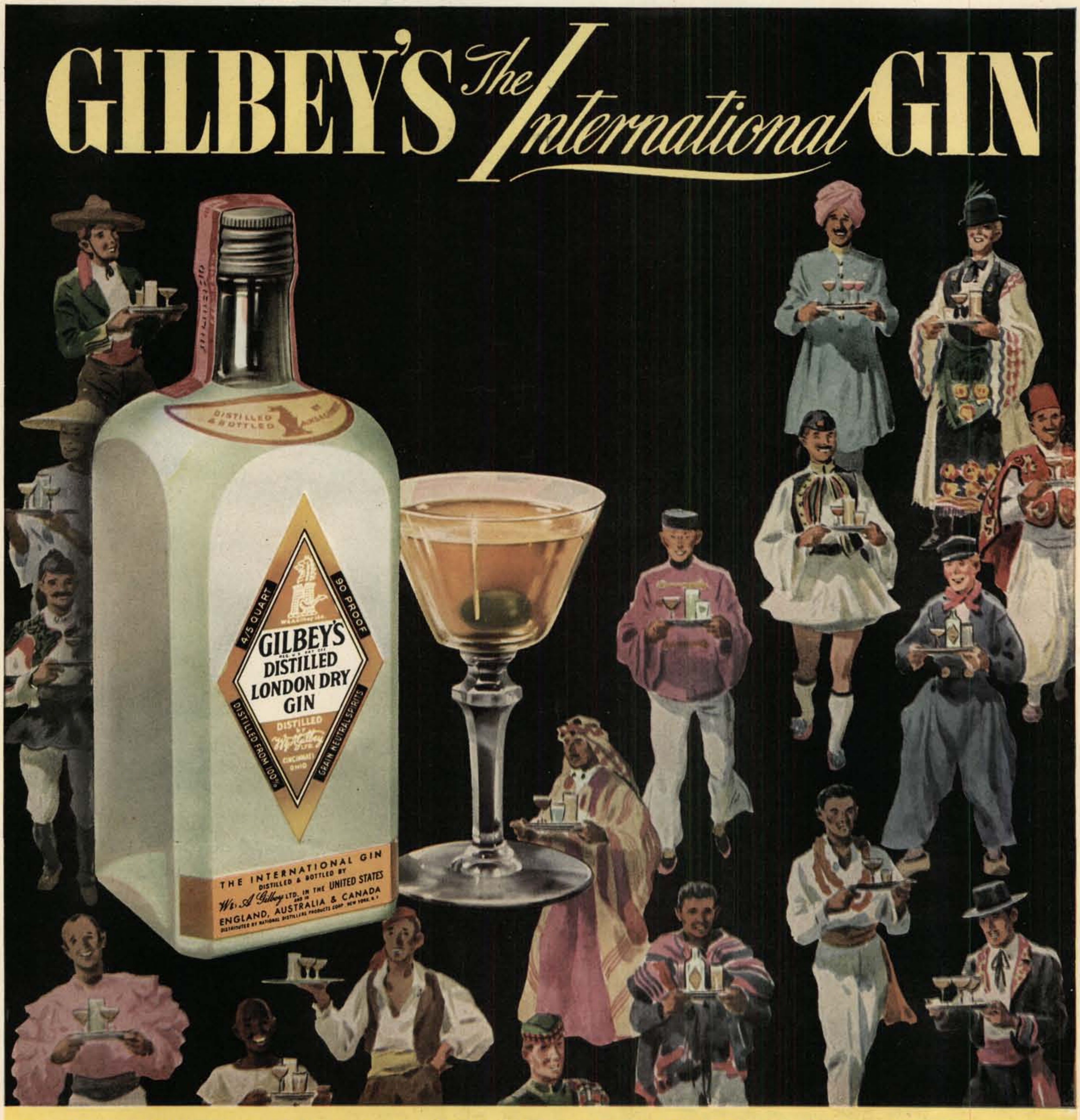
In any language in the World there's one name the waiters always know—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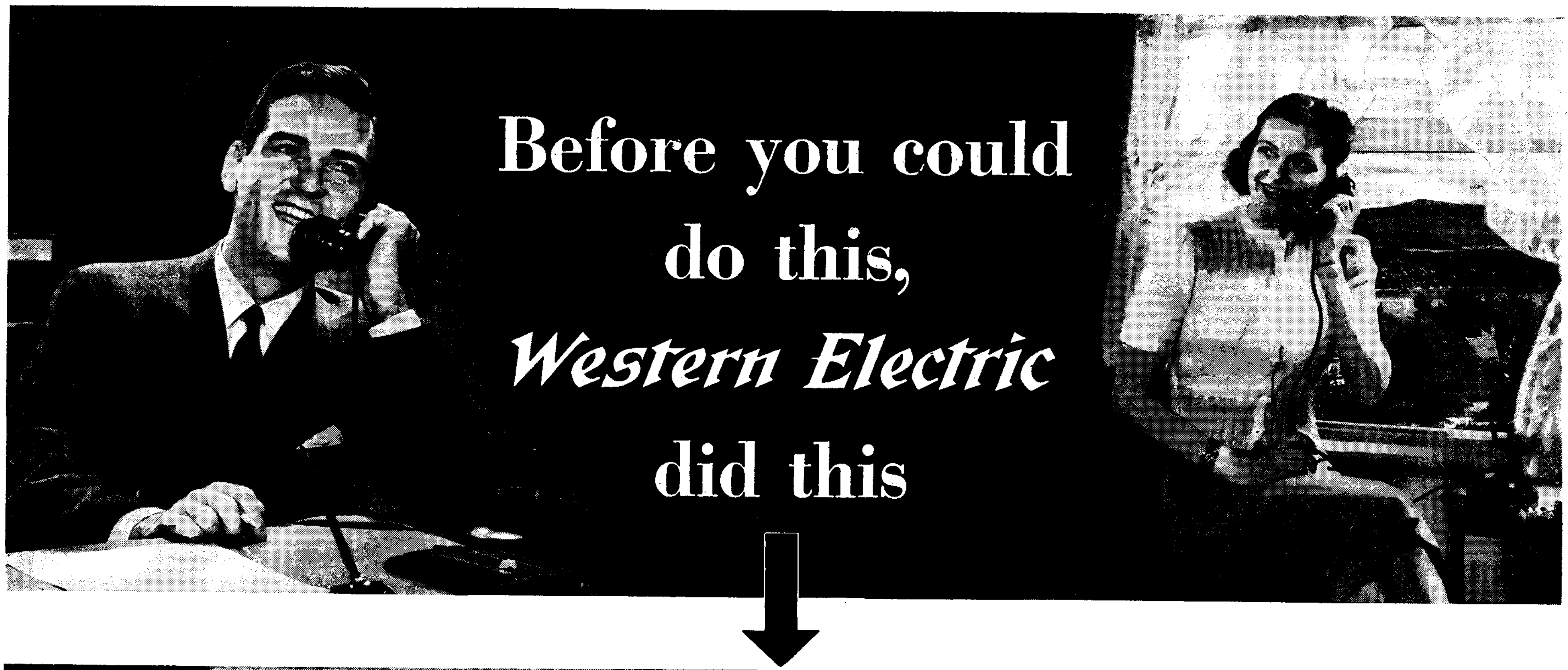

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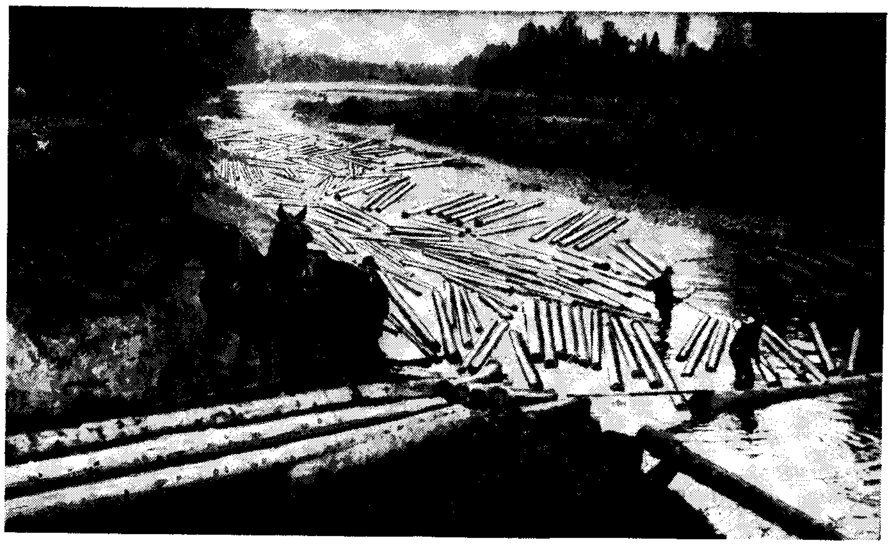
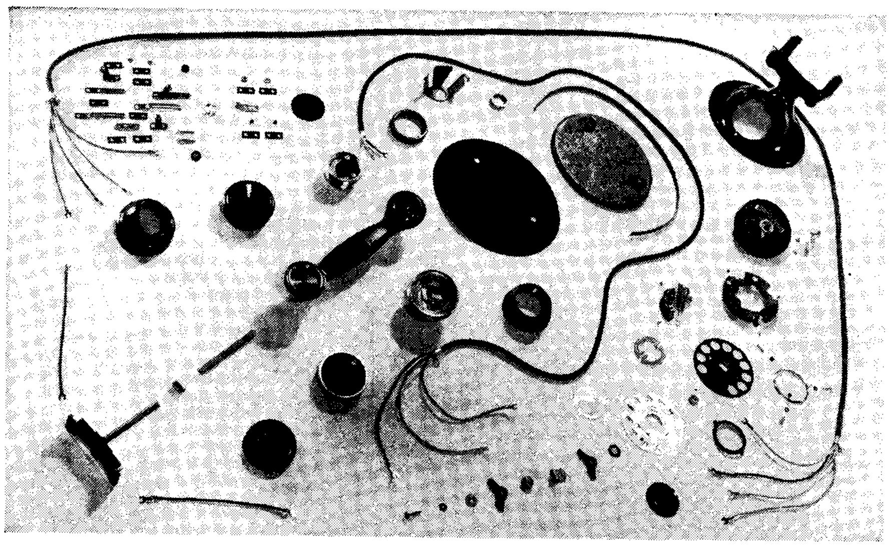


BOUGHT poles, trucks, copper, cotton: indeed, more than 100,000 things entering into your telephone service. Purchasing is one of the four major responsibilities of Western Electric in the Bell System.



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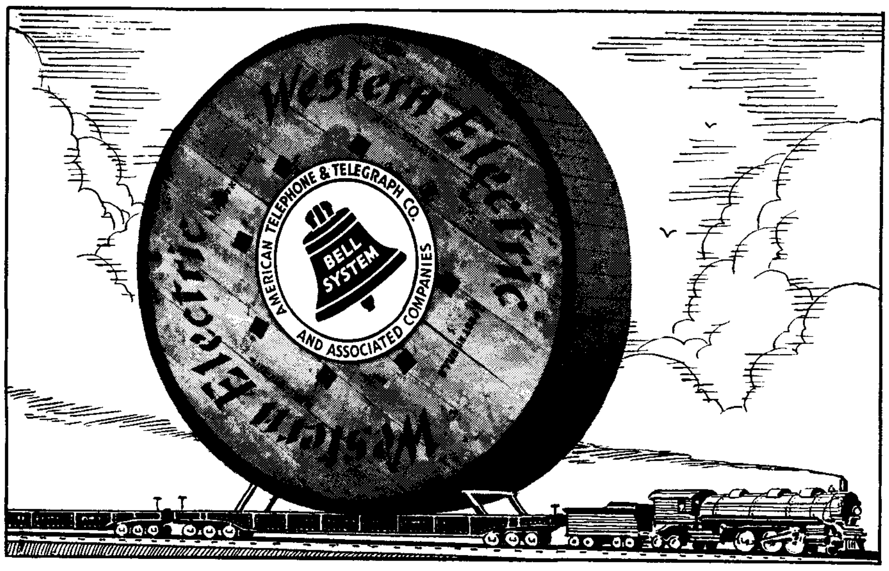
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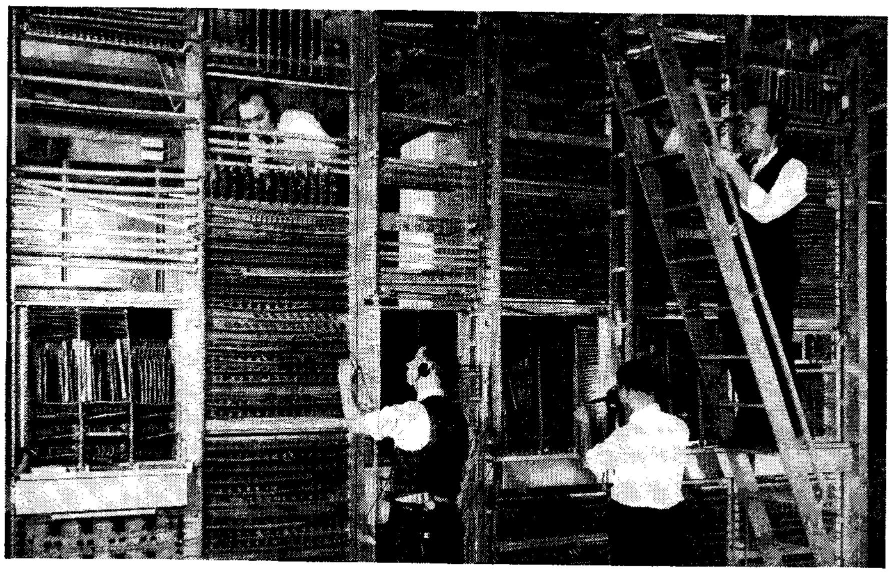

INSTALLED telephone central offices, those intricate switching centers containing in a single exchange thousands of miles of wire and millions of electrical connections.

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AUGUST 10, 1940

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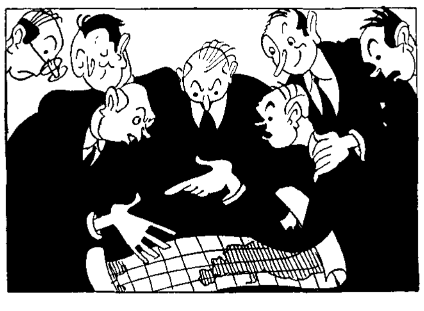
COVER RONALD McLEOD

ANY WEEK

AFTER we're armed within an inch of our life and have found a suitable enemy to try out on, we shall invite the General Staff of the United States Army to spend a morning in these offices. And if they wish to go to war fully equipped with the enemy's secrets, soundly grounded in modern tactics and in complete knowledge of what to do next, they'll accept. As far as we know, no other office in America is so crowded daily with fence-rail field marshals, cigar-store generals and barroom brigadiers. We've just got rid of a mob which included two Germans (one pro- and the other anti-Nazi), an antiappeasement Britisher, a progringo Mexican, a Daladier-hating Frenchman and an assortment of Americans who run all the way up and down from superisolationists to Roosevelt interventionists. They disposed of every major economic political and military problem with finger-snapping ease. However, they dispersed somewhat too rapidly for dignity when we read them a letter we'd just received from a young Negro.



THE letter was inspired by W. B. Courtney's article, "We're Losing No Time Here," explaining the United States Army's air-training program. "I am twenty years old," he writes. "I have completed two years of college work. But I am not allowed to take advantage of this training course because I am a Negro. Negroes may not enlist as flying cadets because one of the requirements is that one must agree to serve three years with an Air Corps unit upon completion of training. As there is no unit in the Air Corps with Negroes in it, Negroes are unable to fulfill this requirement and hence are not accepted. Probably there is nothing you can do about this, but I think it is a problem that deserves some attention. Please do not think me a 'professional' Negro raising the race question. All I ask is that I have the same choice in serving my country as other young Americans have."

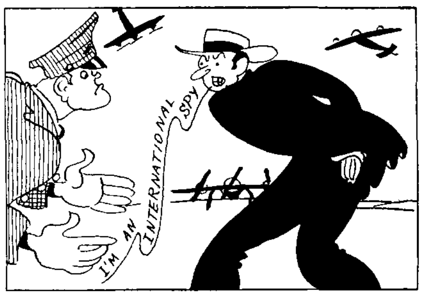
WHILE the War Department worries out an answer to that we assume full responsibility for a satisfactory solution of another military problem. Mr. Joseph O. Duncan of Charleston, West Virginia, reports that he will enlist in the United States Army but not in Charleston. He tried there and asked a recruiting officer whether it was true that beer-drinking was contrary to Army regulations. Mr. Duncan is fond of beer. The officer told him that he, Mr. Duncan, would be far too busy with patriotic tasks to find time to drink beer. So what to do? It's very simple. Any soldier who can't find beer and the time to drink it has no business being a soldier. We remember— But never mind.

WE HAVE a letter from an American gentleman who, when the Nazis took over Paris, fled to London via Bordeaux. And just in time, too, he says, to save him from "dying of shame for the land of my birth." But alas, his head is hanging low again with mortification. "When I think," writes Mr. William Charles Wagergarth, born forty-eight years ago in Baltimore, Maryland, but a resident in France since 1920, "that the United States, my native land, permitted the country of Lafayette and Rochambeau to fall before the Nazi hordes without raising a finger, I can look no longer in the faces of Frenchmen. And now I find myself unable to look fine Englishmen in the eyes. What am I to tell them as they ask me, 'Where are your fellow Americans? Why are your troops not here fighting for the mother country?' "

FRANKLY, we think Mr. Wagergarth should come home. There are quite a number of things here worth a good head-hanging. For example, we've heard a bit belatedly of the lady who wired Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, during the recent Republican convention, that every child in her young son's class in school considered "Mr. Hoover to be the hope of the country and the unanimous choice of the rising generation." An hour later Mr. Hamilton received a second telegram. "Pay no attention earlier wire," it read. "Ashamed to say children refer to J. Edgar Hoover."

BY THIS time, we trust, our ubiquitous Mr. Courtney is plunging through the jungles of the upper Amazon or striding across the pampas, the llanos and the selvas of South America. Or maybe he's scaling the Andes. We wouldn't be surprised. Closely following him, we hope, somewhat like a thin, mistrustful Sancho Panza will be his interpreter and photographer, George DeZayas. It is the purpose of these two footsore representatives of this energetic magazine to search out the truth about our Latin-American relations. They are departing with letters of introduction, medical certificates, personal police records and bales of documents which, as we understand it, are letters of marque and reprisal. Anyway, we suggest that you be patient. It will be worth it. This is the first time that Mr. DeZayas has been off city pavements except the time he "went to Mexico City to get born."

AND Mr. Rud Rennie of New York City reports that a friend of his, eager to fly from Miami to New York, arrived at the wrong airport—the Army one instead of the commercial. An Air Corps sergeant saw Mr. Rennie's friend strolling across a runway and headed him off. "Hey, you," yelled the sergeant, "what's the idea? What are you doing here? Who are you?" And Mr. Rennie's friend, sweating vigorously and in no humor to be yelled at, replied: "Me, I'm an international spy and want to be left alone." The sergeant halted, saluted and replied: "Sorry, sir. I thought you were a civilian."



WE'VE just managed to stagger through this column after a visit to Mr. Wendell Lewis Willkie's headquarters. In our casual way we thought merely to drop in, shake hands with the Republican nominee and exchange a few light phrases with his management. We dropped in. As we recall it, it was something like dropping into a meat chopper. Apparently several thousand others had had the same idea. We shall now retire for a few hours to have our coat mended, our back rubbed with arnica and try to collect our thoughts. The place was a riot of greeters, requesters, volunteer aides, autograph collectors, song writers, biographers, women's club committees, photographers, president makers and vigorous voters. In fact, everybody but Mr. Willkie was there; the poor fellow tried to get in but was beaten back at the door by a large delegation of Willkie Democrats. But we got as far as the information desk where we were embraced by a violent lady who asked us to remember that "God has always sent us a man of the hour in times of crisis." She even named them for us—Washington, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover. She was so excited that she didn't seem to notice that half her hat was gone. Or maybe it wasn't. Maybe it was just that kind of hat.

WHILE we're recovering we shall look forward to a large envelope from Mr. Ed Wipe of Indianapolis, Indiana. Says Mr. Wipe: "I'm about to write a short story for you and would say from the way I feel now it's going to be a dinger. All set?"

WE'RE prostrate. . . . W. D.

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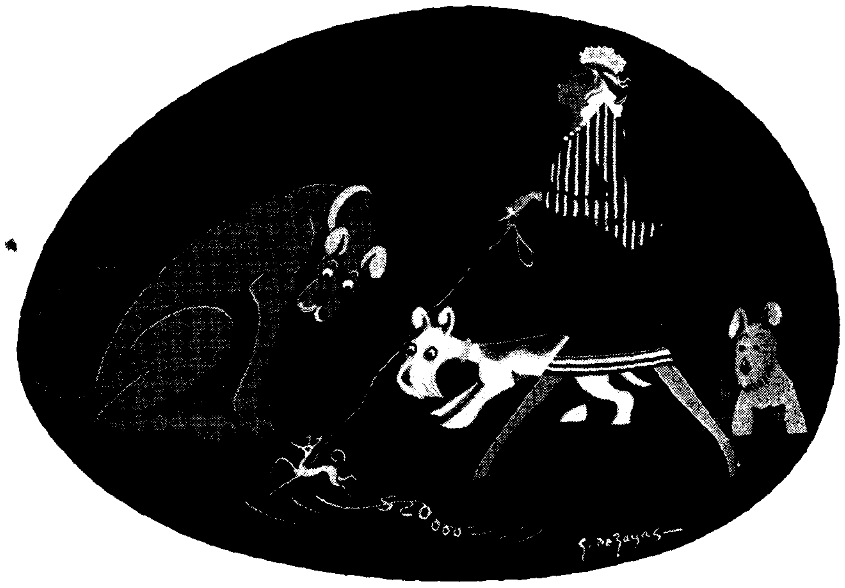

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In this country, there are at least thirty-five pure-bred dogs priced at $5,000, approximately fifteen worth between $5,000 and $10,000 and about eight valued from $10,000 to $20,000.

A new machine which manufactures small paper boxes for the packaging of such articles as razor blades and chewing gum, turns out these containers—folded, glued and counted—at the rate of thirty a second.—*By Gertrude C. Hobart, Nashua, New Hampshire.*

In England no stage play may be presented until its dialogue has been read and approved by the Lord Chamberlain and no public address may be made by the King until it has been read and approved by the British Home Office.

Although there are fewer lunar than solar eclipses, more people have observed the former, for an eclipse of the sun lasts only a few minutes and is visible from only a narrow path on the earth's surface. An eclipse of the moon is longer in duration and may be observed from more than half the world.—*By Robert R. Coles, New York, New York.*

In an artificial-limb manufacturing company in Minneapolis, all of the 133 employees, salesmen as well as factory workers, are physically handicapped and wear one or more of the firm's artificial appliances.

A new type of compressed-air gun, which sprays molten metal in amounts varying from one ounce to two pounds a minute, is used to fill teeth, build up dented automobile surfaces, coat various objects to prevent fire, corrosion or contamination and, through the use of stencils, "paint" signs and decorations.—*By Eliot Birnbaum, Rouses Point, New York.*

A climate best suited for the growing of a certain flower is not always the best for the growing of its seed. For example, the finest sweet peas are produced in England while the finest sweet-pea seeds are produced in the United States.

To secure new patrons, some American banks now have departments that teach cookery, find jobs for the unemployed, help churches raise money with movie shows and lend bulls to farmers for breeding purposes.

Hit-and-run drivers leave on our streets and highways an average of 386 victims a day.

A method of measurement has been developed that is capable of detecting one atom of the metal cesium in a cubic meter of space—which is comparable to detecting a housefly in a glass bowl the size of the earth.

A certain species of frog, after a heavy meal of fireflies, may be seen in the dark by the light of these insects shining through the walls of its stomach.

Anyone who dies on duty in U. S. military or naval service or has been honorably discharged may be buried free at Arlington.—*By Joseph W. Middleton, Muncie, Indiana.*

More than 250 public buildings in California are equipped with "earthquake valves" which, installed on the gas mains leading into the structures, automatically shut off the gas at the first tremor of an earthquake to prevent explosion and fire.—*By Mary S. Roberts, Encinitas, California.*

Custom officers on the American-Canadian border insist upon cattle staying on their own side of the frontier, even when their owner's pasture lies in both countries. When cattle are suspected of having strayed into the "foreign" part of the farm, their tails are doused in a solution of washing soda. If they are Canadian animals, the tails, having been treated with a chemical, turn a bright red.—*By Robert B. Rigg, Chicago, Illinois.*

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Number of CAPACITIES	6 ½ to 3-Ton	3 ½ to 1½-Ton	4 ½ to 1½-Ton
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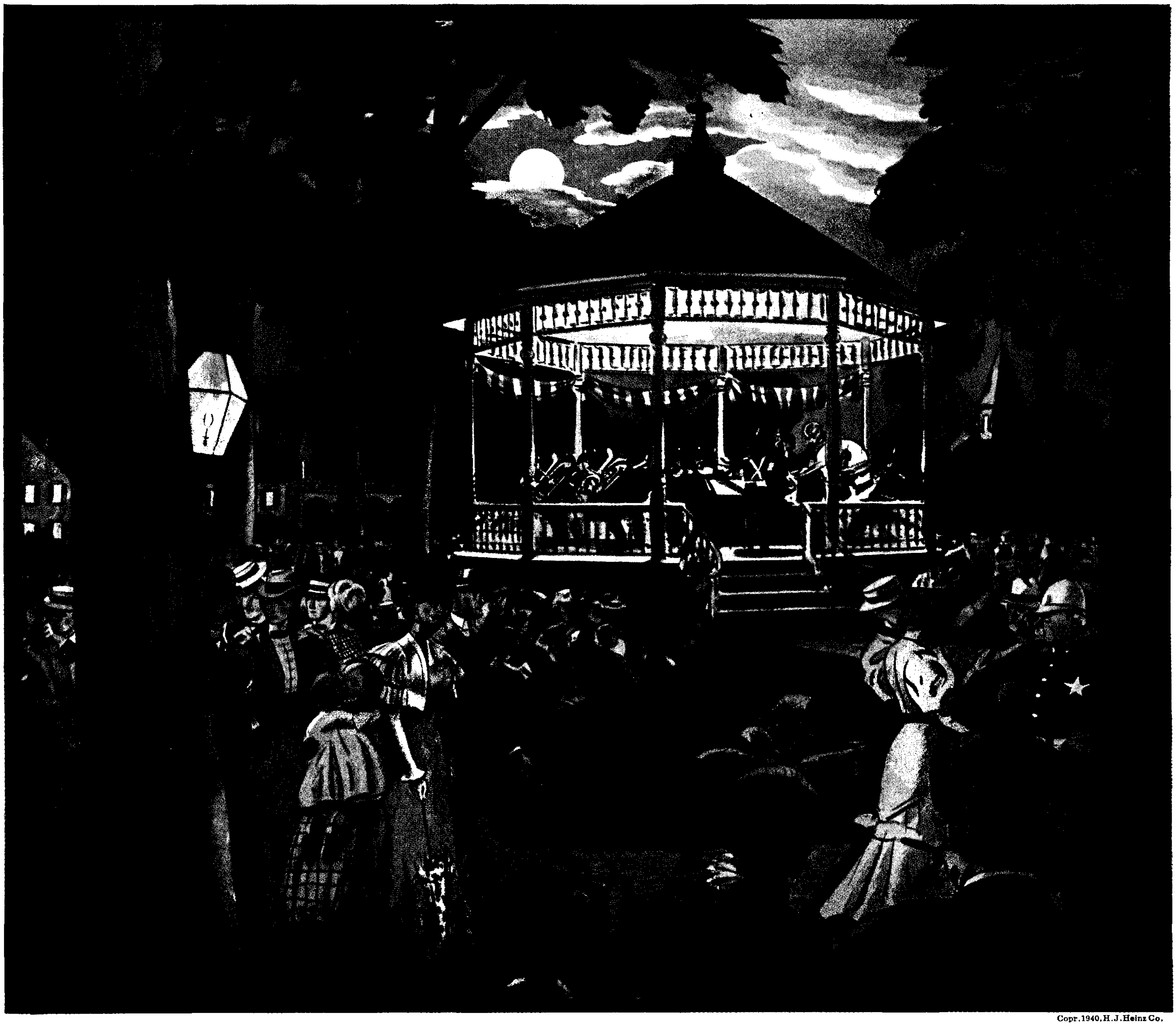

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THE BAND CONCERT

An Old American Institution

REMEMBER . . . the band concert of a summer's evening in your home town?

You knew the men of the band. They were farmers, carpenters, tradesmen, the newspaper editor, the doctor's son. You knew their "pieces", too. The repertory ran to marches—brisk, loud and stirring. Sousa's Washington Post . . . Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay, heavy with cymbals . . . a Strauss waltz now and then . . . Swanee River . . . In The Sweet Bye and Bye.

NIGHT noises filled the breaks in the music . . . crickets and tree toads like fiddles, far away, the soft cello coo of sleepy doves, and every once in a while a bullfrog chiming in like a big bassoon. Presently a single star showed up alongside the spire of the Congregational Church.

WHILE radio and automobile have thinned band concert crowds, in many a town the bandstand still remains in the Square, its slender carved pillars and fretwork gray against the evening sky. Birds have nests under the pagoda-like eaves. Children, using the stand as "home" for run sheep run, clatter up the circling stairs. Yet throughout the nation, old-fashioned band concerts still play a part in the lives of kindly towns where folks believe that nothing graces a summer evening quite so well.

GOOD wholesome things, whether they be food or custom, have a way of becoming a permanent part of American life. Long before most of you were born, Heinz foods were lending their goodness to family get-togethers after the band concert. And though Heinz methods and facilities have improved from year to year to keep pace with the times and changing habits, Heinz continues faithful to old-fashioned recipes, careful old-time ways and well-remembered tastes and flavors.

GENERATIONS of American families recognize t House of Heinz as a fine old American institution—just as they remember the band concert, the grocery store "forum", the voices of old friends.

MEMORIES of friendly gatherings, small-town festivities and good food go to make up the pattern of American living—a pattern in which H. J. Heinz Company has had a part for the past seventy years.

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H. J. Heinz Company

An Old American Institution

Collier's The National Weekly for August 10, 1940

My Friend, Kerry Boyne

By Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

In all the town his strongest allies were a girl, a dog, and a boy. They can be formidable

WHEN the knock came on the front door, the puppy yipped, and my uncle said, "Hell," for he thought it meant that a car was off the track, and as yardmaster he'd have to go out and put it back on.

But it was Kerry Boyne, and his voice was too tight and too quiet. "Hogan," he said, "can you get me a couple of wire-passes tonight?"

I thought: He's killed somebody with his fists like Paddy Burg did, and has to get out of town.

My uncle's voice stumbled a bit in surprise. "I guess, maybe," he said. "Where to?"

"Chicago."

"You said a couple?"

"One for my wife."

I came in from the kitchen. "Wife?" I said. "You ain't got a wife."

Kerry stood outside, in the light from the door. He had on a high, stiff collar that made him look elegant, but his hat was cocked the way he wore it when he was walking in the middle of the street. "I will have when I get on that train tonight, Bum," he said. He was speaking to both of us.

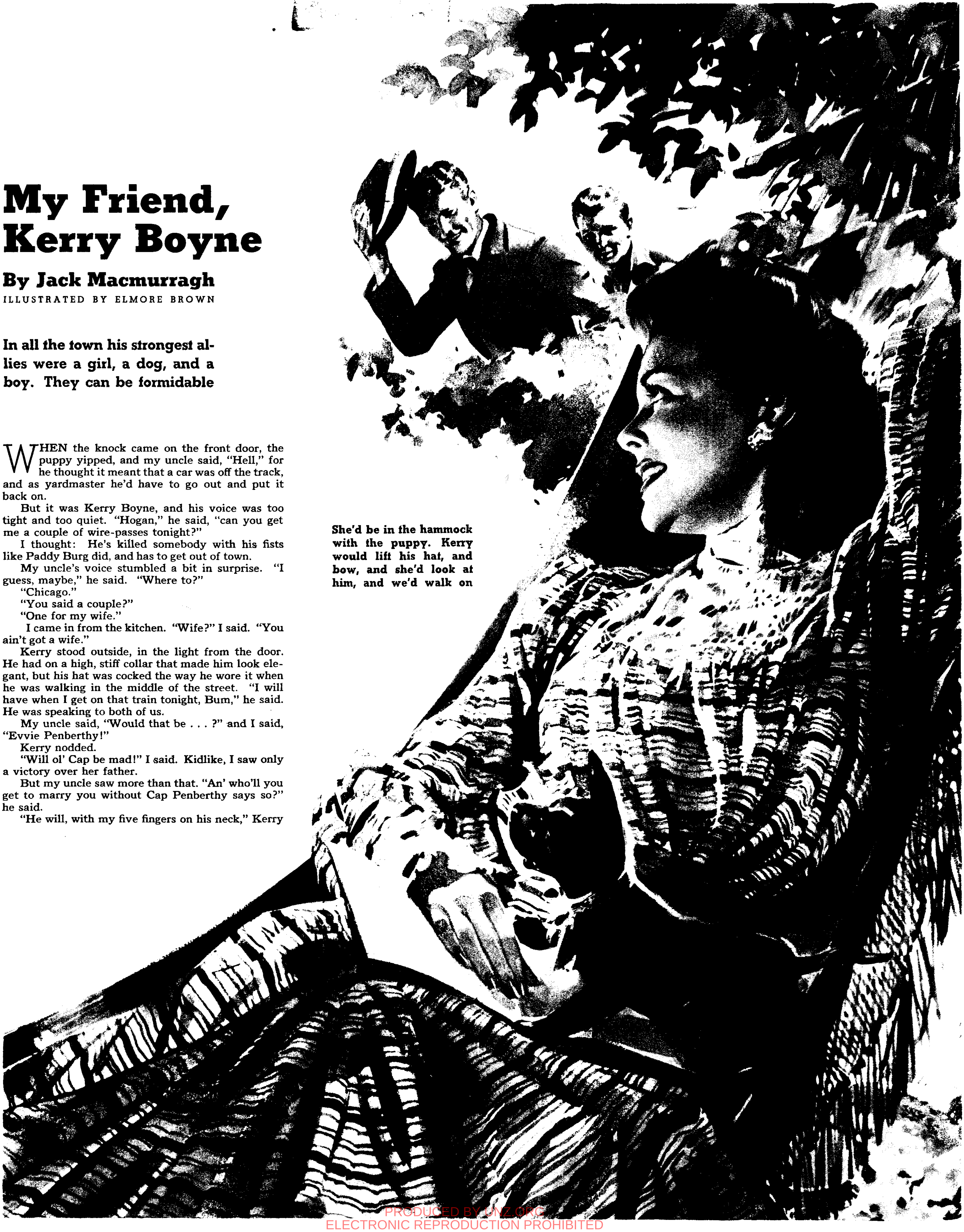
My uncle said, "Would that be . . . ?" and I said, "Evvie Penberthy!"

Kerry nodded.

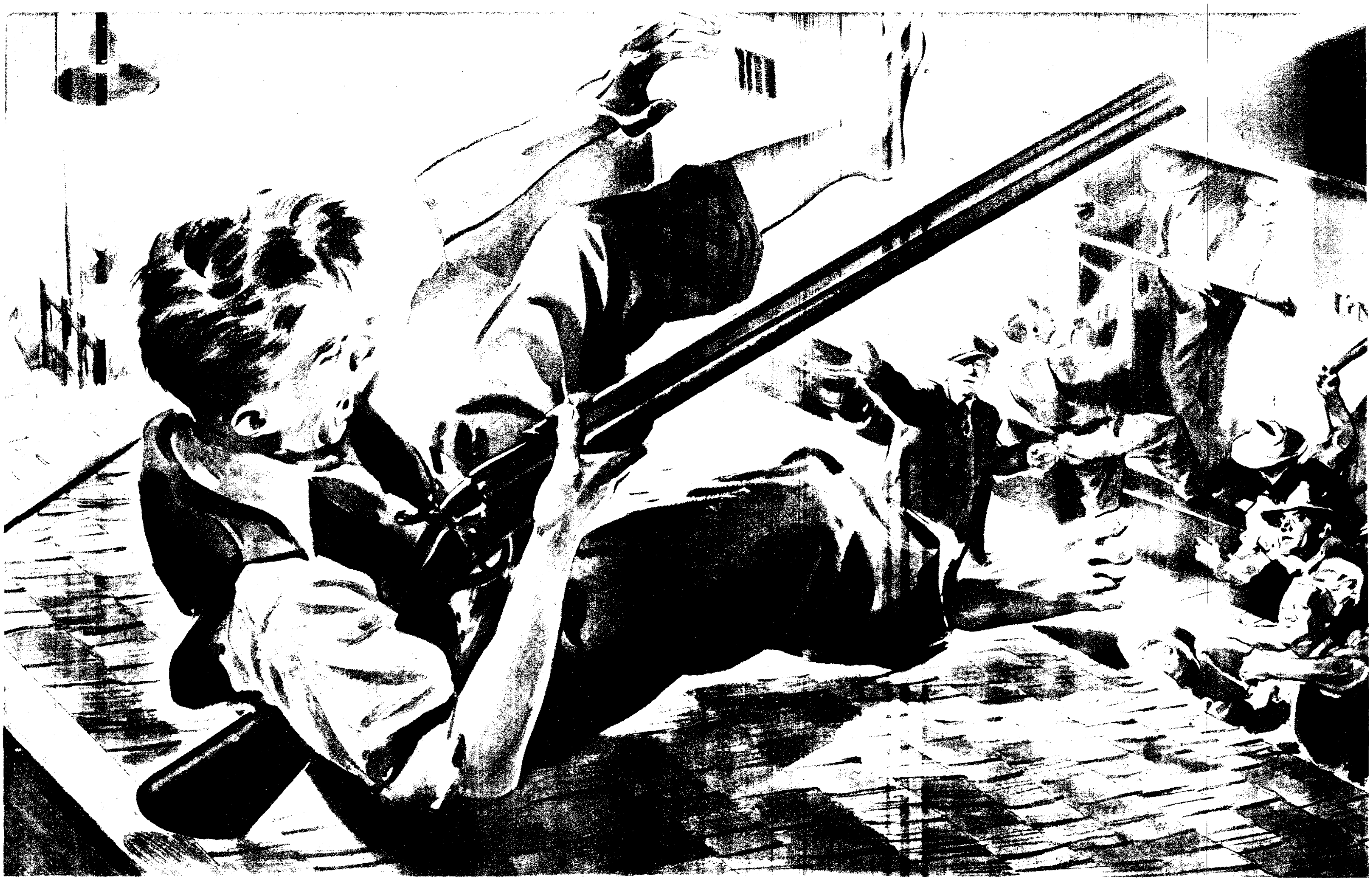
"Will ol' Cap be mad!" I said. Kidlike, I saw only a victory over her father.

But my uncle saw more than that. "An' who'll you get to marry you without Cap Penberthy says so?" he said.

"He will, with my five fingers on his neck," Kerry



She'd be in the hammock with the puppy. Kerry would lift his hat, and bow, and she'd look at him, and we'd walk on



I almost went off the roof, and I almost lost the shotgun. But I blew an awful hole in all that noise

said, "and he'll come along to the Reverend Brown's, an' be a witness."

"Will you want me or any of the boys?" my uncle asked.

"No," Kerry said. "She'll be scared enough anyway."

It was the last time—though I didn't know it then—that I was to walk up the street with my friend, Kerry Boyne.

I MET Kerry Boyne in the storage yards—where I had no right to be, as my uncle kept telling me.

A mine-run crew was switching out loads on the lead track, and I was trying to make the couplings of the cars they kicked down Number One track. It would have kept my uncle himself busy to make them all. But I did the best I could.

The new automatic "jenny" coupler was easy; all I had to do was open the knuckles and let the cars come together. But the link-and-pin was different. Because of my size I had to go between the moving cars, guide the link into the slot of the drawbar on the head car, and get out before the cars came together. It wasn't very smart. The link-and-pin was called the killer for good reason.

The man at the switch hollered at me, but I was too busy to pay any attention. I didn't see him running.

A car was lumbering down like some big red animal, and I met it in the middle of the track. Running backward, I shoved the link in the slotted arm, and dropped the pin through to hold it.

And then a tie hooked the heel of the unaccustomed shoes I had to wear climbing cars, and jerked my feet out from under me. I grabbed at the link with one hand, and scrabbled at the drawbar with the other, dragging.

I couldn't get any control over my feet. The ties kept kicking them under and up against the axle, and then they'd drop down to be kicked up again. I was afraid they were going under the wheels. I knew I should drop and lie flat between the rails, but I couldn't make my hands let go. Probably because I was afraid that I'd bounce or roll under the wheels, and I'd seen men who had gone under.

I knew, too, that I should shift my grip because when the cars came together my right hand on the link was going to be sheared off. Here's where I get it, I thought. My uncle was right. I'll never be a switchman with only one hand.

In my head I wasn't scared; but my feet were crazy, the way they were kicking.

Then it was that I felt him grab me back of the shoulders, twisting my shirt and overalls, and haul and swing me up on the car, and pull me over to the grab-irons on the side.

I glommed onto safety with everything but my eyelids, and shut my teeth and my eyes against the sickness that emptied me like bleeding.

I used to come full awake at night, sometimes, with the thought of that—and the memory—and every time, kicking my way up out of darkness, it seemed I got the same comforting odor as I did when Kerry held me on the side of the car, pressing me against the rungs, one sweaty leather mitt on the grab-iron before my face, and the feel of him all around me, and the scent of tobacco and soap and sweat and strength. Just before the cars bumped together, his forearms pressed against my sides, as thick and as hard as the side-arms of an engine. . . .

It was the next day that he saw Evangeline Penberthy; and I was with him.

At quitting time, I met him coming out of the switch shanty. He said, "Hiya, Bum?" and I tried to pretend I didn't realize that he'd asked someone my name.

He looked at my bare feet, and then turned me around by the shoulders to see if I had mitts in my overall pocket. "Hot day," he said then. "I'll buy ice cream."

I sat on a cane chair in front of White's Hotel where all the railroad men stayed, while Kerry changed his clothes, and then we headed for Main Street and the candy store.

We were in front of Walter's saloon when someone up at the top of the street hollered. It was a wild, high yell, scared and warning. Then more shouts, all close together.

"A RUNAWAY!"

The iron-ore street was wide and, at suppertime, almost empty. We saw a team of blacks coming almost from the top of the hill. And were they coming! Behind the light buggy, the ore-red dust rose so it looked as though they were running out of a wall.

Once every block, somebody'd get out in front of them, waving his arms and shouting, and then he'd made a wild jump out of the road again. Because those horses never slowed or swerved. They were Cap Penberthy's horses, and he always had crazy ones.

Just before they got to the railroad track that ran across Main Street, a little guy waved, and made a grab at their bridles as they ran him down. We learned later it was Mickey Feller, who was kind of a drunk around town. Nobody thought he had it in him, but he got three ribs broke.

If he hadn't slowed them, the bounce over the track would have thrown that buggy higher than Miller's store.

As it was, I thought it was going to jump right over the team. I hollered. There was a fluttering flash of white in the buggy, and Kerry said, "A woman!"

The blacks gave an extra jump and jerked the rig out behind them, and then they came on, their heads stretched out, sweat shining on their big chests, manes flying and their polished hooves pounding, pounding up and down.

Kerry said, "No use wavin' at those babies!" and then he was down off the sidewalk onto the road.

The first two jumps he got his vest buttoned, and then he tucked his head down and began to run. He ran as though he was scared to death. And those blacks came pounding down the center of the road, crazy-mad. Kerry hadn't gone fifty yards when they were right behind him. He never looked around. He let out another notch and I swear that for a minute he was running them even.

Then he went into the air like a doubled-up monkey. He hit the near horse right in the middle and staggered him against his mate. Kerry climbed him while the buggy slewed and waggled and kicked up so much dust I couldn't see anything.

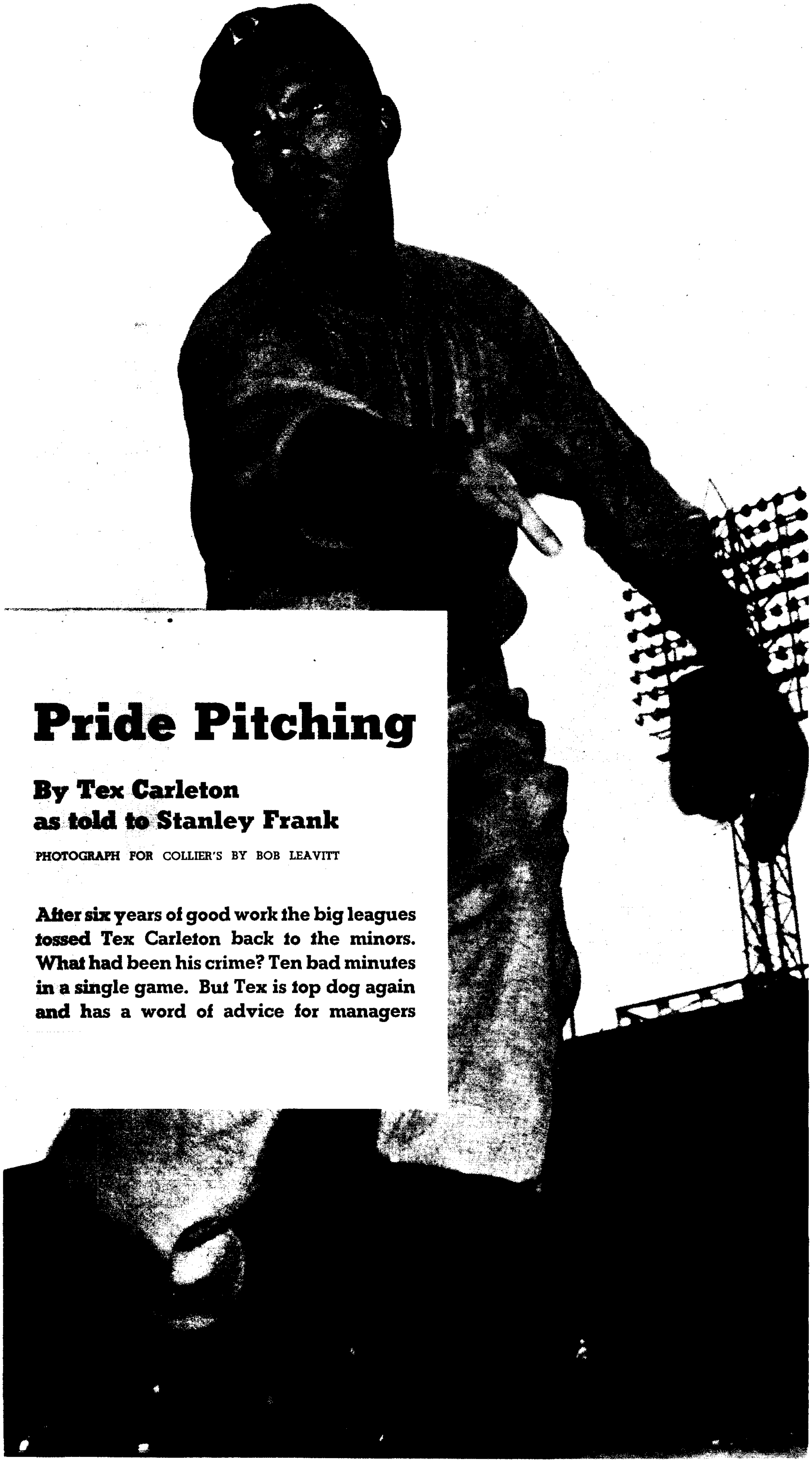
Down through the red cloud the people came, and first of all was the doctor in his buggy.

When I got there, Kerry was in front of the horses, holding their heads.

The doctor climbed into the buggy with Cap Penberthy's daughter. Her hair was all down and her fancy hat was over one eye. I almost laughed. I would have, too, if I hadn't been close enough to see how scared her eyes were; and I thought how the day before I had been too scared even to hold mine open.

I waited on the sidewalk while men shook Kerry's hand and told him what a good thing he had done. When he

(Continued on page 50)



Pride Pitching

By Tex Carleton
as told to Stanley Frank

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

After six years of good work the big leagues tossed Tex Carleton back to the minors. What had been his crime? Ten bad minutes in a single game. But Tex is top dog again and has a word of advice for managers

IT WAS the night before Christmas, 1938, that my professional death was announced without warning. The Chicago Cubs released me outright to Milwaukee after seven years in the major leagues. At thirty-two, I was a broken-down, broken-arm pitcher going to the minors on a one-way elevator.

Sixteen months later I pitched a no-hit, no-run game for the Dodgers against the Cincinnati Reds. In '38, the fourth-place Reds had licked me seven times in a row. Not only beat me, but beat out my brains. On April 30, 1940, virtually the same team, now the champions of the National League, wasn't even close to a hit off me in nine innings. To prove it was no fluke, I gave the Bees, Reds and Cubs the grand total of one run in twenty-eight consecutive innings during the early part of this season.

What had happened between Christmas Eve, 1938, and April 30, 1940? Surely not a miracle. There are no miracles in baseball for a gaffer approaching thirty-four, who has had a sore arm four times in his career and who never was a truly great pitcher.

I was good and lucky—in equal proportion, I hope. But, more important, I was a healthy pitcher. And above all, I was sore—a guy whose pride had been outraged.

The newspaper boys have tried to steam up a feud between Gabby Hartnett, who gave me my walking papers, and me. I like to be helpful, but I simply cannot co-operate on that one. If I blast Gabby, I must condemn the other fifteen major-league clubs that passed waivers on me at that time, then did not consider me worth the gamble of $7,500, the draft price, last winter.

Hartnett, perhaps, had every reason for wanting to see me go far and stay there. The last time he had put me in a game I was a pretty feeble imitation of a major-league pitcher. In the fourth game of the 1938 world series with the Yankees, I had done a very thorough job of messing up Gabby's strategy.

The Yankees were leading 4-3 in the eighth inning, when Gabby put me in as a relief pitcher. I was a relief only to the Yankees. I unveiled two wild pitches, walked two and threw a double to Myril Hoag. When they finally dragged me out of there, I knew my number was up in Chicago.

All right, I was lousy. Judged by that terrible exhibition, I didn't deserve a job in the majors. But every baseball man knew I had been pitching all season with a sore arm. Other men before me had recovered during the winter. The Cubs might have taken me to training camp in 1939 on a dollar-a-year contract before determining my status. The very least they could have done was to send me to Milwaukee on option, retaining chattel rights to me in case my arm did come back.

Things That Baseball Bosses Forget

What burned me especially was the fact that with experienced pitchers so scarce every major-league club gave me the heave. It would have been different if I had not demonstrated my ability to win in the majors, but after my freshman year with the Cardinals in 1932 I had a winning average for six straight seasons in the National League. During that time I played on three championship teams. Yet fifteen clubs ignored six years of good work and remembered only ten minutes of one game.

That's my complaint against baseball. The big brains absorbed in long-range planning forget too often that ballplayers are people—proud people who cannot be kicked around too callously. In the final analysis, a ballplayer has nothing to peddle but his health and his pride. And of the two, I'd say pride is the more important commodity.

He starts out believing he is the best kid in his neighborhood. Then, on a grubby minor-league team, he is firmly convinced he is the best prospect on the club. If he hasn't that deep pride of personal achievement he'll be left in the bushes permanently. When he gets to the majors, he must feel he is as good as the rest of the mob making a living from the game. And finally when the physical act of bearing down every day becomes a tormenting, exhausting ordeal—professional pride alone impels a man to punish himself to the breaking point.

Do you think the desire for more money made Ty Cobb such a tremendous player at forty-two? Would you say Babe Ruth was concerned with maintaining his prestige or his bank account when, toward the end, he played on. Is playing ball fun for a man once he's passed his early thirties?

You don't have to look beyond the Brooklyn club for a perfect example of what pride can mean to a man and his team. Freddy Fitzsimmons thought his world had collapsed three years ago when the Giants, the only major-league club he'd ever played with, traded him to the Dodgers. Fitz then was thirty-six and was recuperating from an elbow operation. He was a good guy while he had it.

But the Giants overlooked one important factor—Fitz's pride. For the last few years Freddy has been living and laboring with one all-enveloping ambition in view: To win 200 ball games in the majors. And so fat Freddy, at thirty-nine, still is a valuable pitcher. That's what pride does for a man. Without it, I never would have pitched my no-hitter against the Reds. I wouldn't

(Continued on page 24)

Autograph

By Ethel Loban

Facts and figures on the care and feeding of the most glamorous husband that Hollywood has seen

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

SHE was going out to lunch. Her gown was by Adrian, her hat by Bendel, her hair, eyes and mouth by Max Factor. Her soul was her own. Not that she would have admitted it. She would have told you if you caught her in a bitter mood that she had no soul; that in its place was a box office. She would have said that she had no emotions save make-believe ones and that make-believe was the only truth she knew. She would have lied.

Hastily now she signed a sheaf of photographs, a small mountain of bills: Trilby Jamison—Trilby Jamison—how many times had she signed that name, how many thousands of times! It had become a reflex; put a pen in her hand, you got an angular scrawl—Trilby Jamison. A controlled reflex, for the pen stopped at the last bill. That slip of engraved paper she folded and put into her bag. Her secretary did not notice; she had been trained not to notice; she swept everything into a neat pile and went about her business.

The door of Trilby Jamison's study opened, shut, opened again. She looked up from the desk and said, "Yes, Alfredo?"

"Good morning, my love." He kissed her ear where it showed beneath her hat and as always her heart contracted sharply. He stood over her, his eyes laughing, his dark cheeks darkly flushed, his black hair curling crisply around his temples as he smiled at her in mock dismay. "You are going out? Even that Shylock studio gives my Trilby an occasional stingy day but you . . . you are not so merciful."

She said, "I'm sorry, darling. A luncheon, a very dismal one, I fear." She hesitated. "Will you come too?"

"Ah, no, no!" He laughed and she knew that he was not thinking of the bill folded in her bag. "The last lunch you dragged me to. Business . . . business . . . business! No. But when you come home, my sweet, maybe you'll rest a little then?"

"When I grow old I'll be a pussycat and lie in the sun all day."

"Don't grow old." He touched her cheek, his fingers tracing only the clean line of the lower jaw, but the light caress registered in every sensitive nerve center. "Stay as you are. Life holds so much that could amuse you. Cars, for instance. I have been looking at cars."

"Alfredo! Another?"

"But such a little fellow, this one. Yellow. So ridiculous and so cheap." Even through her gown his hand was warm on her shoulder and his laugh was rich and warm and deep. "Could you give me your autograph for that little car, my love?"

Trilby Jamison stood up. She said quickly, "This afternoon, perhaps, Alfredo. It's almost one, now. I mustn't be late for lunch."

He helped her into her silver-fox jacket and fastened the catch at her neck. He said, "Be careful of my Trilby, my busy, small Trilby." He kissed her. Holding her close, he said, "I'll have them send the car around. I know it will amuse you."

"I'm sure it will." His shoulders were broad; his tweeds smelled of turf smoke and tobacco. She forced herself to slip from his arms. Breathlessly she said, "I'll sign the check when I come home, Alfredo."

At one o'clock the glittering town car slid gently to the curb; the chauffeur opened its door and Trilby stepped out. Hardly had her shoe touched the sidewalk when she confronted a familiar phenomenon. A handful of shoppers, a loitering school child, a lounger or two suddenly converged upon her and became a circle, each with a small book and an uncapped fountain pen, barrel toward her.

The chauffeur made a gesture to protect her but she said, "It's all right, Joseph, I'd like to, really."

Accepting the nearest pen she scrawled a huge "Trilby Jamison" on a white page, said gravely, "I can't imagine why you want it. It won't be worth the price of old paper in ten years."

Some one said, "G'wan, you'll be wowing 'em fifty years from now, Trilby."

Her smile was a familiar, twitching dimple; her voice was sweet and flat as persimmon juice: "I hope you're a dependable prophet."

She faced the restaurant door and

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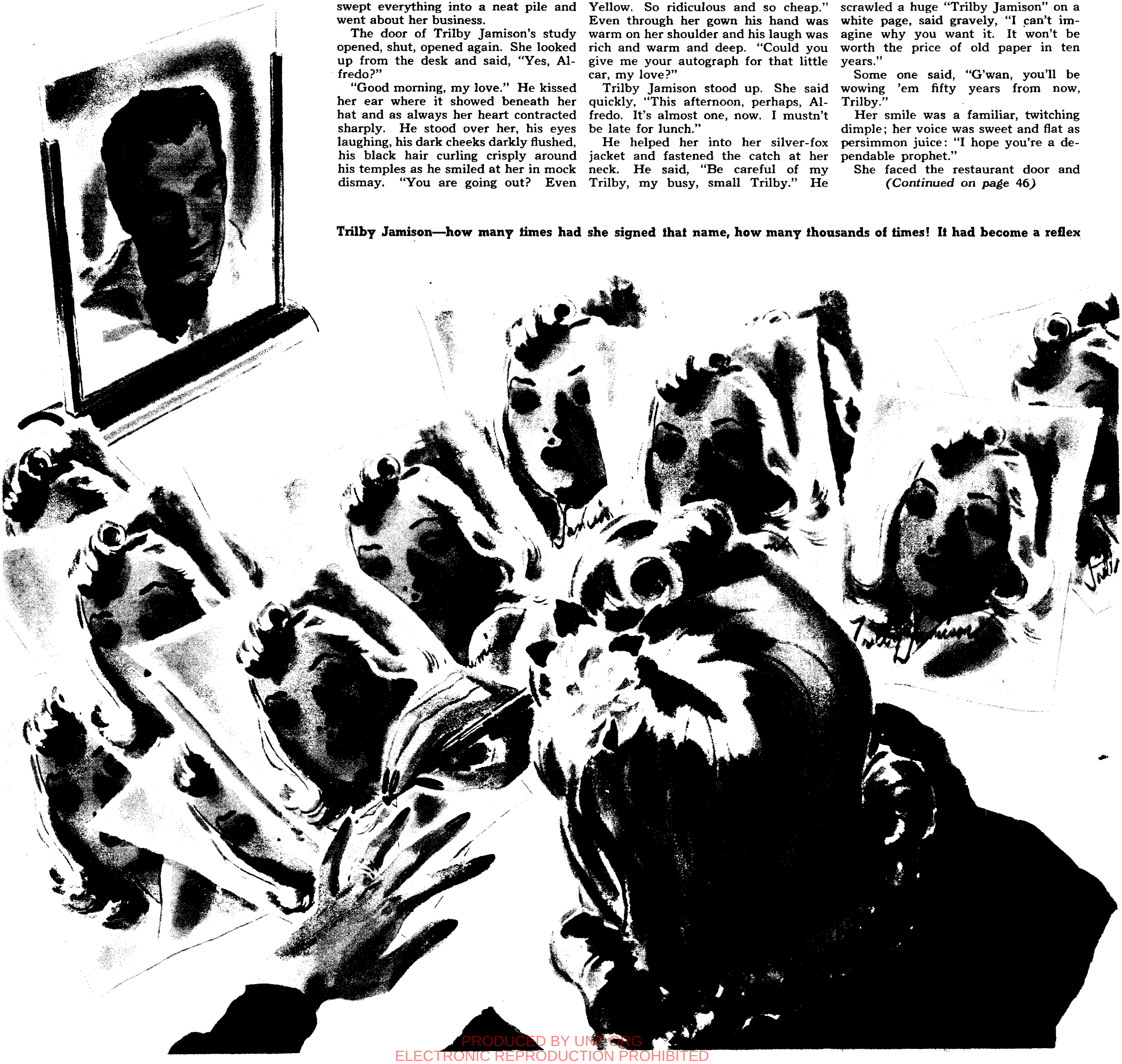

Trilby Jamison—how many times had she signed that name, how many thousands of times! It had become a reflex

WIDE WORLD

General Charles de Gaulle (center), who is carrying on the war for France from London

The Man Who Didn't Quit

By Quentin Reynolds

"Fall in line with the Bordeaux government and your pensions will be safe." That sensational promise has kept thousands of French officers from joining General Charles de Gaulle and continuing the fight

THE man who didn't quit has a closely cropped mustache and he is tall and straight. When he speaks the words come out sharply and when he talks of the betrayal of his country the words are bits of rounded hail dropping on a tin roof. General Charles de Gaulle, today the mouthpiece and leader of all free Frenchmen, is a very tough citizen indeed.

"France lost the war," he says with the confidence of a man who knows war tactics backwards, "for very definite reasons. These were: First of all, our military system did not bother to develop any mechanized strength in the air and on the ground; second, the panic which gripped our civilian population at the advance of the German mechanized units; third, the tangible effect the fifth column had on the minds of many of our leaders, and fourth, lack of co-ordination between us and our Allies."

In those few sentences de Gaulle told why a great nation was strangled to death in a few weeks. Behind each of his reasons lies one fundamental fault common to all—the horrible inefficiency of the general staff, which still thought of this war in terms of the last war. The general staff was proud of its Maginot Line. Its complacency communicated itself to the civilian population and finally to the Army.

France looked upon the Maginot Line as Americans still mistakenly look upon the Atlantic Ocean. It was a bulwark against invasion. France thought only in terms of defense. France believed that the war would be a war of position as was the last, not a war of movement, of quick, smashing forays by large armies of tanks and motorcycles.

Only de Gaulle saw the handwriting on the military wall. As late as last January he sent a long memorandum to General Gamelin, who was then trying to win the war on blueprints. De Gaulle condemned the policy of passive defense and foretold the disaster it brought about. He pleaded for more, bigger, faster and better-armored tanks; he got nothing but a rebuke for this impertinence.

Unconscious Aid to the Enemy

"Germany can still be beaten, even now," de Gaulle says. "But we must make use of the same weapons which she has used so successfully. Germany won with six thousand tanks and five thousand planes. She must be beaten by twenty thousand tanks and twenty thousand planes."

By a strange paradox the military theories of de Gaulle helped to defeat the French Army in 1934. He published a book on mechanized warfare. De Gaulle was an obscure captain then known only for his personal bravery during the last war, when he was wounded three times. The General Staff frowned on the advanced theories he pronounced in his book. The book itself, Vers l'Armee de Métier, received scant attention except from a few of his colleagues who thought as he did.

But one German read it, the astute General Hauss Guderian, who was just beginning to organize the mechanized forces of the Reich. Guderian made it his bible and when he swept through northern France with his army of twelve tank divisions, he used the paralyzing tactics advocated by de Gaulle.

De Gaulle himself, during May, held command of the French tank army but he had only one division. His tanks performed brilliantly at Abbeville but he was only staving off the inevitable. He himself rode and issued commands by radio from one of the tanks.

He didn't have the enormous sixty-ton tanks used by the German Army. So

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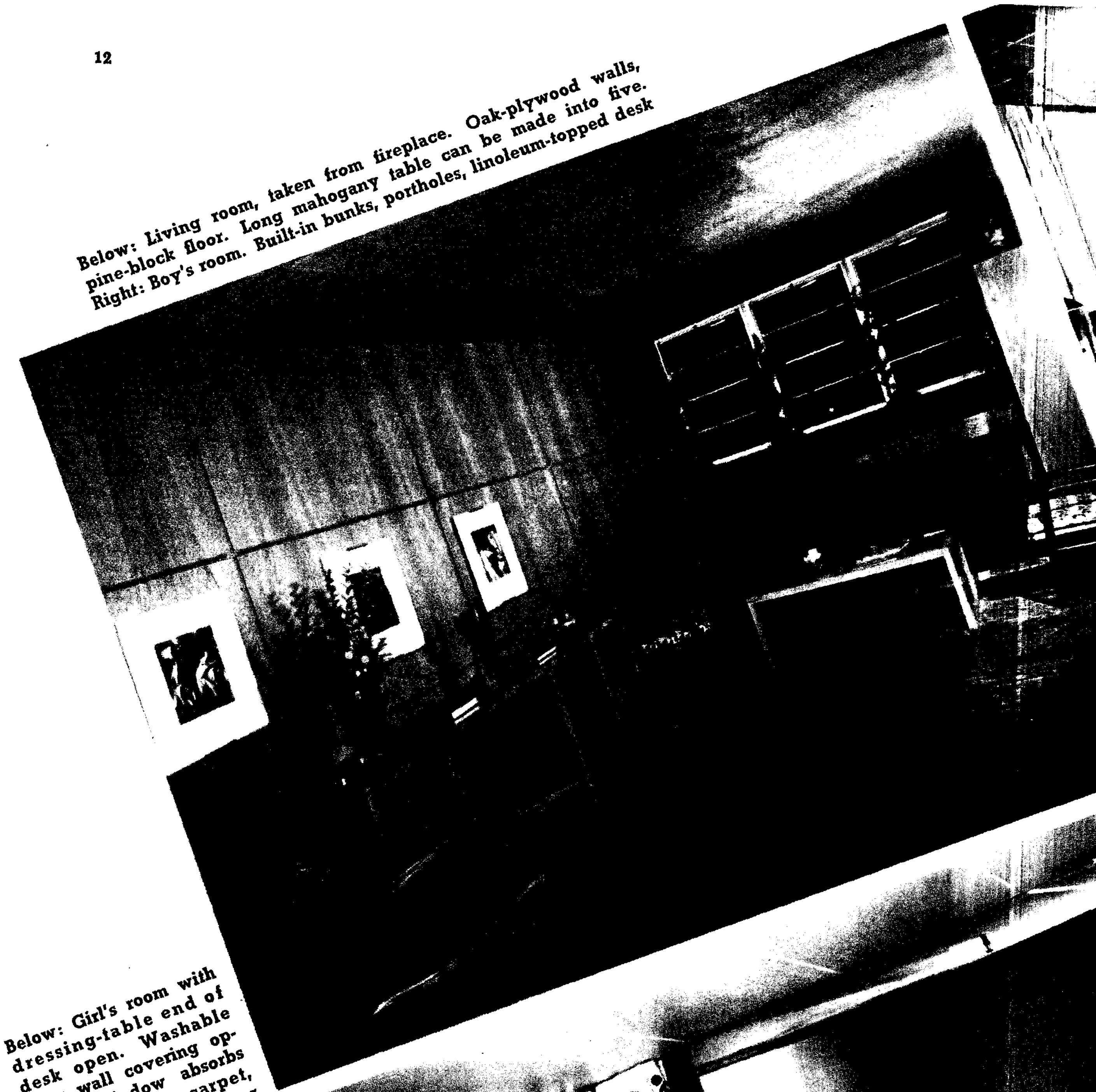
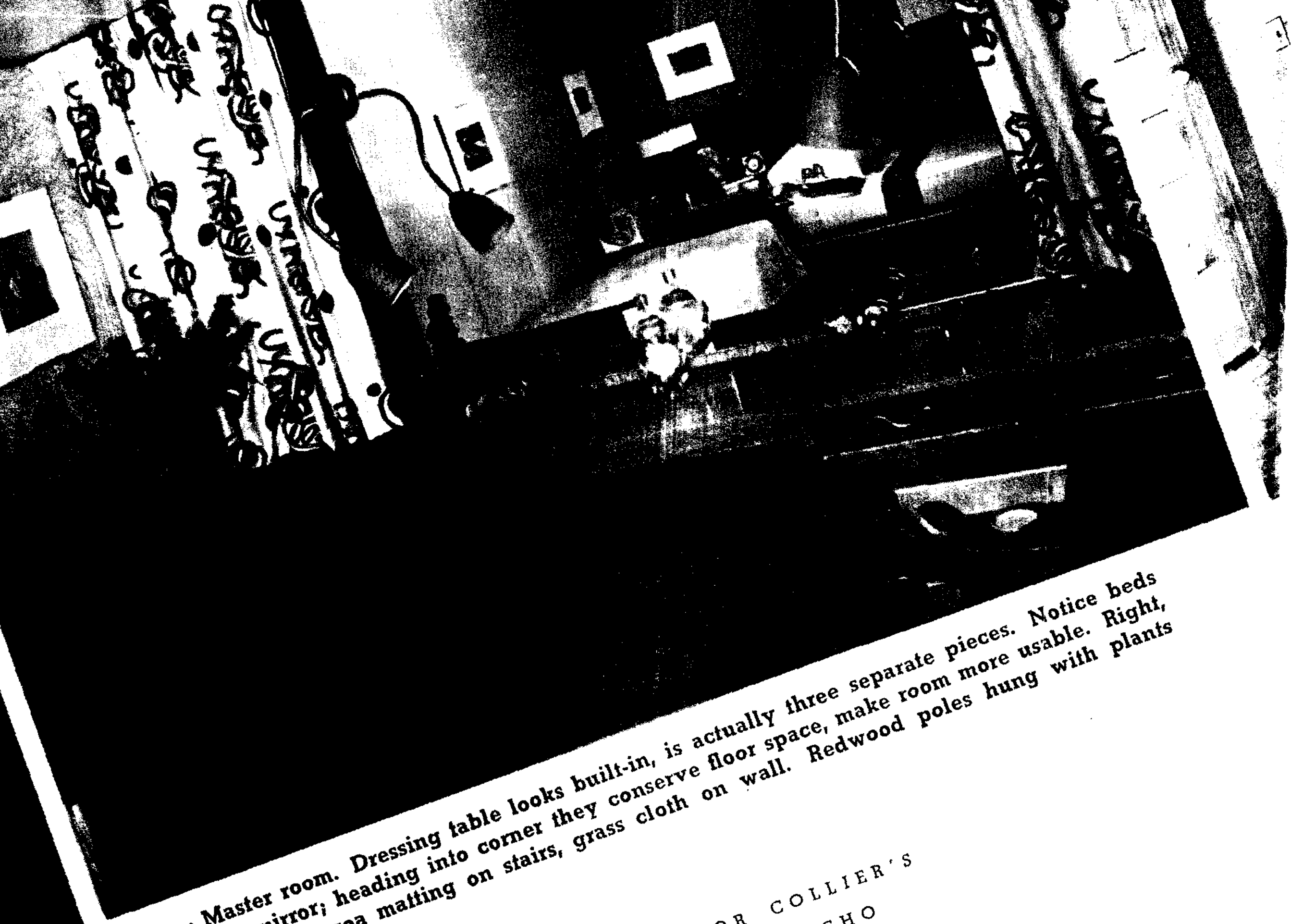
Below: Living room, taken from fireplace. Oak-plywood walls, pine-block floor. Long mahogany table can be made into five. Right: Boy's room. Built-in bunks, portholes, linoleum-topped desk



Below: Girl's room with dressing-table end of desk open. Washable gray wall covering opposite window absorbs glare; matches carpet, making room seem larger



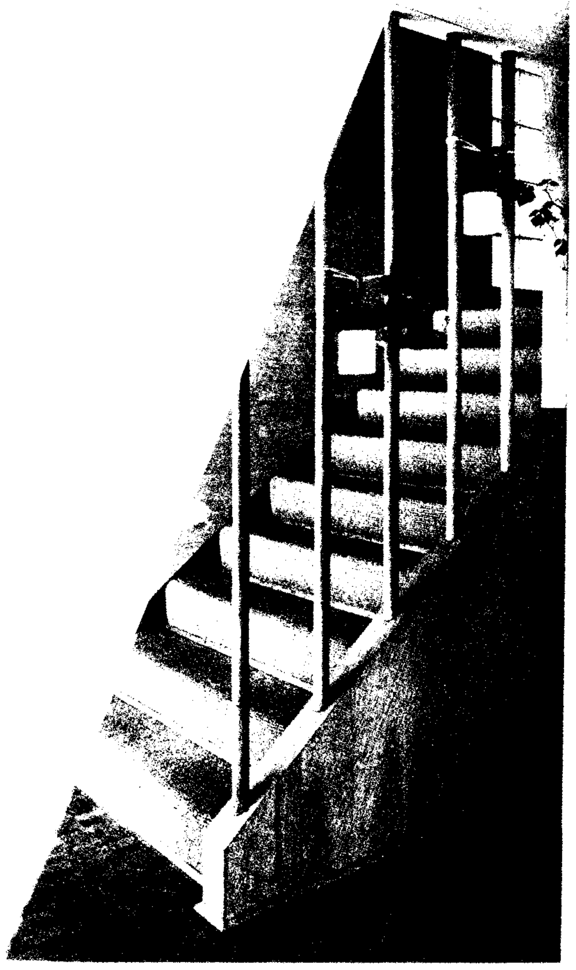
Above: Master room. Dressing table looks built-in, is actually three separate pieces. Notice beds reflected in mirror; heading into corner they conserve floor space, make room more usable. Right, above: Natural cocoa matting on stairs, grass cloth on wall. Redwood poles hung with plants

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SAMUEL H. GOTTSCHO

We Furnish the Home

By Ruth Carson

No bulky, cluttering furniture mars the interior of Collier's House of Ideas. Most of the furnishings are designed for double duty and the space thereby saved is yours to enjoy



THIS is the furniture for Collier's House of Ideas. It has been especially designed to be as full of ideas as the house itself. Ideas for comfort, for space-saving, for easy upkeep, for beauty. It is called modern furniture for lack of a better tag; it is actually simple furniture that makes the most of the space and the requirements of this house.

It is so much a part of the house that the architect, Edward Stone, planned the house with furniture locations in mind. The decorator and designer of the interiors, Dan Cooper, consulted with Mr. Stone in turn about woods and wall finishes, and even the plan. Collier's, in the role of client, and M. Bartos, builder of the furniture, who contributed to it his own sense of simple design and fine work, joined in the collaboration. For such co-ordination of house and furnishings is the way to achieve a comfortable and workable place in which to live. You don't build a series of boxes, with holes punched for doors and windows, and then move in an assortment of chests, tables, beds and chairs that you hope will fit whatever wall space may be left over. You plan your space for furniture—to be bought ready-made, or built as this was, or already on hand. That is Idea Number One for any house building and furnishing.

Idea Number Two, to Mr. Cooper's mind, is an interior that is simple and casual, rather than studied and carefully matched. He'll mix woods in a room when they look well together—oak, walnut, pine and mahogany in Collier's living room, for instance, proving to you the monotony of only one wood when there is much of it in a room. Or given a curtain material that suits the house, he may use it all through. Here it's a machine-loomed cotton, with a dash of rayon, which he designed himself as he did most of the fabrics in Collier's House. It is dyed different colors for some rooms; left natural and woven with a design for the playroom, appliquéd with a design for the boy's room. Same weave, but raw silk for the master room.

Such relaxed decorating, which suits the house completely, strikes the visitors to Collier's House. They don't go in and say, "Oh, look, it's modern." They say how cool and fresh it is, how comfortable and pleasant a place to live.

This effect has been accomplished in other ways besides. By the use of natural materials: Wood, wax-finished to retain its natural beauty; leather, used structurally in one sturdy piece to make the seat of a chair, or laced to make back and seat; copper, to give warmth even to metal accessories; the fresh green of plants in every room; grass cloth on a wall, cocoa matting on the stairs; simple rugs, some of them hand-loomed in America.

Color and design take a hand, too, in kindling a warm glow in you. See in the color pictures the mixture of rich wood tones, cool greens and gray, coppery red and yellow and brown and white through the house. There are lighthearted designs: Stubby, yellow animals on the playroom curtains, elephants with waggable tails and ears, appliquéd on those in the boy's room. Butterflies for the girl. Two childish footprints woven into the fireplace rug to beguile you. The plan of Collier's House worked into the other living-room rug, to start the conversation going. Unconventional, intriguing ideas like these to make you wonder why no one ever thought of that before.

But the house owes its fresh appeal to more than color and simple designs and materials. It has a cool, restful, uncluttered look because it actually has very little in it: None of the bedroom suites, the living-room sets, the sideboards and serving tables and cupboards and chests that take up floor space in so many houses.

This is possible because of the furniture itself, and because of the walls. You read in the first article on Collier's House about the wall in the many-purpose room. It's a plywood honeycomb of cupboards that does the storage job of a sideboard and several chests, taking care of all the dining- play- and guest-room supplies for this multiple room. The partition between this room and the kitchen is made up of counter and rolling panel above, the counter making a serving table; and a bar and breakfast counter, too. So all you need for dining is a table and some chairs. The table, a solid piece of walnut backed with plywood to match the wall paneling, lets down from the wall when you want it. Makes the room easy to clear for action.

Upstairs the walls are storage space, too—closets fitted for hanging space, hat and shoe storage and drawers, eliminating the need for chests in the rooms.

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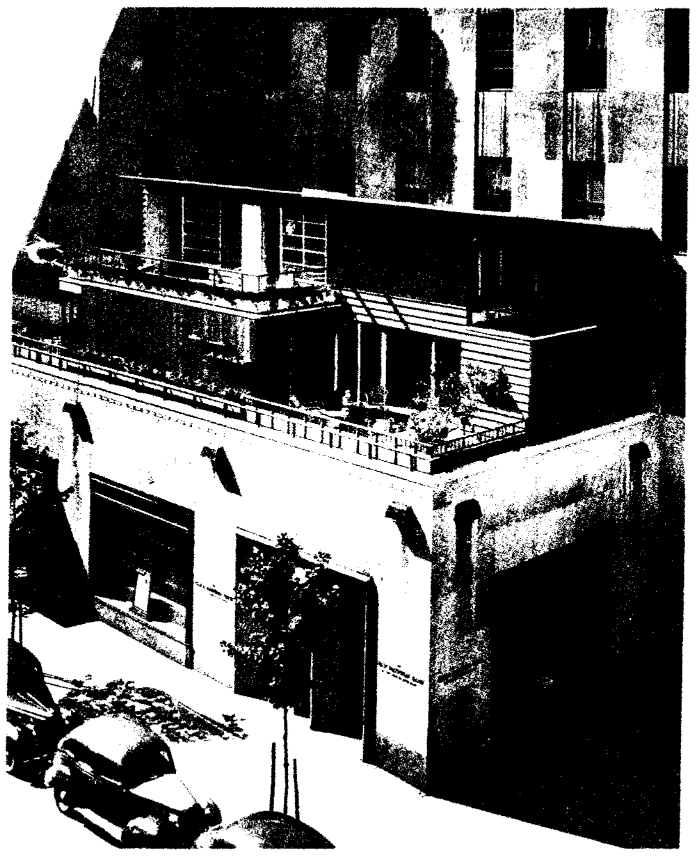
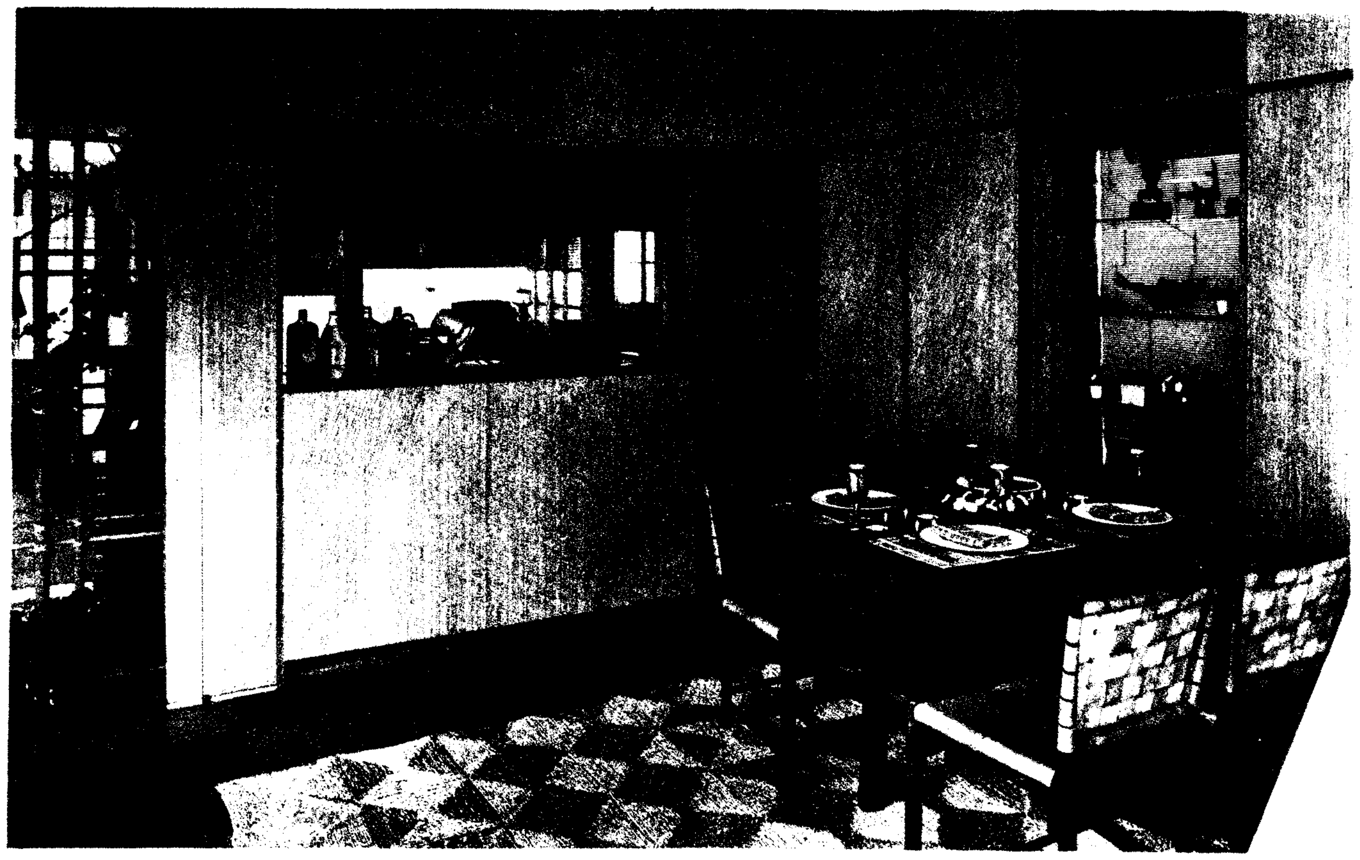
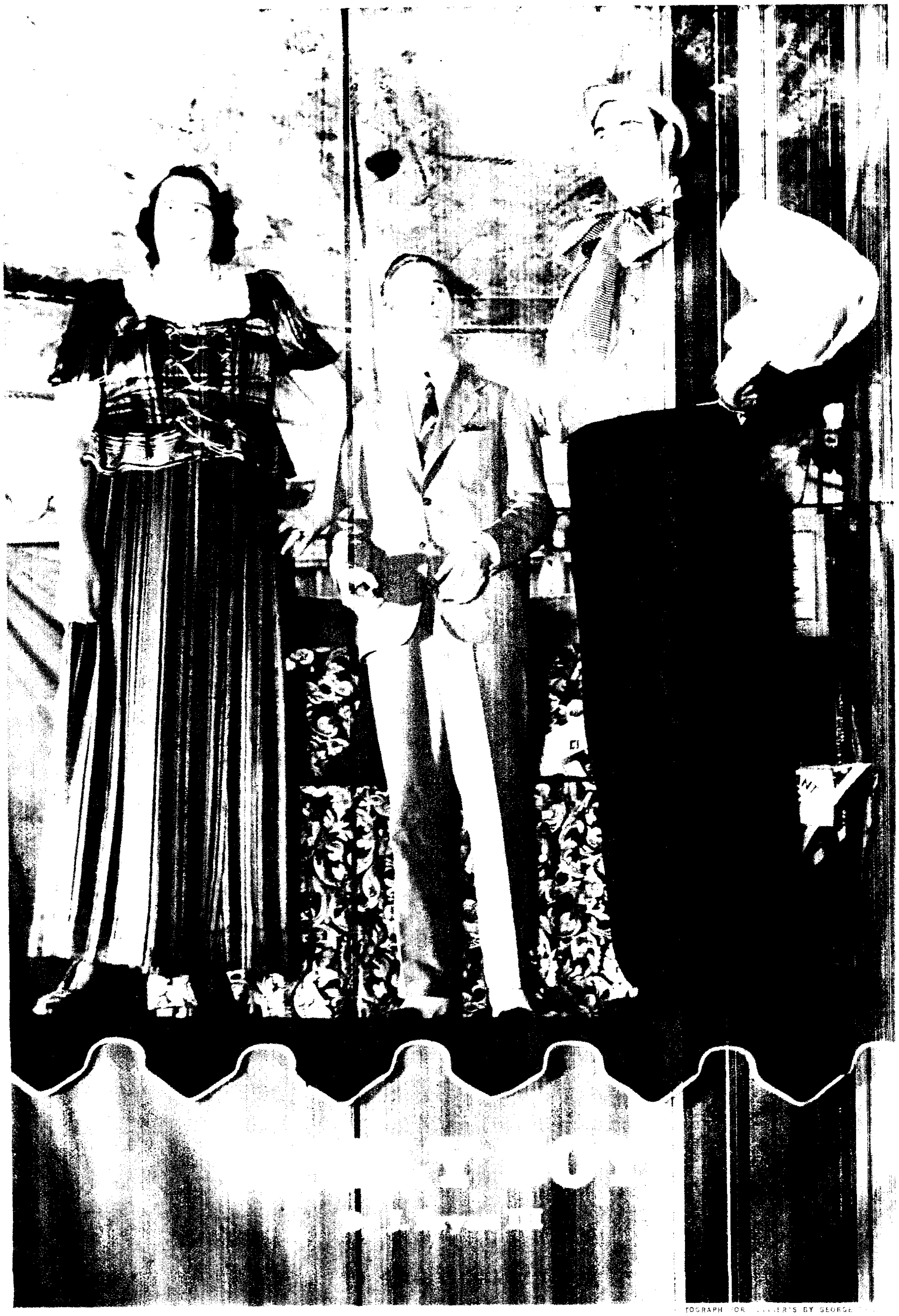




Left, above: Collier's House of Ideas, Rockefeller Center, New York City. Above: Dining end of many-purpose room, looking into kitchen across service counter. Grass matting on floor. Table folds into window area. Metal-alloy tableware won't scratch or tarnish



TOGRAPH FOR [illegible]ER'S BY GEORGE

Spieler James introduces Mr. and Mrs. Fisher: "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the tallest married couple in the world. Both are over eight feet tall, and their combined weight is 840 pounds"

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Step right up, folks, and hearken to the magic words of Don James, Professor of Ballyhoo

DON JAMES is a talker for the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey side show. You may call him a "spieler" if you like, but not a "barker." This is an outsiders' term; professionals never use it. The talker's job is important because the gate depends almost entirely on his persuasiveness. A good talker can triple a poor talker's gate.

Don James is a good talker. He is only twenty-four, and this is only his second season with Ringling, but he has been a side-show man for six years. When he was talking for Hennies Brothers Carnival in 1938, he grossed $17,000 in Detroit in sixteen days and $10,000 in Dallas in twelve days. Tickets were a quarter, so he was bringing in close to 4,000 people a day. Any showman will tell you this is pretty near a record.

Old-school talkers resent James' success because his technique is so different from theirs. Where they are raucous, he is sedate, almost prim. They run to flashy suits, awning-striped shirts, violent sleeve-garters. James' clothes might have come from an outfitter to the clergy. His voice is soft, his face ascetic. He is like a young apostle, hushedly, even fearfully, describing a miracle that has been vouchsafed him.

This priestliness is, in his own words, "strictly con—a fakeroo," but James cultivates it because it is excellent box office. It is not so conspicuously flagrant in front of the Ringling side show, which is too inoffensive to be a proper contrast, but in his carnival days pious James unmercifully attracted coins from the best-insulated wallets. The most timid elderly maiden was reassured when he lifted his hand as much in benediction as for silence, and began his bally for the Guillotine by asking the men to remove their hats while he offered a prayer for the girl's soul.

Scriptural references studded the bally itself. The bally for the Floating Girl was virtually a petition for her canonization: "Our Saviour, the Carpenter of Nazareth, performed miracles on this earth—changed water into wine, raised Lazarus from the dead. But this girl, a miracle girl, not with the aid of divine power, but with the aid of science—"

The science was a steel harness attached to the broomstick that supported her.

The fountain of James' devoutness is a heart so huge and overflowing that his slight frame seems too frail a vessel to contain it. The crowd pours in as eager to join him in a good cry as it is to be amazed. When he was ballying Bertha Hildegarde, the four-legged German girl, only the strength that comes from tenderness sustained him to the end: "Five years ago she gave birth from the right side of her body to a splendid baby boy. But the brutal German government was not satisfied. It wanted to find out what caused these freaks of nature, and enticed Bertha, now unhappily widowed, into another marriage." (His voice begins to throb with sympathy.) "Through torture and pain, through a Caesarean operation" (he bows his head) "—you mothers will—understand—" (he shakes off the agonizing memory and hails the sweet mystery) "she *again* gave birth—this time from the left side—to a splendid little baby girl!"

Bertha Hildegarde was two girls in a chair so contrived that only one body showed.

Serenades for the Heartstrings

The bally for Odette, the Headless Girl, is James' masterpiece, his Hamlet, his Symphonie Pathétique. After sketching in the wreck of the Parisian Flyer, in which Odette was decapitated, and Dr. LeBlanc's brilliant operation, which succeeded in keeping her body "breathing and functioning," James forces himself to raise the question of whether she is really alive: "Sometimes when you look upon her body, it will quiver and quake as if in pain" (a hand brushes across his eyes). "That famous surgeon will tell you" (an almost inaudible whisper) "that he does—not—know—"

Odette is a mirror illusion.

James has found that these Serenades for the Heartstrings are particularly effective at the Ringling side show, because Ringling's reputation for wholesomeness attracts a large proportion of women. He always finishes a Ringling bally with "Bring the ladies! God bless the ladies! The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world!" The rowdier carnival side shows appeal chiefly to men. James is sedulously priestly, no matter what the crowd, but if a few women are present, he becomes the Militant Missionary instead of the Tender Shepherd, and switches his sensitiveness to the more vigorous—and more suggestive—form of a shocked distaste.

Ballying the Headless Girl to a masculine crowd at a carnival, he used a passage that he never uses with Ringling: "And now I must tell you why she has no clothes upon her body. One night at the Detroit State Fair, people sitting in the grandstand were so far away from her that they thought she was a wax model, made up for the occasion. Therefore, we had to remove her clothing so that they could see her living flesh." (His distaste begins.) "We even allowed them to walk down and feel her pulse" (it has become acute) "and count her heartbeats one by one." (Now a righteous warning) "But if you come in to seek a cheap thrill, remember that we don't cater to morons!

"We present her in this tent but once each hour. On account of the air condition of our tent we can't show her more often. Her body must be kept at the same temperature at all times. The doctor is getting ready to move her now. It will be less than three minutes until she is presented again. At this performance, liquid nourishment will be pumped into her body. Every three hours she must be fed. You owe it to yourself, your family, to see her before we leave your city. And there is no charge to see her. She is one of forty attractions.

"And now, gentlemen, if you will do me a favor, I will do you a favor in return. Turn to the lady by your side and ask her if she would like to see it. Maybe she would, maybe she wouldn't, but ask her anyway. And in return for *(Continued on page 48)*

Friends Needed

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The love affair of a young man who knew everybody in Washington except the President. But give him time. This boy's going places

JACK SMITH strode down the upper hallway of the Washington, D. C., apartment house, his blue eyes shining with anticipation.

He was going to meet Dot Mivvle's parents, and Dot wouldn't be ashamed of him; he looked pretty smooth. He had been invited to dinner out and a world première, and he was dressed for it. He popped his opera hat and put it on, hoping Dot would open the Mivvle door.

Which Dot did; and caught at her mouth in admiration. She stepped out, closed the door, hugged him. "Oh, Jack! A Chesterfield coat? And tails!"

"Four dollars complete in Levy's," said Jack complacently. "I had to buy the top and kicks at a shoe-and-hat parlor. The shirt and collar I got at an unclaimed-laundry store on 9th Street; and—"

"Papa'll notice," Dot cut in, in case he meant to go into the matter more deeply. "Come in . . . Oh, Jack!"

MR. AUBREY MIVVLE, a gaunt and spectacled man with flopping gray mustache, was in the living room, sitting starchly erect so as not to buckle his dress-shirt front. He felt low; he didn't like the evening's program, and he couldn't afford it.

A superior in the department had handed down to him four complimentaries to the world première of a new film; and Mr. Mivvle was sorry now that he had ever accepted them.

"We must dress," decreed Mrs. Mivvle. "Everybody there will be dressed. So we might as well go out to dinner. Dot, ask that Jack Smith that's always calling you up. And where ought we go to eat, Dot?"

"The Shoreward Park Hotel; cocktails first on the President Roof," said Dot, who knew her smart Washington.

Mr. Mivvle was somewhat cheered when Jack, after being introduced, removed his dress overcoat, showed his tails and shut his hat; he was evidently a nice class of boy, and the evening wasn't sheer waste.

Mrs. Mivvle—short, stout, amiably and aimlessly energetic—also approved of Jack when she came from the elders' bedroom. She gave her husband a bright and secret glance, which approved of Jack and approved too of Mrs. Mivvle's judgment in taking an expensive apartment. She had said to Mr. Mivvle, eight months before, "Aub, Dot is going on eighteen; and I was married at eighteen. I think I'll look around at some nice elevator apartments; a nice class of boy won't walk up four flights."

"Are you in the Government, Mr. Smith?" asked Mr. Mivvle curiously.

"Oh, Papa's such a cross-examiner!" smiled Dot, nervously.

"Yes, I often say Mr. Mivvle ought've been a lawyer," said Mrs. Mivvle, who was herself curious about the guest. Dot had been vague.

"I'm in General Intelligence, Mr. Mivvle!"

"Secret Service, Mr. Smith? Is it the FBI or—"

"Not exactly, Mr. Mivvle," said Jack rapidly, "though we do work for them too in the way of keeping them informed of what's going on. For instance, Mr. Hoover came up to me on the street last week, and I gave him a lot of stuff he didn't know. Now, this morning Vice-President Garner spoke to me—"

"My! You know those men to talk to, Jack?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mivvle," said Jack modestly. "I don't mean we're personal friends; just business. My work is like a messenger, except that I meet big people personally. Oh, yes, I know senators and judges—"

"How marvelous! At your age. Are you listening, Aub? How did you get such a wonderful situation, Jack? Papa, listen."

"Why, it was more of an accident, Mrs. Mivvle. I really came to Washington last fall for a post as messenger. Congressman Stumbel from out home promised me the post and I came on, but he got in wrong in some way and only skinned in himself and he didn't have much influence, but he got me on with General Intelligence. It's not so much, Mrs. Mivvle!"

"Oh, I think—" began Mrs. Mivvle.

"I think, Mamma," interposed Dot, "that we'd better be going."

THEY went down to the Mivvles' car, which was parked in the street day and night. As they neared it, Dot cried out in alarm.

"Oh, Papa, we got a ticket! Didn't you see the sign 'No Parking Between 5 and 7 P.M.?' "

"I thought," said Mr. Mivvle, more depressed, "that it said 'No Parking Except Between 5 and 7.' "

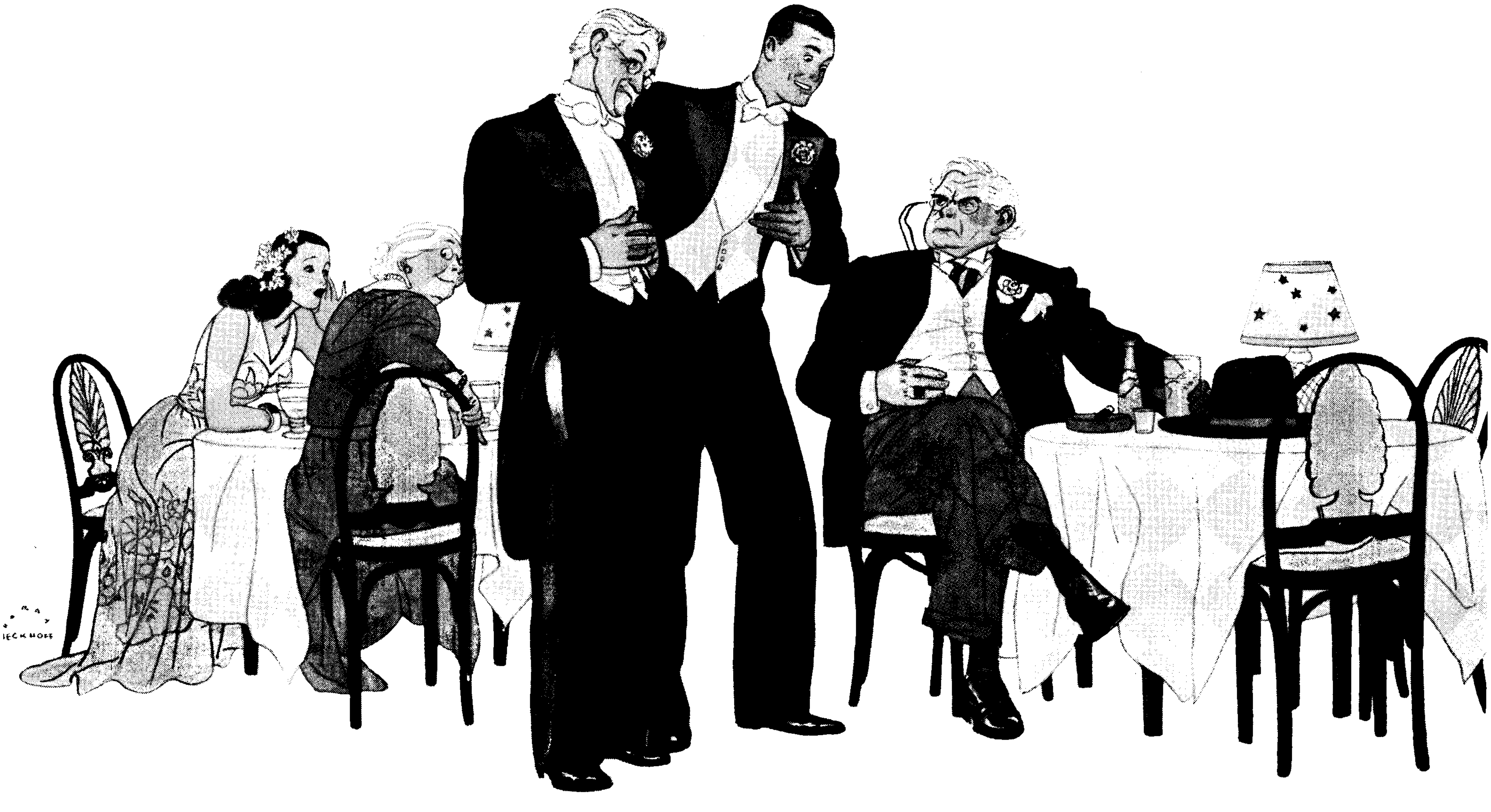
"No, Papa, that was last week on this street." Dot pulled the ticket from under the windshield wiper. "Papa, you should always read the signs. Oh, darn it, stuck for three dollars again."

"They'll cancel it, Dot," Jack comforted her, handing Mrs. Mivvle into the back seat. "Your father must know lots of people."

"That's it, Jack! Papa doesn't."

"Then the police won't cancel it," Jack

(Continued on page 42)



Jack led Mr. Mivvle to the senator's table. "Senator, I guess you know me," he said. "Could I introduce a friend of mine?"

Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLA DIRLING, a singer at a Berlin night club, marries Paul Lesser who, with Rolf Blaerchen, a Nazi, owns the club. A short time later, her young husband (whom she idolizes) is killed in a mysterious accident.

Heartbroken, and strongly suspecting that the "accident" had been planned by Blaerchen, Carola leaves Berlin. Three years later she is in Rome, when she receives orders from Blaerchen (now a power in the German Foreign Office) *to report to him in Berlin. Not daring* to resist, she goes back to the German capital, where Blaerchen—giving her an apartment, with a maid (Maria Kunkle, who, in Blaerchen's pay, keeps a sharp eye on her)—sets her to work as a spy.

She has just one friend whom she can trust: Karl Dietrich. Dietrich, once a comedian, has spent three years in a concentration camp. He loathes the Nazis. With a number of fellow conspirators—Hans Klauss, Franz Ranke, one Schebeler (who has a job at the Foreign Office) and others—he is organizing an anti-Hitler group. Because Blaerchen hates him, his meetings with Carola must be surreptitious.

A series of ugly experiences soon convinces Carola that Blaerchen (whose ardent advances she must frequently repel) is a conscienceless scoundrel. In her apartment, Senta Mainescu—once engaged to Blaerchen, and employed by him—makes some indiscreet remarks. A short time later, she is arrested, charged with treason—and executed! Warned by that experience, Carola is not surprised when Blaerchen uses her—a beautiful woman—as bait, in an attempt to blackmail Signor Froscetti, a young member of the Italian embassy. The attempt fails, because Carola, suspecting what is going on, refuses to obey orders.

Nor is Carola surprised when Maria Kunkle—who had been assured by Blaerchen that her soldier-husband would never be sent to the front—tearfully informs her that her husband has been killed *at the front!* She is astounded, however, when the maid, in a fury, informs her that there is a microphone in the apartment; and that, as she shouts her hatred of Blaerchen, *a Nazi agent is listening.*

Frightfully shocked, Carola tells Blaerchen that she will work for him no longer. To her amazement, he seems to be rather pleased when she tells him that she will accept the offer of an old friend—Franz Wagner, who is opening a new night club—and go to work for him, as a singer. . . . Meeting Dietrich, she is nervously happy. For she and Karl Dietrich are now well aware that they are in love—*and in peril.*

VI

IT WAS a bitter thing to be in love, to know it surely and as surely to know it was hopeless, yet through these days Carola was happy. To be free of the fear of some new assignment from Blaerchen was happiness enough; to be closer to Karl, even though she never quite dared ask herself what she could hope for, was happiness added. And there was the world of the cabaret and she was stepping back into it.

She found a new apartment at once, to the north of the Tiergarten. Here she had long practice hours, discussions with accompanists, appointments with a dressmaker and, at least twice a day, a long conversation with Wagner. She would not go to the office and Wagner came to her, his excitement never lessening. He insisted on supervising every detail, from the choice of the exact shade of gray for her dress to the placement of songs on her program. And he repeated again and again, "It will be a sensational opening. Help people forget the war for a little while! They'll appreciate that."

On one visit, as he was thumbing through a pile of Carola's music he asked, "Do you see Karl?"

Carola turned around quickly. "Why should you ask?"

Wagner smiled lazily. "I asked him to help you rehearse and he preferred not to. Strange!"

"I'm doing well by myself, don't you think?"

"Beautifully!"

Carola worried about Wagner's question and even about Wagner. One never knew in Berlin! Karl reassured her. "It was just natural curiosity," he insisted. On this night the cold had let up a little and they walked the streets while Carola hummed her songs. "Remember your gesture there—the smile there!" Then he laughed happily. "Even in this miserable cold it's lovely to hear you sing!"

Her days were busy and Karl was waiting each evening. At times there were interruptions. Once Froscetti telephoned from the Italian Embassy. "I've heard about your opening," he said. "I'm glad you're going back to your old work." He emphasized the word "old."

"So am I!" Her voice was colorless; any telephone might be tapped.

One afternoon she received a note saying, "Please be at the Café Koenigen at five o'clock today if possible." It was signed by von Maurer. Carola kept the appointment.

He said formally, "I owe you an apology for connecting you in any way with Senta's death."

"I never believed you did." She waited for what he would say next.

He said very little and that little, vague. "I have learned much about Senta that I did not know, about her friends and her past activities. I think I know who is responsible for her death."

Carola could not hold back curiosity. "Who?"

"Herself!" Quickly he added, "Possibly another person although I can scarcely believe what I have found out. I am still investigating—!"

Obviously, he did not want to talk of things that, from his point of view, did not concern an outsider and a woman.

EVERY day, as patiently self-certain as oncoming lava, Praut telephoned. He made a game now of her refusal to see him, saying, "I'm sure you won't have time to see me today!"

"I'm sorry!" That was her customary reply but it had a genuine tone to it. "I'm busy with rehearsals."

"I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to your opening night," Praut said pleasantly.

Each day Blaerchen telephoned and one day he invited her to lunch. He seemed concerned with something and after questioning her about her work he said, "Sometimes it would be a relief to be out of politics and back in the simpler business of entertainment."

Later, after a pause, he said, "I've heard that Karl is working for Wagner. Have you seen much of him?"

She was a good enough actress to conceal her reaction. "I don't go to the office and he does not come to the Sans Souci for rehearsals." She waited for more questions but he seemed content. Then she changed the subject. "Herr Praut calls every day as usual."

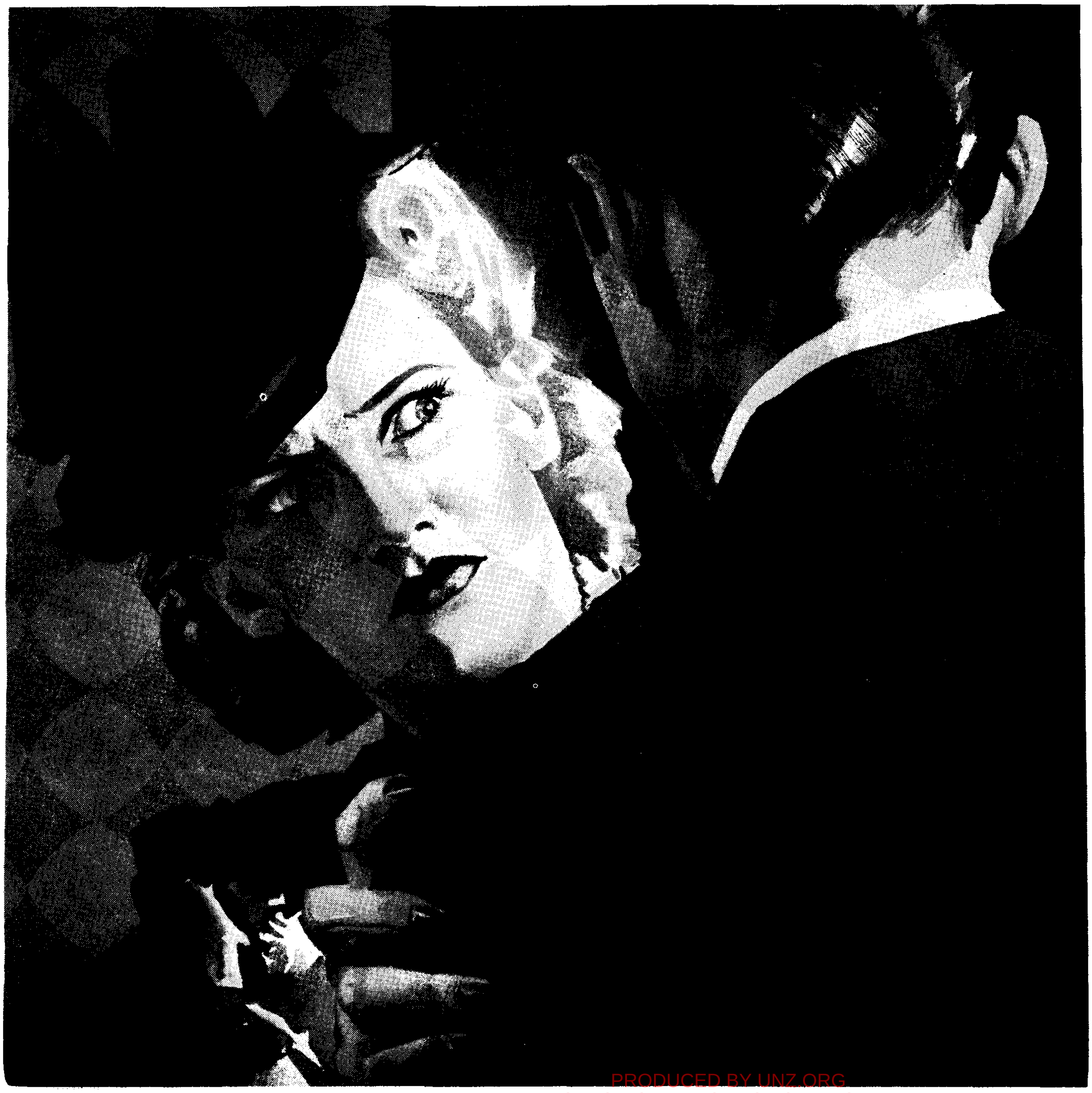
"And never insists on seeing you?"

"Never!"

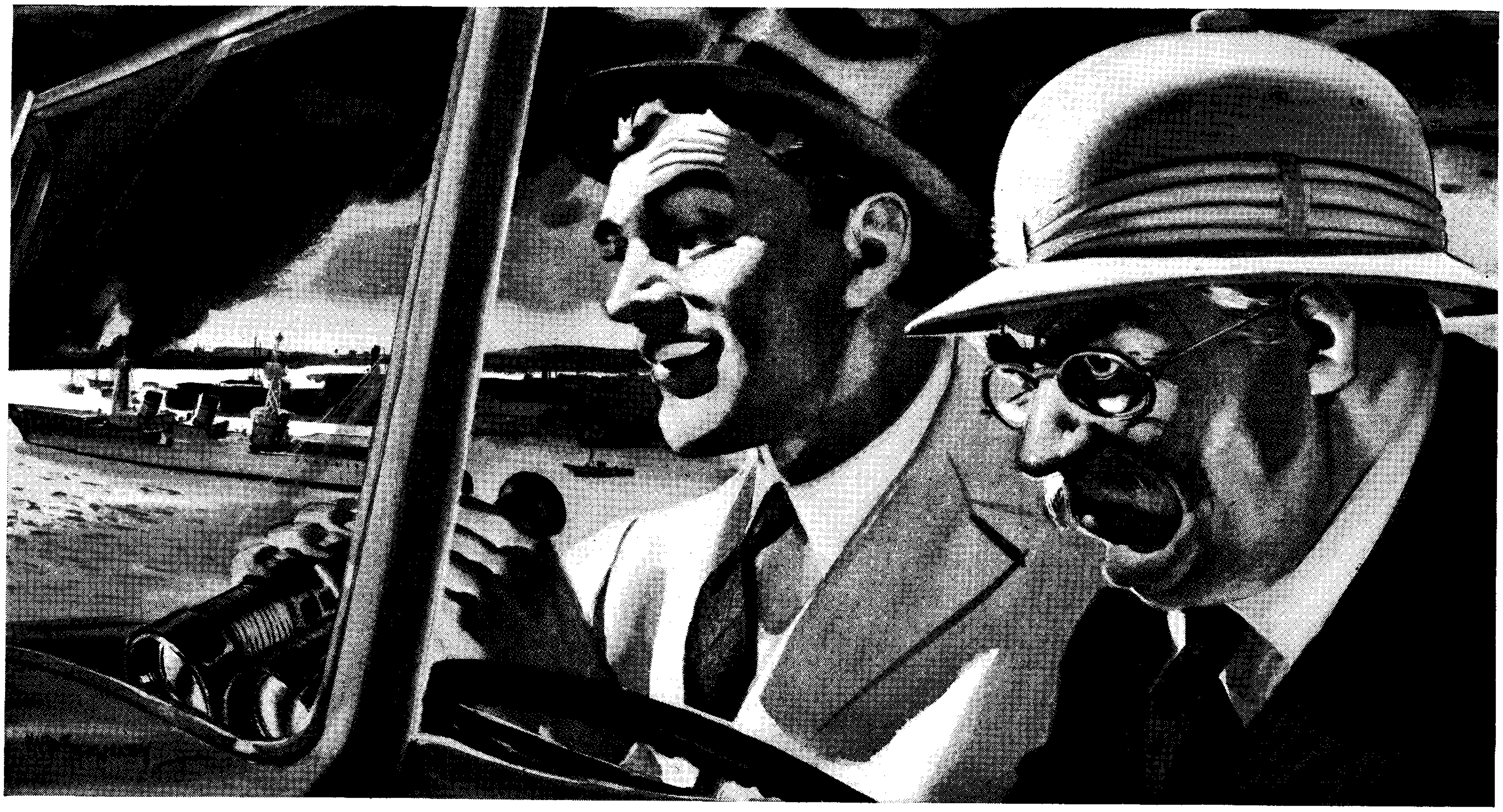
Blaerchen frowned. "I should not say of a colleague of mine that he is a scoundrel but—!"

He telephoned two days later. "I

(Continued on page 26)



His arm went around her. "I have waited long enough," he said. "I want you, Carola. I can't remember when I haven't wanted you"



"You may be right," Mason admitted. He took von Lehtoner's glasses, focused, tried to pick up the spot where he had seen movement

Sharp Traders

By Louis C. Goldsmith

THE Austrian had a bluff, tactless manner. He was positive in everything he said and he had a genius for being annoying, as have so many liverish old gentlemen in China.

"They lost the war," he stated, "on that day when the German officers were taken from China."

Five Japanese bombers were dwindling toward the eastern horizon. They had dropped most of their bombs, and the American accountant—John Mason—thought it should be safe to return now to the city. He was sorry he had accepted von Lehtoner's offer of a ride out of the bomb-threatened city. He would pay for it now by listening to this man who had earned the right to be critical of China because he had made a fortune there.

"They have pursuit planes concealed some place," von Lehtoner grumbled. "Yet the Japanese bomb us, unmolested."

Coolies were swarming over the airfield below. Some of them worked around the bomb craters; others were carrying dirt in woven baskets, to fill the holes after the harvest was gleaned. There were a hundred of them at least, all of them belonging to the same family, according to that story the American had heard.

When the military deserted this exposed field Wai Wong had leased it for a small sum. Wai Wong was head of this family, which included cousins five times removed.

They made a good living, collecting scrap from Japanese bombs. They had become skillful in removing detonators from unexploded bombs. These duds, with their charges of explosive, brought a handsome price from the Chinese military . . . twenty-five Hong Kong dollars. This was clear profit inasmuch as the bamboo and cotton cloth with which Wai Wong's sons, with the manual ingenuity possessed by all Chinese, duplicated the old World War trick of rigging plane silhouettes to deceive a high-flying enemy, cost nothing.

Von Lehtoner pointed to the slender, drab-colored destroyers anchored in the river below. "The Chinese scuttled some old junks to block the channel. But with those cleaned out the Japanese will land marines right on the Bund." He seemed to be enjoying the thought.

"In some ways," he went on, "the Chinese are much like you Americans."

Mason heard the thin, distant crack of a rifle. His eyes searched the willow growth on the other side of the river.

"In the main they are honest," von Lehtoner conceded, "though close, sharp traders. . . ."

ONE of the Japanese destroyers had swung its turret. The explosion came in a heavy roll of sound, immediately punctuated by the shell's detonation.

"Five-inch gun," the Austrian pronounced authoritatively. He focused handsome binoculars on the opposite shore.

From their elevated position on the hill they could see down into the thick stand of willows. Again Mason's ears caught the brittle snap of a rifle.

"I wonder how much those five-inch shells cost?" he asked, to make conversation.

"Two hundred dollars," the Austrian hazarded. "I think not so much as that. The men and women who make those shells receive less for a year's work than your people get for a week's. They work for the glory of their country. They understand, almost as well as the Germans, that the state is everything, the individual nothing."

Again the heavy thunder of the five-inch gun rolled up to them.

But von Lehtoner was intent on his subject. "Statism against individualism," he mused. "The Chinese are clever, just as you Americans are clever. But it is to make things, always producing, always grubbing for wealth. You are individualists, each man a kingdom of himself. You fail to understand the beauty of state. So they and you and your foolish democracies are doomed."

Mason, listening to the Austrian's words, thought he saw a small movement in the willows. Another rifle shot and the whine of its bullet ricocheting off the turret of the destroyer.

"You may be right," Mason admitted. He took von Lehtoner's glasses, focused, tried to pick up the spot where he had seen movement. "But a nation made up of individuals free to think and express their thoughts, to work and play and worship as they see fit—they should be happier, it seems to me."

Another five-inch shell exploded before he found the place. He could see a coolie boy, lying on muddy ground, yards from the shell crater just made.

The Austrian was hungry for argument. "Happiness, contentment—bah! What did such things bring the Poles, the Finns, the Danes?"

The glasses were remarkably good. Mason could even see a grin on the coolie's face as he slipped another cartridge into his old rifle.

"That may be true," he admitted. "But what happens to people who eat hate and dream it, who think only what and when they are told?"

THE coolie boy had fired. He wriggled up the mud bank, into the shell crater just blasted out. "Good!" Mason spoke, involuntarily. "He understands that heavy guns bracket their targets. Always safe in the last shell hole."

"What do you say? What is it you see over there?" the Austrian demanded.

"Nothing much," Mason told him. "Let's get back to the city."

He saw the tiny figures of Wai Wong's family, working in the happy, haphazard fashion of their kind. They were gathering their harvest of scrap-iron fragments, the rich find of a dud bomb now and then.

The Austrian continued with his triumphant argument. But Mason wasn't listening. He was thinking of that coolie boy on the opposite bank of the river. There was nobody else there. It must be his own idea and he was as happy over it as a kid in a shooting gallery.

Mason smiled. Just a coolie boy with an old rifle, trading three-penny rifle bullets for five-inch shells of the Imperial Navy.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

GLADYS NEVILL informs Henry Morley—a London dentist whose secretary she is—that her aunt, who lives in Somerset, has had a stroke, and that she must go to her at once. She departs, and Morley (suspecting that she is meeting her boy friend, Frank Carter, for a day's outing) goes to his office.

Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, keeps a dental appointment with Morley. Morley checks on his teeth, and, in the course of a rambling conversation, remarks that one of his patients is Mr. Alistair Blunt, head of a great banking firm. . . .

Poirot leaves the office. As he reaches the street, a woman—a "Miss Kirby" it is learned later—drops a shoe buckle, while stepping out of a taxicab. Poirot, always gallant, retrieves the buckle, hands it to the woman with a bow. Whereupon, the owner freezes him, and strides into Morley's office.

A short time later, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones Poirot and gives him some surprising news: Morley has committed suicide, in his office! Losing no time, Poirot joins the inspector, who shows him the body, which, pistol beside it, has not been disturbed.

But *why*—and the question puzzles both Japp and Poirot—should Henry Morley, with good health, a lucrative practice and no enemies, have killed himself? And when it is learned that Morley had never owned a pistol, Poirot feels sure that he has encountered another murder case.

Suspects? Well, possibly a Mr. Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who it would seem was the dentist's last patient. Or a young fellow who had been restlessly awaiting his ordeal, when Poirot had gone to the chair. Determined to check up on everyone who may know anything about Morley, Poirot and Japp start with Georgina, the dentist's sister, with whom he had lived for years. While they are questioning Georgina, Gladys Nevill arrives.

Japp takes the young woman into a near-by room, closes the door. And presently he is listening to an interesting story: In answer to an urgent telegram, Gladys had rushed to her aunt. She had found the lady in excellent health! Japp wants to see the telegram. Gladys says that she had thrown it away. "It just said," she adds, "'*Your aunt had stroke last night Stop Please come at once.*'"

II

"YOU are quite sure—well"—Japp coughed delicately—"that it wasn't your friend, Mr. Carter, who sent that telegram?"

"Frank?" Miss Nevill said. "Whatever for? Oh! I see, you mean—a put-up job between us? No, indeed, Inspector—neither of us would do such a thing."

Her indignation seemed genuine enough and Japp had a little trouble in soothing her down. But a question as to the patients on this particular morning restored her to her competent self.

"They are all here in the book. I dare say you have seen it already. I know about most of them. Ten o'clock, Mrs. Soames—that was about her new plate—10:30, Lady Grant—she's an elderly lady—lives in Lowndes Square. Eleven o'clock, M. Hercule Poirot, he comes regularly—oh, of course, this *is* him—sorry, M. Poirot, but I really am so upset! Eleven-thirty, Mr. Alistair Blunt—that's the banker, you know—a short appointment, because Mr. Morley had prepared the filling last time. Then Miss Sainsbury Seale—she rang up specially—had a toothache and so Mr. Morley fitted her in. A terrible talker she is, never stops—the fussy kind, too. Then 12 o'clock, Mr. Amberiotis—he was a new patient—made an appointment from the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Morley gets quite a lot of foreigners and Americans. Then 12:30, Miss Kirby. She comes up from Worthing."

Poirot said, "There was here, when I arrived, a tall, military gentleman. Who would he be?"

"One of Mr. Reilly's patients, I expect. I'll just get his list for you, shall I?"

"Thank you, Miss Nevill."

She was absent only a few minutes. She returned with a book similar to that of Mr. Morley.

She read out: "Ten o'clock, Betty Heath (that's a little girl of nine). Eleven o'clock, Colonel Abercrombie."

"Abercrombie!" murmured Poirot.

"Eleven-thirty, Mr. Howard Raikes. Twelve o'clock, Mr. Barnes. That was all the patients this morning. Mr. Reilly isn't so booked up as Mr. Morley, of course."

"Can you tell us anything about any of these patients of Mr. Reilly's?"

"Colonel Abercrombie has been a patient for a long time, and all Mrs. Heath's children come to Mr. Reilly. I can't tell you anything about Mr. Raikes or Mr. Barnes, though I fancy I have heard their names. I take all the telephone calls, you see—"

Japp said, "We can ask Mr. Reilly ourselves. I should like to see him as soon as possible."

Miss Nevill went out. Japp said to Poirot, "All old patients of Mr. Morley *except Amberiotis*. I'm going to have an interesting talk with Mr. Amberiotis presently. He's the last person, as it stands, to see Morley alive, and we've got to make quite sure that when he last saw him Morley *was* alive."

Poirot said slowly, shaking his head, "You have still to prove motive."

"I know. That's what is going to be the teaser. But we may have something about Amberiotis at the Yard." He added sharply: "You're very thoughtful, Poirot!"

"I was wondering about something."

"What was it?"

Poirot said with a faint smile, "Why Chief Inspector Japp?"

"Eh?"

"I said, 'Why Chief Inspector Japp?' An officer of your eminence—is he usually called in to a case of suicide?"

"As a matter of fact, I happened to be near by at the time. At Lavenham's—in Wigmore Street. Rather an ingenious system of frauds they've had there. They telephoned me there to come on here."

"But *why* did they telephone you?"

"Oh, that—that's simple enough. Alistair Blunt. As soon as the divisional inspector heard *he'd* been here this morning, he got on to the Yard. Mr. Blunt is the kind of person we take care of in this country."

"You mean that there are people who would like him—out of the way?"

"You bet there are. The Germans, for one. It's Blunt and his group who are standing solid behind the present government. Good sound, conservative finance. That's why, if there were the least chance that there was any funny stuff intended against him this morning, they wanted a thorough investigation."

POIROT nodded.

"That is what I more or less guessed. And that is the feeling I have"—he waved his hands expressively—"that there was, perhaps, a *hitch* of some kind. The proper victim was—should have been—Alistair Blunt. Or is this only a beginning—the beginning of a campaign of some kind? I smell—I smell"—he sniffed the air—"big money in this business!"

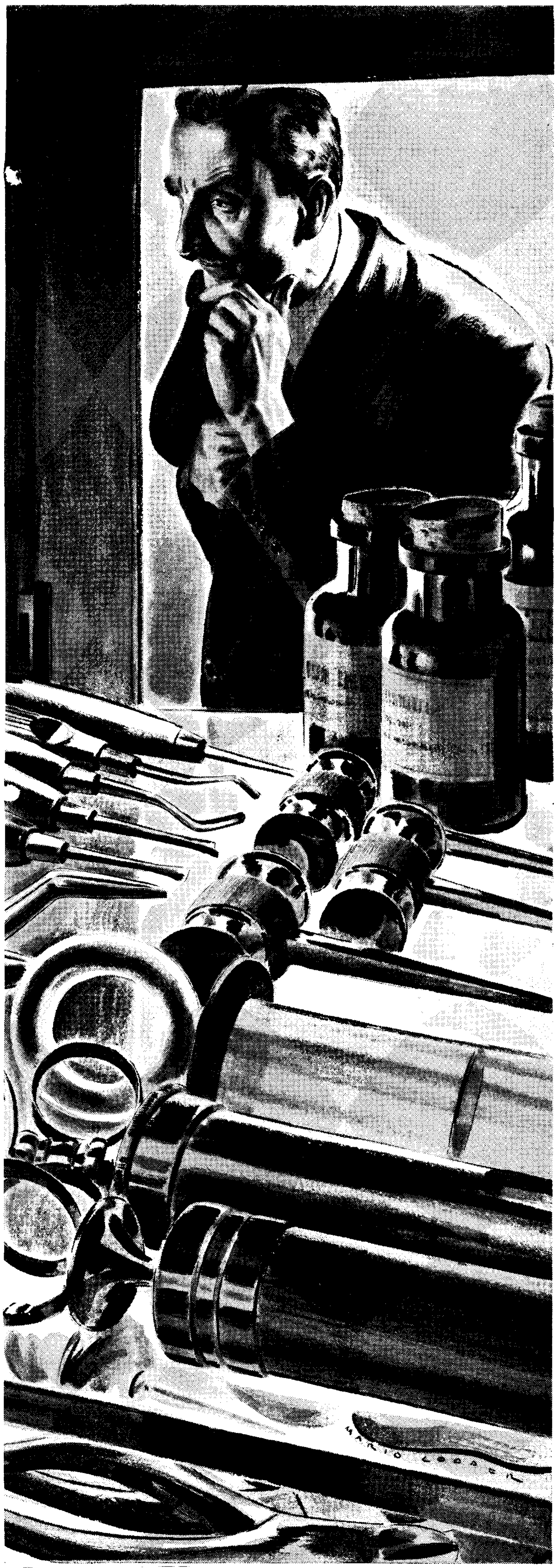
Japp said, "You're assuming a lot, you know."

"I am suggesting that Morley was only a pawn in the game. Perhaps he knew something—perhaps he told Blunt something—or they feared he *would* tell Blunt something—"

He stopped as Gladys Nevill re-entered the room. "Mr. Reilly is busy on an extraction case," she said. "He will be free in about ten minutes if that will be all right."

Japp said that it would. In the meantime, he said, he would have another talk with the boy Alfred.

Alfred was divided between nervousness, enjoyment and a morbid fear of being



"They are all here in the book," she said. "I dare say you have seen it. I know about most of them"

blamed for everything that had occurred. He had only been a fortnight in Mr. Morley's employment, and during that fortnight he had consistently and unvaryingly done everything wrong. Persistent blame had sapped his self-confidence.

"He was a bit rattier than usual, perhaps," said Alfred in answer to a question, "nothing else as I can remember. I'd never have thought he was going to do himself in."

Poirot interposed.

"You must tell us," he said, "everything that you can remember about this morning. You are a very important witness, and your recollections may be of immense service to us."

Alfred's face was suffused by vivid crimson and his chest swelled. He had already given Japp a brief account of the morning's happenings. He proposed now to spread himself. A comforting sense of importance oozed into him.

"I can tell you orl right," he said. "Just you ask me."

"To begin with, did anything out of the way happen this morning?"

ALFRED reflected a minute and then said rather sadly, "Can't say as it did. It was orl just as usual."

"Did any strangers come to the house?"

"No, sir."

"Not even among the patients?"

"I didn't know as you meant the patients. Nobody come what hadn't got an appointment, if that's what you mean. They were all down in the book."

Japp nodded. Poirot asked, "Could anybody have walked in from outside?"

"No, they couldn't. They'd have to have a key, see?"

"But it was quite easy for anyone to leave the house?"

"Oh, yes, just turn the handle and go out and pull the door to after you. As I was saying, most of 'em do. They often come down the stairs while I'm taking up the next party in the lift, see?"

"I see. Now just tell us who came first this morning and so on. Describe them if you can't remember the names."

Alfred reflected a minute. Then he said, "Lady with a little girl, that was for Mr. Reilly and a Mrs. Soap or some such name for Mr. Morley."

Poirot said, "Quite right. Go on."

"Then another elderly lady—bit of a toff she was. As she went out a tall military gent come in, and just after him, *you* came." He nodded to Poirot.

"Right."

"Then the American gent came—"

Japp said sharply, "American!"

"Yes, sir. Young fellow. He was American, all right—you could tell by his voice. Come early, he did. His appointment wasn't till 11:30—and what's more he didn't keep it —neither."

Japp said sharply, "What's that?"

"Not him. Come in for him when Mr. Reilly's buzzer went at eleven-thirty—a bit later it was, as a matter of fact, might have been twenty to twelve—and he wasn't there. Must have funked it and gone away." He added with a knowledgeable air: "They do sometimes."

Poirot said, "Then he must have gone out soon after me."

"That's right, sir. You went out after I'd taken up a toff what come in a big car. Ooo—it was a lovely car. Mr. Blunt—11:30. Then I come down and let you out, and a lady in. Miss Some Berry Seale, or something like that—and then, I—well, as a matter of fact, I just nipped down to the kitchen to get my elevenses, and when I was down there the buzzer went—Mr. Reilly's buzzer—so I come up and, as I say, the American gentleman had hooked it. I went and told Mr. Reilly about it and he swore a bit, as is his way."

Poirot said, "Continue."

"Lemme see, what happened next? Oh, yes, Mr. Morley's buzzer went for that Miss Seale, and the toff came down and went out as I took Miss Whatsername up in the lift. Then I come down again and two gentlemen came—one a little man with a funny, squeaky voice—I can't remember his name. For Mr. Reilly, he was. And a fat, foreign gentleman for Mr. Morley.

"Miss Seale wasn't very long—not above a quarter of an hour. I let her out and then I took up the foreign gentleman. I'd already taken the other gent in to Mr. Reilly right away as soon as he came."

Japp said, "And you didn't see Mr. Amberiotis, the foreign gentleman, leave?"

"No, sir, I can't say as I did. He must have let himself out. I didn't see either of those two gentlemen go."

"Where were you from twelve o'clock onwards?"

"I always sits in the lift, sir, waiting until the front doorbell or one of the buzzers goes."

Poirot said, "And you were perhaps reading?"

Alfred blushed again.

"There ain't no harm in that, sir. It's not as though I could be doing anything else."

"Quite so. What were you reading?"

"Death at 11:45, sir. It's an American detective story. It's a corker, sir, it really is! All about gunmen."

Poirot smiled faintly. He said, "Would you hear the front door close from where you were?"

"You mean anyone going out? I don't think I should, sir. What I mean is I shouldn't *notice* it! You see, the lift is right at the back of the hall and a little round the corner. The bell rings just behind it, and the buzzers too. You can't miss *them.*"

Poirot nodded and Japp asked, "What happened next?"

Alfred frowned in a supreme effort of memory.

"Only the last lady, Miss Shirty. I waited for Mr. Morley's Buzzer to go, but nothing happened and at one o'clock, the lady who was waiting, she got rather ratty."

"It did not occur to you to go up before and see if Mr. Morley was ready?"

Alfred shook his head very positively.

"Not me, sir. I wouldn't have dreamed of it. For all I knew the last gentleman was still up there. I'd got to wait for the buzzer. Of course, if I'd knowed as Mr. Morley had done himself in—"

Alfred shook his head with morbid relish.

Poirot asked, "Did the buzzer usually go before the patient came down, or the other way about?"

"DEPENDS. Usually the patient would come down the stairs and then the buzzer would go. If they rang for the lift, that buzzer would go perhaps as I was bringing them down. But it wasn't fixed in any way. Sometimes Mr. Morley would be a few minutes before he rang for the next patient. If he was in a hurry, he'd ring as soon as they were out of the room."

"I see"—Poirot paused and then went on—"Were you surprised at Mr. Morley's suicide, Alfred?"

"Knocked all of a heap, I was. He hadn't no call to go doing himself in as far as *I* can see—oh!" Alfred's eyes grew large and round. "Oo—er—he wasn't *murdered,* was he?"

Poirot cut in before Japp could speak.

"Supposing he were, would it surprise you less?"

"Well, I don't know, sir, I'm sure. I can't see who'd want to murder Mr. Morley. He was—well, he was a very *ordinary* gentleman, sir. Was he *really* murdered, sir?"

Poirot said gravely, "We have to take every possibility into account. That is why I told you you would be a very important witness and that you must try and recollect everything that happened this morning."

He stressed the words and Alfred frowned with a prodigious effort of memory.

"I can't think of anything else, sir I can't indeed."

(Continued on page 34)

One Thunderous Night

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Death rolling out of a water-front fog hides its clues, except from a man who'd not judge hastily

WHAT Sergeant Lane dismissed as thick weather seemed to Ralph McMasters, the police boat's new engineer, close to storm. The J. A. Barnes, berthed at Sixty-A, lunged uneasily to the increasing thrust of the swells.

"She'll rain," the sergeant said. "The gulls're flyin' down. So it'll blow." He stretched out his legs comfortably, and Ralph knew what was coming; and dark nights such as this, and water-front trouble, and tough beats on the Coast forty years ago, were all involved as the old man's tale meandered along. McMasters appeared to be giving close and dutiful attention. The cabin was warm, the pilothouse brasses shone, and so did Mac's engines, aft.

The sergeant stopped, and it came to Mac that the policeman's water-front years, ending as a sort of instructor in this comfortable cabin, gave him a sense which the statics and kinetics of the atmosphere couldn't teach a man. The silence held; then, without warning, lightning zigzagged through the fog with thunder crackling and braying almost at the same time. The wind slashed rain against the pilothouse windows.

Lightning sizzled again and again, each time leaving bay, fog, wharf, and shore the blacker; wind snarled. In McMasters' head were the things he'd been learning: tides, currents, sirens, diaphones, limits of the naval, explosives, and forbidden anchorages, bridge eddies, ferry courses, routes of inbound freighters and outbound liners. As engineer, he was in charge of the Barnes, although actual police work was handled by men detailed from the Harbor station.

The noise softened and blurred finally as the storm moved out to sea, with fog settling tightly down; Lane said, instead of going on with his yarning, "It takes time for reports to come in. I'd like to see ye go out for the first time when it's clear. Experience should come slowly. A black mark, early on a man's record, is not good. I remember—"

The radio said, roughly, "PBP. PBP. Barnes. Ferry Golden West reports sighting body on ferry lane, westbound trip, six minutes half speed from slip. On course. Await detail from Harbor station. PBP. Barnes. Repeating. Ferry Golden West reports sighting body . . ."

McMasters' heart began to pound. When he glanced at the sergeant, already in slicker, his excitement was added to by the older man's somber face; murder, at least, must've happened on the bay, unsolvable for the present.

THINGS went swiftly. Running feet followed the sound of the police car's siren, and, as the ropes were cast off when two detectives jumped aboard, McMasters fought to turn black bay, fog, into something recognizable. The sergeant stood close as the screw churned; spray dashed high over the pilothouse. Whitecapped quartering seas flung the boat nastily shoreward as McMasters cleared the wharves.

The Barnes rolled horribly. McMasters, with Lane and the detectives staring out into what seemed plastic rubber, sent the boat along what should be the north boundary of the ferry lane; the tide was running out, and a body would drift.

"The ferry captain's report," he heard one of the detectives say, "was that the face was bloody, Sergeant."

"Face?" Lane said. "If he saw the face, the body floated face upward, and it'll be a woman's. As to blood, the sea would wash that off." The sergeant began swinging the searchlight back and forth. "When a person is drowned," the old man said, "the cheeks can be red as my geraniums. At first."

Northward, McMasters heard the dismal *brooommm-ahr* of Alcatraz's siren.

"You're positive it'll be a woman's body, Sarge?" the other detective asked. "I never heard that one. Are you working out on us?"

"I was drinkin' steam beer when you was suckin' your thumb, Harper." McMasters had never heard the old sergeant speak so sharply; but, then, he'd never heard him doubted before. Lane was leaning far out of the window, brushing rain from his eyes; the men in the pilothouse heard him say, "There it is," and McMasters immediately swung the Barnes. He, like the others, saw the body floating in the water, although whether it was face up, or down, he couldn't tell.

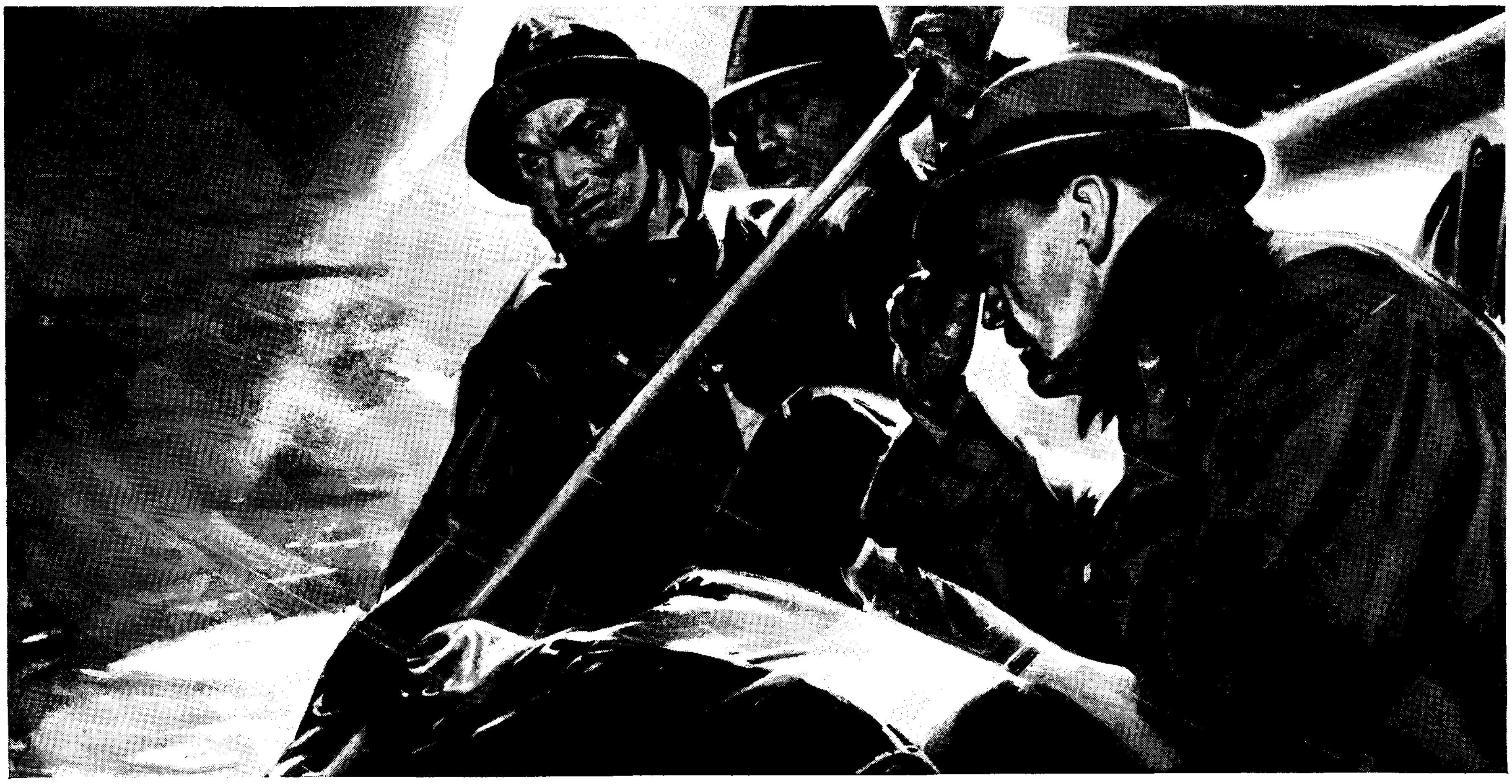
The Barnes danced about as McMasters stopped her. As they stepped on deck, Mac reached for the boat hook. Mac's one glance was enough to tell him that it was a man—big, middle-aged, rosy-cheeked—and that, from the appearance of the clothing, there had been a terrific struggle before death. The clothes were ripped to pieces.

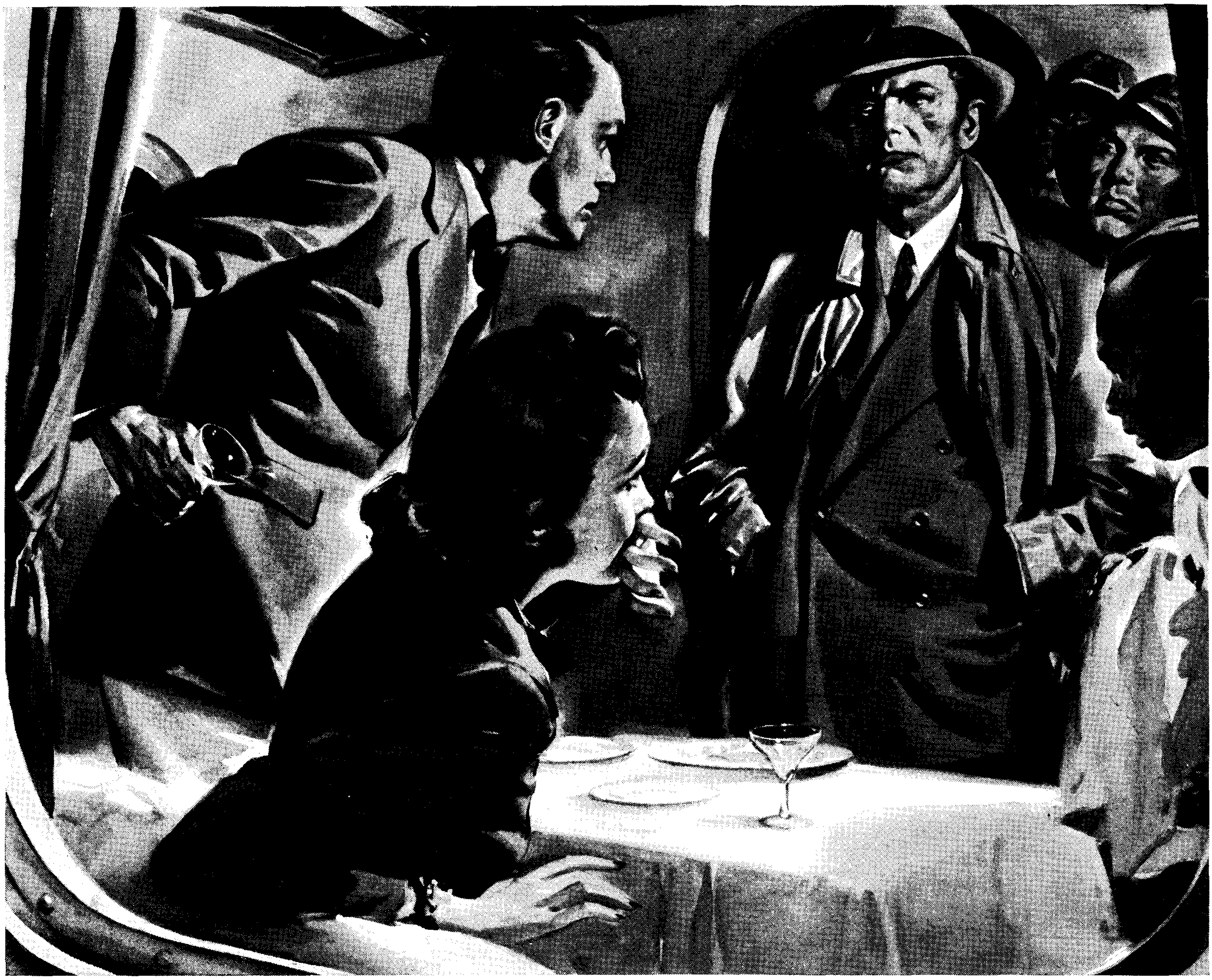
Murder was what he thought; murder was what he heard behind him, as he waited the order to send the boat back to Sixty-A. Out of the excitement came Lane's quick order: "Engineer, get us to the yacht harbor as fast as ye dare."

THE boat took a big sea before the windows could be closed, and water cascaded in; the order, McMasters knew, told him he wasn't to head shoreward and follow the line of wharves but must cut diagonally north and west across the bay. The Barnes, right now, was slightly north of the ferry lane, about five to six minutes ferry half-speed from the slips. North Point Light, flashing white; a bell behind; a siren on the transport dock. Alcatraz always north. His course . . .

Lane was beside him again, saying, "Keep us off Alcatraz, boy. I've no mind to be laughed at again. In the man's pocket," the sergeant said, "was a letter from young Marsh Henderson, whose name ye'll have read in the papers, what with his big cruiser and his gettin' married soon, and the rest of his capers. Henderson wrote he'd pay not one cent more, so there was blackmail, and the man was murdered. Maybe on the cruiser. 'Tis open and shut. If ye weren't busy," Lane went on, as both of the detectives returned to the pilothouse, "ye'd have seen he was dead before ever he hit the water, since there was no seaweed clutched in his hands, although there was plenty of it, and kelp, in the water."

Mac's one glance was enough to tell him that it was a man—big, middle-aged, rosy-cheeked





"Okay, take it easy," Harper said, and McMasters disliked his smartness. "You're under arrest"

"Is that another one like men floating face upward, Sergeant?" demanded Harper, "or are you looking for a hidden motive?"

"It was women who float in that manner," Lane retorted. "Now we'll stop talkin'. The engineer's got work."

McMasters had, and it wasn't easy. In his mind's eye, hard to put aside, was the probable fight on the bay, in storm and fog, with the thunder crashing. It must have taken place at a moment of high anger; Henderson hadn't even stopped to rifle the dead man's pockets. Then he heard the sergeant say, in his ear, "Mallock's a good lad, but the other one's too smart. He'll wisecrack when the newspaper boys arrive. Keep your mouth tight shut. You're an engineer. If . . . port, boy! *Port!*"

Bulk was ahead; the Barnes hesitated before obeying, but McMasters managed to avoid crashing into the last of the towed barges, although not enough to keep from grazing.

"We're not trying to catch a train," Harper suggested.

The sergeant snapped, "I ordered full speed. And ye might keep this little bump to yourself. . . . Of course, I'll have to report it."

There was a silence. Then the detectives held a conference, in half-whispers; McMasters couldn't concentrate entirely on the gray wall ahead of him. The detectives believed that the dead man, Dole, had met Henderson, and gone out on the cruiser with him. There the argument, the fight, had taken place; whether Dole was alive or dead on hitting the water was unimportant; autopsy would determine that. The murder had taken place very recently, which was why the Barnes was heading for the yacht harbor where cruisers berthed; it was quite possible that the police boat might arrive before the cruiser.

WESTWARD, as the Barnes' speed increased with the outbound tide and river currents lifting her along, was the booming of the Gate bridge's two-toned horn; McMasters, the Barnes' siren louder nearer the shore, edged the boat closer and closer to the invisible land. When he heard Harper protesting at the boat's speed, something made him raise it a notch, and he heard the sergeant's grunt of approval; then the breakwater lights were like two bits of white fuzz due ahead, and Mac sent the Barnes slicing through the opening between them. "Smart aleck" were the words he heard behind him, and Harper had said that. "I'm an idiot," thought Mac, "but I don't like him. The other's a swell guy." Then, engine beat stilled, he slid the Barnes up to the landing stage without a jar.

Only one cruiser, on this sort of night, showed lights. "Come along," Lane said, as McMasters made the boat fast. "The Barnes won't run away; and ye might as well see how things are done, boy. Ye'll remember to keep your words and ideas to yourself." Mac thought, as he walked beside the sergeant along the float, that the old man muttered something about practicing what he preached. "It is their job," Lane said, "but ye'll observe that contrary to general orders a call has not been sent the department. That will be Harper. He wants to make his pinch first, and be the big cheese."

The cruiser had already docked. The portholes of the Amarylla were round globes of yellow light; then all four men were in the cabin, and young Marsh Henderson was leaping from his folding chair so that it clattered down. A table was set there, and a Chinese servant stood with napkin-covered cocktail shaker. At the table, leaning away from it, and with wide and frightened eyes, McMasters saw a girl; and she, of course, would be the one Henderson was to marry. She was the sort of girl any fellow would want to marry. A big white coat was behind her, something that must have been kept on the cruiser, because she herself was in orange-brown tweed. McMasters caught the glint of an engagement ring. Green. At first it, and her hand, were motionless; then both trembled against her mouth.

IN THAT first moment there was complete silence, as if breaths had stopped; then, before either of the detectives could speak, Henderson said, "He didn't have nerve enough to come with you, did he? Well, it's the same now as it was before. You can all go to hell. So can Dole."

"Okay—take it easy," Harper said, and McMasters disliked his smartness. "You are under arrest for the murder of Ernest Dole—"

It was Mallock who added, "And whatever you say may be used against you."

McMasters thought that the girl was biting at the back of her hand; the only way he could explain this callous preparation for cocktails, dinner, was that the pair hadn't supposed Dole's body would be recovered for days, or weeks, or might be swept out through the Gate and never found, which happened often.

Henderson's hand was shaking as he reached down to the table for a cigarette. "I'm perfectly willing to admit," he said, "that Dole was on the boat. I

(Continued on page 37)

Tropic Killer

By J. D. Ratcliff

War brings not only the menace of death bombs. It also threatens to cut off the supply of quinine—used for the cure and relief of malaria—from our only source, Java in the Netherlands Indies. Here's what's being done about it

A GRIM little drama is being enacted in the marshes around Russia's Black Sea, in river eddies in South China and in the bayous of Louisiana. It has nothing to do with war or international complications, but it spells death for 3½ million human beings in the next twelve months.

In all these places summer has warmed stagnant waters. Minute wrigglers dart to the surface. Soon these wrigglers will become mosquitoes. They will bite men with malaria, absorb the malarial parasites and pass the disease along to others whose blood was previously clean.

Malaria is Killer No. 1 that silently stalks the warm, damp places of the earth. Microbes of this disease are responsible for a third of all sickness in the tropics. This year they will kill over a million human beings in India. They will account for thousands of lives in Ceylon, and in our own South the death toll will be about 3,000, and malaria will debilitate people so that they are easy prey for other diseases. It will make the muscles of four million people sag; and generally usurp a third of the working time of the Deep South. As a nation we will pay about $500,000,000 tribute to the subtle parasite which produces this great weariness.

Medicine has one principal buttress against this slaughter. It is the miracle drug with a romantic history: quinine. Millions know that their lives depend on it. The unimaginative simply swallow a daily pill to prevent malaria; or gulp great dizzying doses to cure it. Others take it in the form of "gin and tonic water"—seltzer fortified with quinine. When the poor Southern white notes that his fingernails are turning blue and that he has a teeth-chattering chill, he sends a young one chasing to the store for a bottle of fever medicine—medicine whose efficacy depends on the quinine it contains.

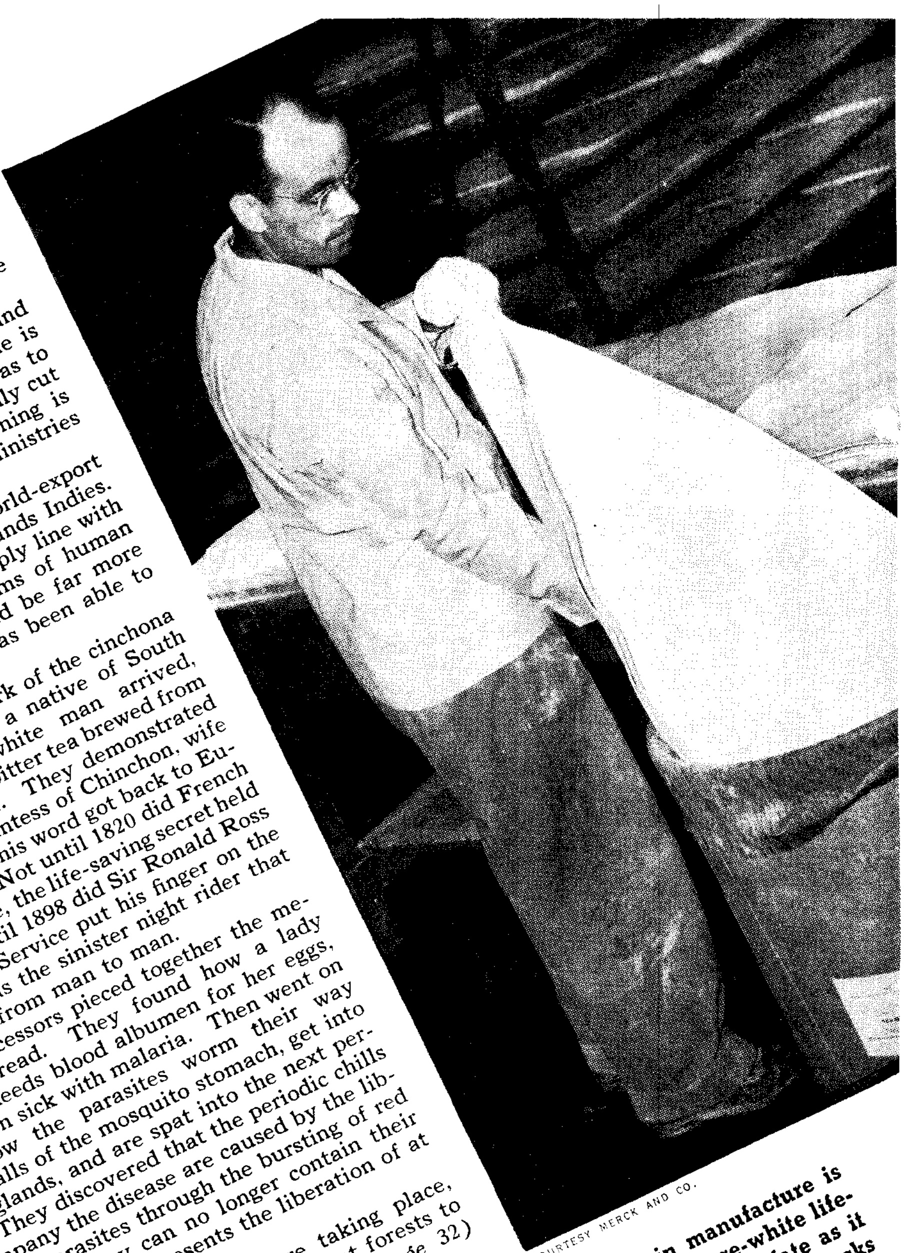
All these deaths, all this needless suffering and lost labor, understand, take place when quinine is readily available. Anyone can make a guess as to what would happen if the supply were suddenly cut off. The distinct possibility of this happening is causing a fine case of jitters in the health ministries of most of the world's major countries.

Nearly every ounce of quinine in world-export trade originates at Java in the Netherlands Indies. Hostile submarines could snip this supply line with a few well-placed torpedoes. In terms of human lives the result of such action would be far more devastating than anything Hitler has been able to accomplish with his complete war.

Quinine is derived from the bark of the cinchona —pronounced sin-kó-nah—tree, a native of South America. Long before the white man arrived, Peruvian Indians knew that a bitter tea brewed from this bark would cure malaria. They demonstrated by saving the life of the Countess of Chinchon, wife of the Spanish governor. This word got back to Europe in the 17th century. Not until 1820 did French chemists discover quinine, the life-saving secret held by the bark; and not until 1898 did Sir Ronald Ross of the Indian Medical Service put his finger on the Anopheles mosquito as the sinister night rider that peddled the disease from man to man.

Ross and his successors pieced together the mechanics of the spread. They found how a lady Anopheles, who needs blood albumen for her eggs, feasts on a person sick with malaria. Then went on to discover how the parasites worm their way through the walls of the mosquito stomach, get into the salivary glands, and are spat into the next person bitten. They discovered that the periodic chills which accompany the disease are caused by the liberation of the parasites through the bursting of red blood cells when they can no longer contain their cargo. A single chill represents the liberation of at least 150,000,000 parasites!

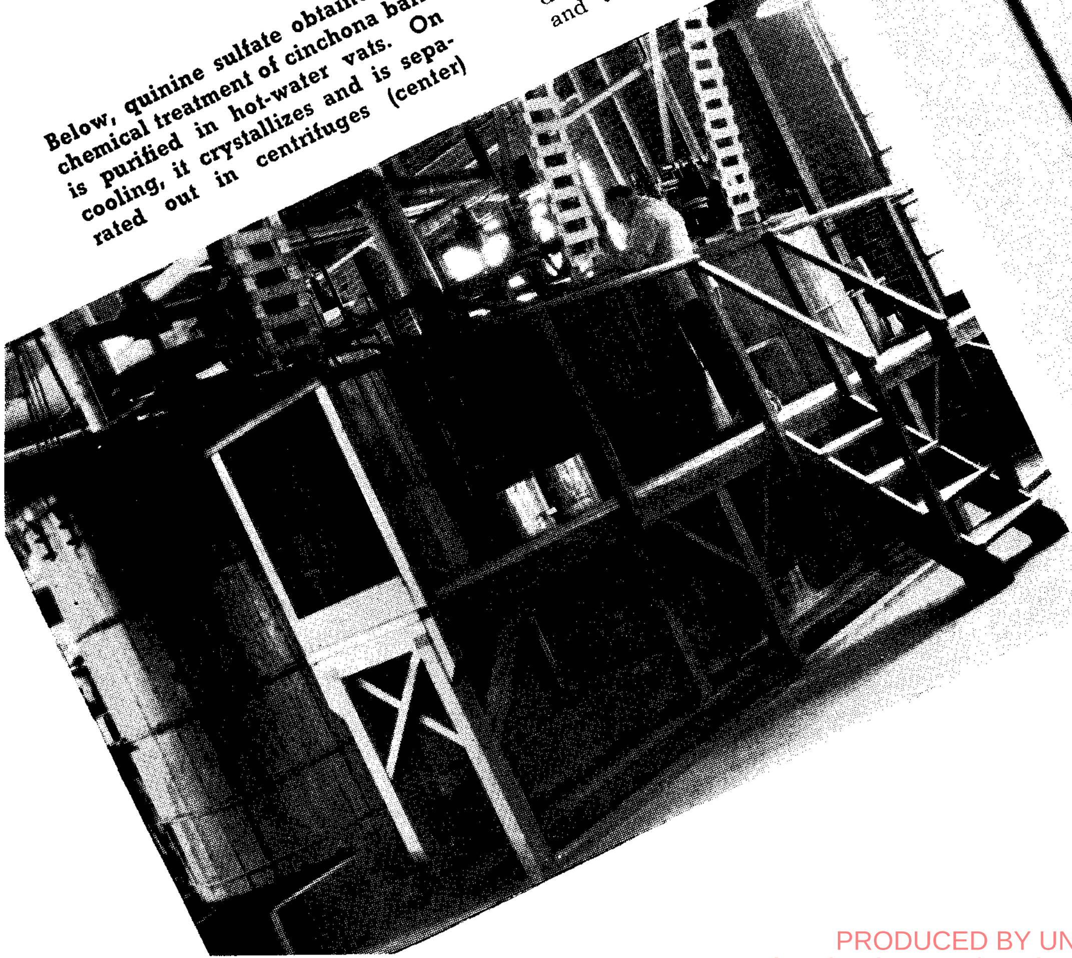
While these epochal things were taking place, South American Indians hacked away at forests to provide quinine for the (*Continued on page 32*)

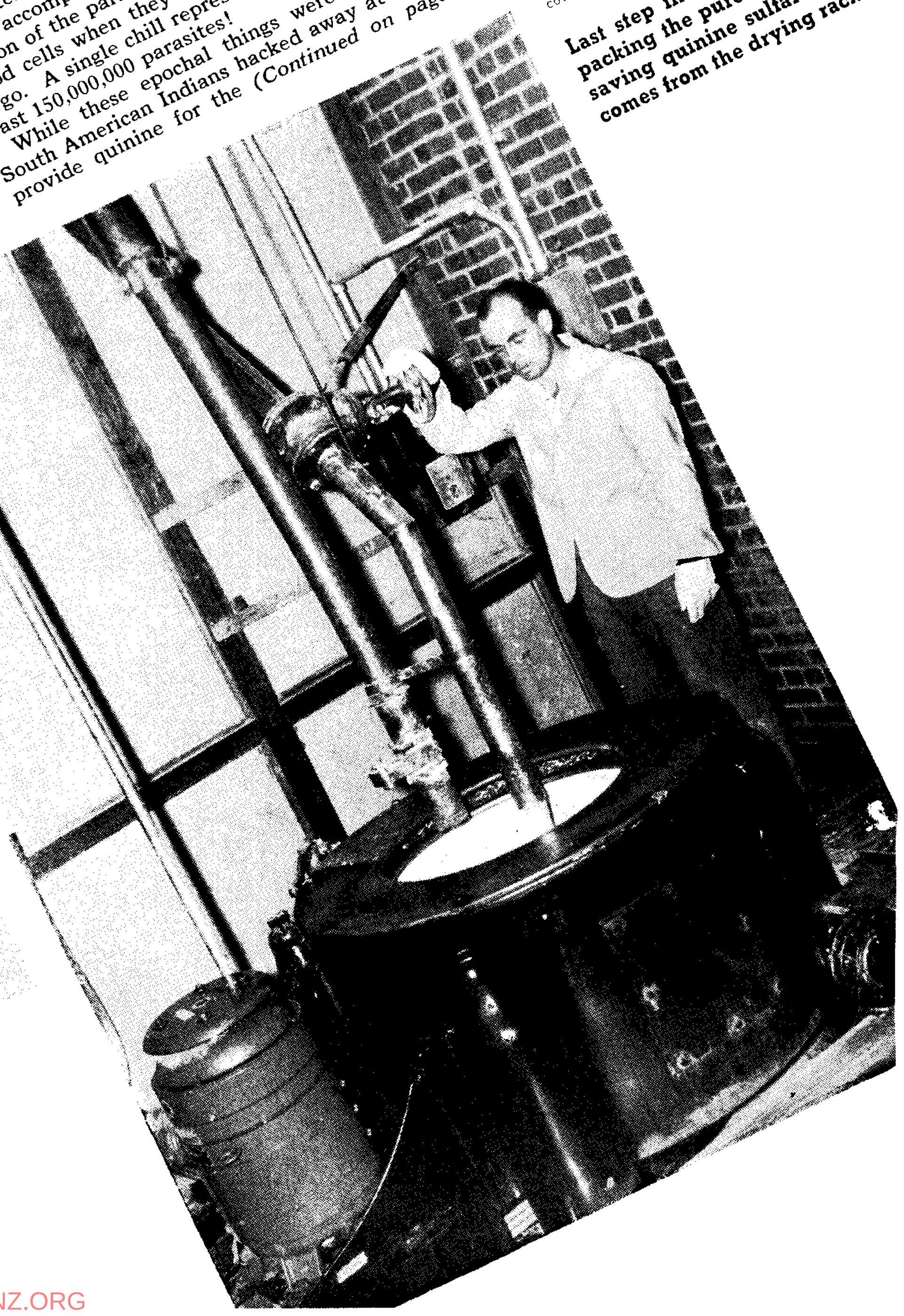


COURTESY MERCK AND CO.

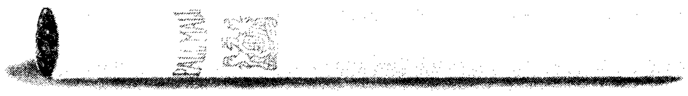
Last step in manufacture is packing the pure-white life-saving quinine sulfate as it comes from the drying racks

Below, quinine sulfate obtained by chemical treatment of cinchona bark is purified in hot-water vats. On cooling, it crystallizes and is separated out in centrifuges (center)





SIMILE: SMOOTH AS A PALL MALL



SOURCE: *Good old-fashioned* *Bulking*

● THAT APT PHRASE, "Smooth as a Pall Mall," points up an impressive fact about this distinguished cigarette.

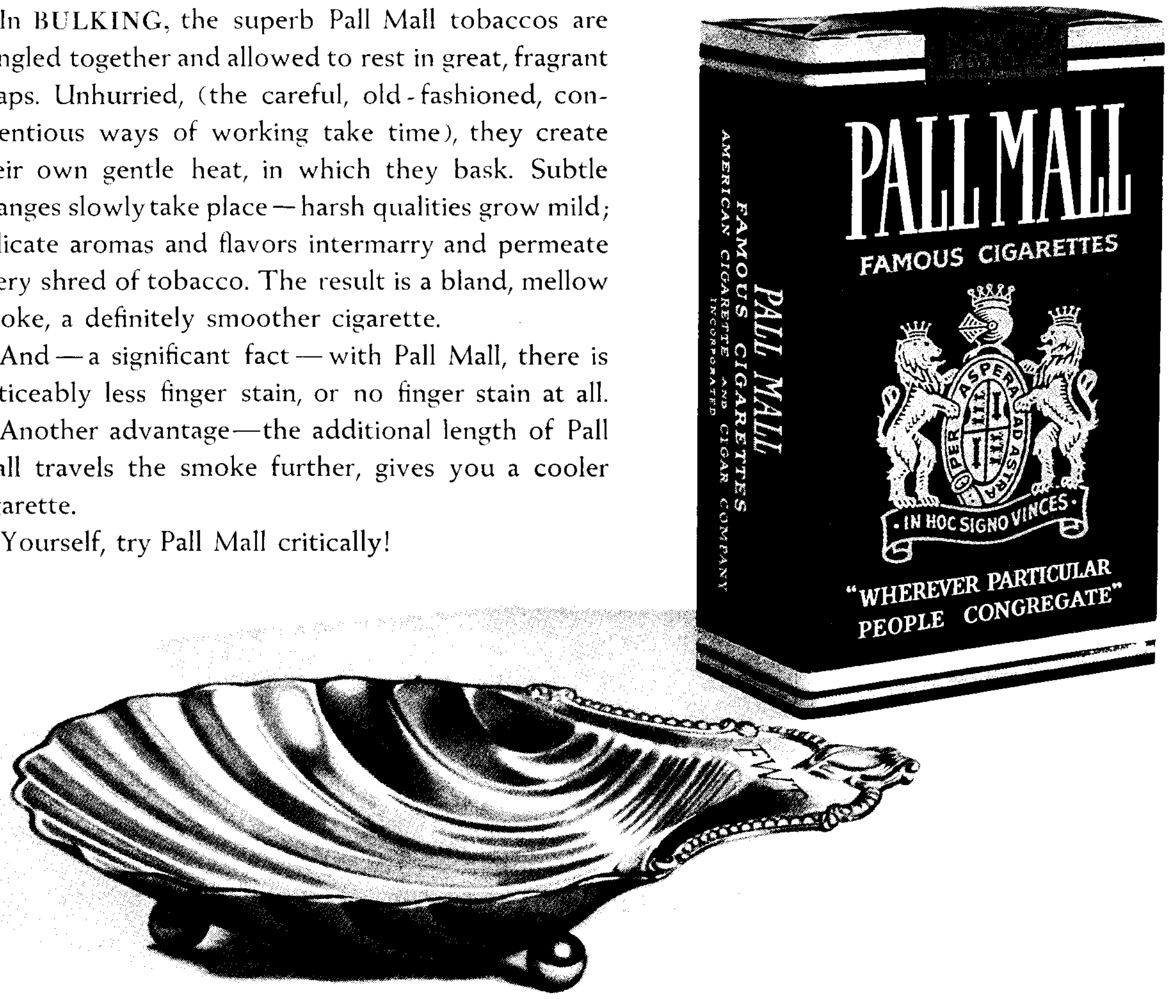
The source of that unusual smoothness is a painstaking, old-fashioned method of working fine tobaccos, revived by Pall Mall, and known as . . . BULKING.

In BULKING, the superb Pall Mall tobaccos are mingled together and allowed to rest in great, fragrant heaps. Unhurried, (the careful, old-fashioned, conscientious ways of working take time), they create their own gentle heat, in which they bask. Subtle changes slowly take place — harsh qualities grow mild; delicate aromas and flavors intermarry and permeate every shred of tobacco. The result is a bland, mellow smoke, a definitely smoother cigarette.

And — a significant fact — with Pall Mall, there is noticeably less finger stain, or no finger stain at all.

Another advantage—the additional length of Pall Mall travels the smoke further, gives you a cooler cigarette.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Pride Pitching

Continued from page 9

even be in baseball today, for my first impulse that Christmas Eve was to chuck the whole business. I had a good offer from KGKO, an up-and-coming radio station in Fort Worth, to broadcast baseball, football and special events. I had done the work, liked it and could make as much, at least, as the salary I would get from Milwaukee.

But I couldn't get the idea out of my head that I was a better pitcher than a third of the fellows still drawing major-league salaries. That conviction grew so strong that I finally reported for spring training a few days before Milwaukee broke camp. At that, I went only after Henry Bendinger, Milwaukee owner and a swell guy, promised to make every effort to sell me to a big-league team. When I was passed up in the draft last winter, I could see myself keeping steady company with a microphone. Bendinger kept his promise, though, and persuaded Larry MacPhail to buy me for $10,000 on a conditional basis. If the Dodgers kept me after the opening of the season, Milwaukee was to get the ten grand. If I failed to show Leo Durocher anything, Milwaukee and Carleton wouldn't get a dime.

I should be the last guy in the world to kick. I'm the luckiest stiff in history, not only because I pitched a no-hit, no-run game, but because I had been given another chance to play in the majors. But I'm popping off because I'm thinking of a thousand other discarded ballplayers who weren't as fortunate as I, who didn't have the glamor of a Dizzy Dean to draw $42,500 for winning thirteen games in two years, who were not carried on full salary for a year, as Carl Hubbell was, while they recuperated from sore arms.

I have in mind the great majority of journeyman ballplayers—call them mugs, if you must—who are always in danger of being released and never missed. Don't think of the great stars when you think of baseball; they're the prize exhibits in the window-dressing of the business. Think of the small army of just-good-enough players; they're the backbone of organized baseball.

Now I don't say that a team should carry indefinitely a ballplayer who is unable to help the club. I do feel, though, that a team for its own protection should stick with a temporarily disabled player, particularly a pitcher with a sore arm, until it is definitely established that his meal ticket is gone. I admit it is difficult under the present rules, but the solution is simple.

Legalize again the sixty-day clause in the voluntary retired list; that will do it. Until two years ago, it was possible for a club to declare an injured player inactive but still on the pay roll for sixty days. In the meantime, he is replaced on the roster with an able-bodied man. When the rosters were raised from twenty-three to twenty-five players in 1938, however, the sixty-day clause was eliminated. The purpose of that was to protect the weak clubs that could not draw upon extensive farm systems for replacements in emergencies, but it has worked the other way around, to the detriment of the ballplayers. Rather than take the risk of carrying an incapacitated man for a couple of months, on full salary, a team in tough financial shape will release the injured fellow and sign a cheaper player.

Bring back the sixty-day clause and you'll see comebacks made by any number of good players. And it can be done at no added expense to the club. This may be in direct contradiction to everything you've ever heard about ballplayers, but I know every man forced to go on the voluntary retired list would be willing to have his salary slashed in half just for the chance to remain in the big leagues.

Any ballplayer worth his salt dreads the thought of stepping down to the minors as intensely as you dread the prospect of going on the WPA. The minors are a vital necessity as the source of players which keep the major-league teams young and vibrant; without the minors, the National and American leagues would wither and die in a few years. The minors are fine when you're on the way up, but they're no place for a man going down.

A man won't starve on the $2,500 or $3,500 he gets in the minors, and he'll provide a decent home for his family. But a former major-leaguer will be penniless if he plays until he's a baseball bum in the lower leagues. A fellow who's been getting pretty good money in the big show for six or seven years probably has saved $15,000. That little nest egg will be dissipated entirely if he tries to hang on the outer fringe of baseball. It would be far better if he made a clean break with the game, once he's had his chance and went to work for a living—as all of us must, sooner or later.

The point is that under the present setup a ballplayer—remember, he still has his pride—refuses to admit he has had that chance. Right or wrong, hot or cold, that's how he feels. Bring back the sixty-day clause and he'll be satisfied that the major-league team tried to give him a fair shake.

You'll also bring back enough sore arms to stock a pennant-winning team. Under the show-or-scram policy now in vogue, the ordinary pitcher is afraid to tell his manager he has a bad flipper. He fears that pink slip like the plague, so he keeps on pitching, ruining his record and aggravating his misery. If he could lay off for two months with the assurance his job would be held open, you'd see miraculous cures effected. After all, a tenor doesn't perform with a bad case of laryngitis, a tap dancer doesn't fill his engagements when he has a bad ankle sprain and a business executive isn't chained to his desk when he has a terrible headache or hang-over.

Arms do come back with rest. That fact was first impressed upon me way back in 1922, when I was a freshman in short pants at North Side High in Fort Worth. Perhaps you remember the strange experience of Jack Scott, a fine National League pitcher for many years. Scott's arm went dead and he was given his unconditional release by the Reds after pitching one game. Scott was not particularly worried, however, and went back to his prosperous tobacco and cantaloupe farm in North Carolina.

A short while after he returned, his tobacco barn burned to the ground with the year's crop. A tough break—he carried no insurance—but he had a large shipment of cantaloupes, to pull him out of the hole. Scott sent his melons to New York, where they were dumped into the harbor during a price war among the commission dealers. A check for $30 was sent to Scott, the only ready money he could expect to see for a year.

Scott went to New York with his shopworn arm, walked into the Polo Grounds and asked John McGraw for a chance. McGraw was in the thick of a fight for the pennant and took a flier on Scott. He joined the Giants in August, won eight games in ten and climaxed his recovery by shutting out the Yankees with four hits in the world series.

Cynics will say Scott had to pitch or starve. I say Scott was able to come back because he didn't worry about his arm for a couple of months. In effect, he was on the voluntary retired list.

There have been any number of instances in which rest completely cured a sore arm. Gabby Hartnett himself, who owned the best throwing arm ever hung on a catcher, was on the shelf for one full year, in 1929, with a bad whip. He did nothing but pinch-hit all that season—and came back with a rifle better than ever. Wes Ferrell, after winning more than twenty games in each of his first four seasons in the American League, was grounded by a sore arm. It was so bad that he tried to play the outfield to stick in the big leagues. That interlude did the trick. Ferrell bounced back with forty-five victories in the next two seasons. Look at Lefty Grove, Carl Hubbell, Bill Lee, Curt Davis, Johnny Allen and Ted Lyons, to mention only a few of the men who have regained the use of ailing arms.

I had two sore arms while I was with the Cubs. In an exhibition at Phoenix, Arizona, in the spring of 1937, something popped in my elbow when I threw a 3-and-2 ball to Luke Sewell with three on base. That put me out for eight weeks, just enough time to recuperate to the extent of winning sixteen games and losing eight for the Cubs.

The funny part of the whole thing is that the very players who need protection are needed by the major leagues. During the last six weeks of the season, when pennant pressure begins to bear down on the contenders, there is frantic scurrying for pitchers who can help the teams shooting for the world-series money. The minor leagues abound with kids who can throw through a brick wall, but who do the embattled teams take? The old wise guys who know the business. They'll do it every time.

"I trust old pitchers," Bill McKechnie says, and that terse sentence sums up everything that can be said. A manager pulling wires for a pitcher who may save a crucial game doesn't ask how many victories the man has scored. He asks one question: Does this guy know *how* to pitch?

Youth has a definite and important place in baseball—but that place is not in a spot where one bad pitch or a silly mistake can mean the pennant. In a showdown, the manager wants an old, experienced hand in there who has learned the racket the hard way.

The Reds last year were loaded with strong-arm kids like Johnny Vander Meer, Junior Thompson and Whitey Moore. But in the clutch, when McKechnie was trying to stave off the Cardinals' challenge, he bought old Johnny Niggeling, who had been knocking around the American Association for years and years. He picked up Henry Johnson, who was with the Yankees as far back as 1927. He signed Milburn Shoffner and Al Simmons, who were regarded as museum pieces. And he won the pennant.

This may impose a severe strain on the credulity of the customers, but it is quite possible for a man to be a better pitcher in the major leagues than in the minors. The science of pitching goes for Sweeney in some minor-league parks, where you can fool a batter and still see him pump the ball off his fist over ridiculously short fences. My no-hitter against the Reds, pitched in identical fashion in Milwaukee, would have given me nothing more than a 3-3 tie.

In the fourth inning, with Frank McCormick on base through an error, Harry Craft unloaded a long fly which Joe Vosmik caught against the left-field fence. In Milwaukee, where the left-field wall is only 262 feet from the plate, Craft's ball would have been a two-run homer.

And in the sixth, Roy Cullenbine made a swell catch of Lonny Frey's 365-foot drive near the screen in right. That one also would've been a country mile over the 260-foot wall at Milwaukee.

I don't know how many times I've made a perfect pitch in the minors and got the batter to hit the exact ball I needed for a double play "That's two dead ducks," I've said to myself as the ball left the bat, then turned around to see a shortstop playing the batter so far out of position that he didn't even start for the ball.

Hitters in the big leagues are studied more carefully than they are in the minors, where there is a constant turnover in personnel. Up here, you get to know what a batter will murder and what he will miss; in the minors, the "book" on a batter is so sketchy that pitching is largely a matter of guesswork.

A pitcher who has seen the same major-league hitters a few hundred times must learn in self-defense their batting strengths and weaknesses. He knows that he can throw a ball down a particular hitter's alley in Boston, Pittsburgh or Philadelphia and get him on a long, loud out, but the identical pitch may be suicide in New York, Chicago or Brooklyn. He begins to observe that some hitters never change their stance, whereas cuties like Billy Herman, Harry Danning and Frank McCormick constantly are shifting their feet with every pitch.

The value of experience was emphasized in my no-hitter. The first time Ernie Lombardi went to bat, he flogged a terrific "foul" homer over the left-field wall. That pitch was so far inside that the ball would have hit Lombardi if he hadn't hit it. The blast was nothing but a strike, of course, but Herman Franks, my catcher and a fine young receiver, rushed out to the mound hopping with excitement.

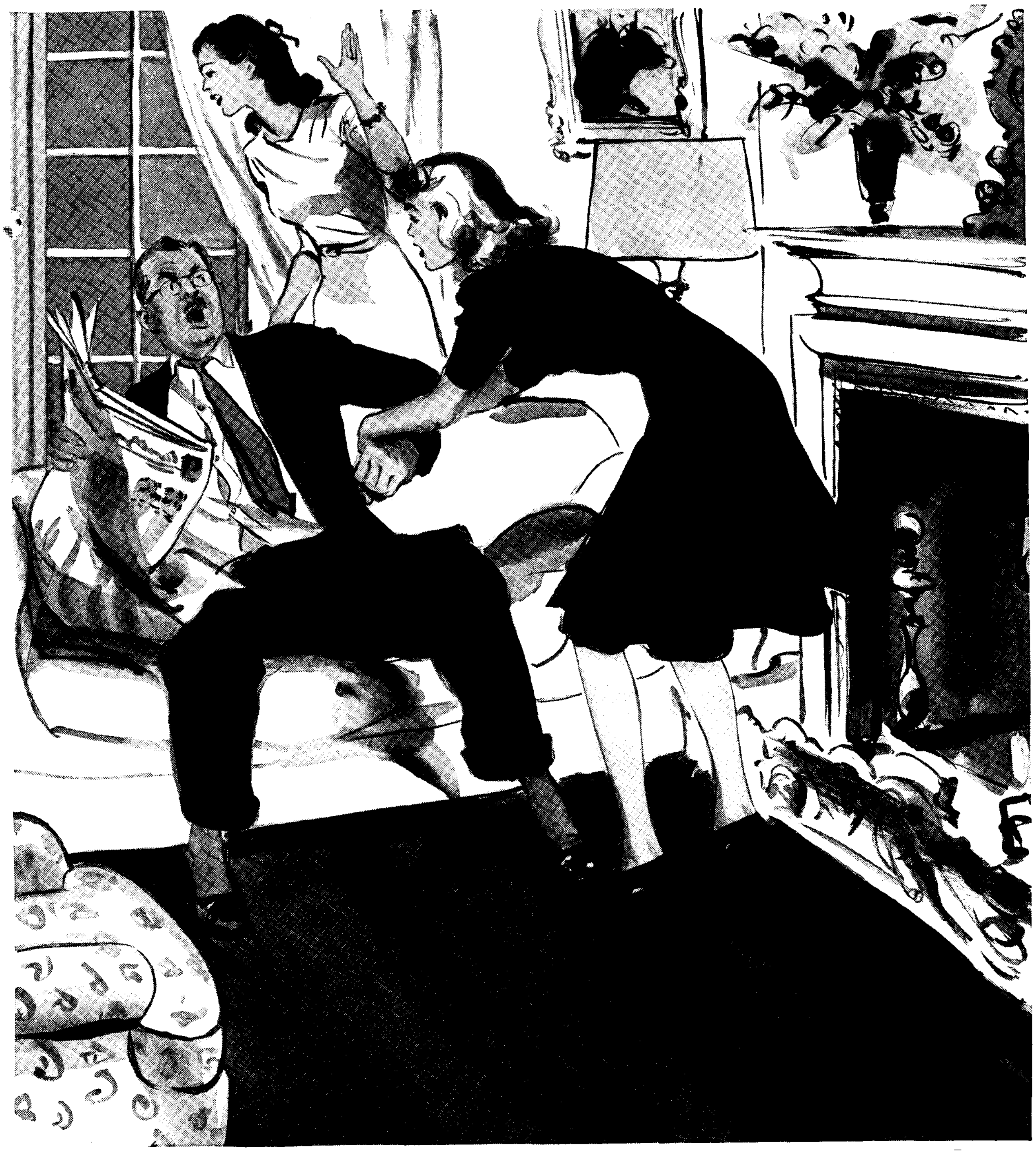
"Gee, better not to give this guy another one inside," Franks gasped. "Look how he teed off on that one."

"Sure, it's the only thing he could do," I answered. "That ball was so tight to him that he had to pull it foul if he got his full power behind it. If he doesn't get all the way around on the ball, he'll bloop an easy one to the left side of the infield. Wait and see."

Lombardi, not expecting me to come through with the same pitch, dribbled the next ball down to Peewee Reese in three easy hops. Another pitcher, who didn't know big Lombardi as well as I, would have been alarmed by that screaming foul and probably would have decided a close pitch was the guy's groove. In that case, he might have gotten too much of the plate with the next ball—and then Lombardi really would have shown him how to belt one out of sight and mind.

I'm not kidding myself. I'll be lucky to get through another season with the Dodgers. That microphone at KGKO will be paging me this time next year. But in the meantime . . .

Twenty years ago Waite Hoyt sang a clubhouse serenade, the punch-line of which went, "It's great to be young and a Yankee." Sure, it's great to be young. I'd give a season's pay, with a world-series share thrown in, to recapture the stuff I had ten years ago. But in the meantime, it's great to be a major-leaguer. Even on a reprieve.



"HURRY UP, DAD—MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE!"

ANNE: The boys will be here in a minute, and I'd *die* if they ever saw you in that funny shirt!

JEAN: Honestly, it's so shrunk-up it makes you look positively pop-eyed!

DAD: *Now listen, girls—*

ANNE: Why don't you get your shirts pre-shrunk?

JEAN: No, Anne—you can't depend on *that* kind. You have to get shirts that say *Sanforized-Shrunk.*

DAD: *Just a minute, now—*

JEAN: What was I reading yesterday about Sanforizing? Takes all the shrinkage out of a fabric down to 1%, or less, by standard tests. They say a *Sanforized-Shrunk* shirt never shrinks out of size!

DAD: *Girls, will you hush—*

ANNE: Why don't you pay a little more, Dad, and get something that looks decent?

JEAN: Funny thing is, you don't *have* to pay more! You can get Sanforized shirts all over town now—all prices, any style you like. Dad's just old-fashioned.

DAD: (Desperately) QUIET BOTH OF YOU! *Who's responsible for these gosh-awful shirts I wear? Answer me that!*

GIRLS: Why, Daddy!

DAD: *Every birthday and Christmas, you girls and your mother keep loading me up with these shrinking shirts that aren't Sanforized!*

ANNE: But we didn't know about Sanforizing then!

DAD: *Well, I did—but nobody ever listened to me. Now—either you girls get me some decent Sanforized-Shrunk shirts tomorrow—or I'm going to sit here in* NO *shirt next time your company comes!*

"SO THE GIRLS KICKED YOU OUT, EH?"

MOTHER: You might just as well get comfortable and read in bed.

FATHER: Dang it all, I'm *never* comfortable! How can I be, with such strangly shirts, midget-sized shorts, and shrunk-up pajamas?

FATHER: Hey, what's happened? These feel wonderful!

MOTHER: Everything's wonderful! I discovered I could buy Sanforized-Shrunk shirts and shorts and pajamas for you at the same price I've been paying. Now they'll all fit!

MOTHER: I found this out, too! Sanforizing will end shrinking troubles in women's wash dresses, children's clothes, uniforms, slacks and work clothes, even slip covers and drapery material. Just look for the label and you're safe!

FOR PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE WORDS... SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

OVER THE TOP

BY LAMPLIGHT

TONIGHT, an army of Americans will go into action — by lamplight. Their battle is for Advancement and Success. Their weapons are Ambition, Courage . . . and *study courses prepared by the International Correspondence Schools.*

For this army knows that its hope for victory lies in TRAINING! These "soldiers of success" are armed with I. C. S. texts so authoritative that 24 State universities have adopted them, and methods proved by 49 years of successful application. Yet the price they pay for I. C. S. training is surprisingly low — this coupon will bring you complete information.

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☐ Commercial
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ High School
☐ Radio
☐ Salesmanship
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Canadian residents send coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada. British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England.

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-13, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 16

passed by your house last night and called but you were not at home."

"At what time?" She kept her voice from wavering.

"At seven."

"I just ran out for a bite to eat," she said hurriedly.

"I hoped we might dine together—I had a free evening."

She was more than ever careful the next night as she started to her meeting with Karl. When she changed busses she was certain that no one followed her.

CAROLA rehearsed the next afternoon at the Sans Souci. Painters and decorators were still at work and Wagner jumped from giving orders to Carola's accompanist to fighting with a workman over a shade of paint.

In the late afternoon Karl came in, bringing filters for the spotlights. He seemed surprised to see Carola.

She managed to whisper, "You weren't sorry to come?"

Karl grinned. "Please go on singing. Sing The Fisherman's Wife."

"Just for you, Karl."

He sat a few feet off, his eyes on her lovely face. She began to sing and her voice did not waver. She sang a song of despair, of North Sea fog and the white chill of spray-lashed faces. The song rose slowly, mournfully, a half note at a time, as slowly but as surely as grief rises; then, with the appearance of a familiar sail on the horizon, a sudden transition to the major, a soft, thankful chord, and silence.

She had sung as magnificently as ever, and just for him.

Then Karl heard a voice. "Very lovely indeed, Fräulein!"

There was Blaerchen. He was not smiling.

Karl stammered something.

"Hello, Karl," Blaerchen said quietly, then ignored him. "It's delightful to hear you sing, Carola. I didn't realize how much we had missed it." Then, casually, "Have you forgotten the engagement you and I had this afternoon?"

Her face showed that she knew of no engagement but the implication was obvious. "You'll excuse us, Karl?"

Karl nodded. He wanted to go up and hit Blaerchen but that would be childish. Blaerchen was the stronger here.

"I have my car and chauffeur," Blaerchen said, icy cold. "Can we drop you somewhere, Karl?"

"No, thank you."

He watched Blaerchen help Carola into her coat. He held her arm firmly as they went toward the door, as if leading her to a certain destination which she was loath to reach.

THE uniformed chauffeur sat rigid at the wheel and turned the car out toward the suburbs. In the rear of the car Carola reminded herself to try and keep calm, to wait and let Blaerchen do the talking. After all, this might concern Karl even more than herself.

"Well?" Blaerchen asked carelessly.

"Well?"

"Don't you think you owe me some explanation?"

"About what?"

"For a long time I've wondered about you, Carola. You've acted strangely. You've not always told me the truth."

"I am sorry you think that." She would not let his self-assurance get her down. Outside, the sunset in the west was losing its crimson to gray. Here in this car she was in a little, remote, darkening world.

Blaerchen was in no hurry to continue, not because he was uncertain about what to say, but because he wanted to choose his words carefully.

"There have been so many things in your behavior that could appear suspicious, from the time you made the decision to return from Rome—the way you acted about the Mainescu girl, about Maria, about Froscetti, about being, shall I say, friendly but not too friendly with me."

She did not answer.

"I am sorry you are friendly with Karl after I advised you against it."

"I have loyalties," Carola said sharply. "He was down and out and needed a friend."

"How did you find him?"

Here she would have to shirk the truth. "I met him by chance in Wagner's office. I was glad to meet him."

"Why do you lie, Carola?" Blaerchen asked wearily. "We have an information system in this country that can tell almost everything about anyone at any time." Then he added sternly: "You've made your position here extremely difficult."

"Difficult?" For the first time her courage drooped.

The car was in the country now and the sky was dark.

"Yes, difficult," Blaerchen repeated. "There are people who suspect your motives, Carola, and those people do not stand for any fooling. This is not a schoolroom where games are played."

She was glad that it was so dark, that Blaerchen could not see how she bit her lip. "Then I have only one choice," she said. "I shall leave Berlin."

"That, I am sorry, cannot be arranged." He had every answer ready. "Passports are not given out like newspapers." He continued: "I heard rumors about you and I would not believe them. I did not think you would deceive me. The Froscetti affair might have made a less trusting man suspicious. I came today to discuss those rumors—and I find Karl with you."

"Helping me rehearse!"

"You could have asked me for help. I was at the Krokodil, too. I know every word of your songs, every gesture you made, every look on your face—!"

That tone in his voice frightened her more than his threats.

THE car turned a curve slowly.

"Where are we going?"

"I thought you might like to come to my house for a drink."

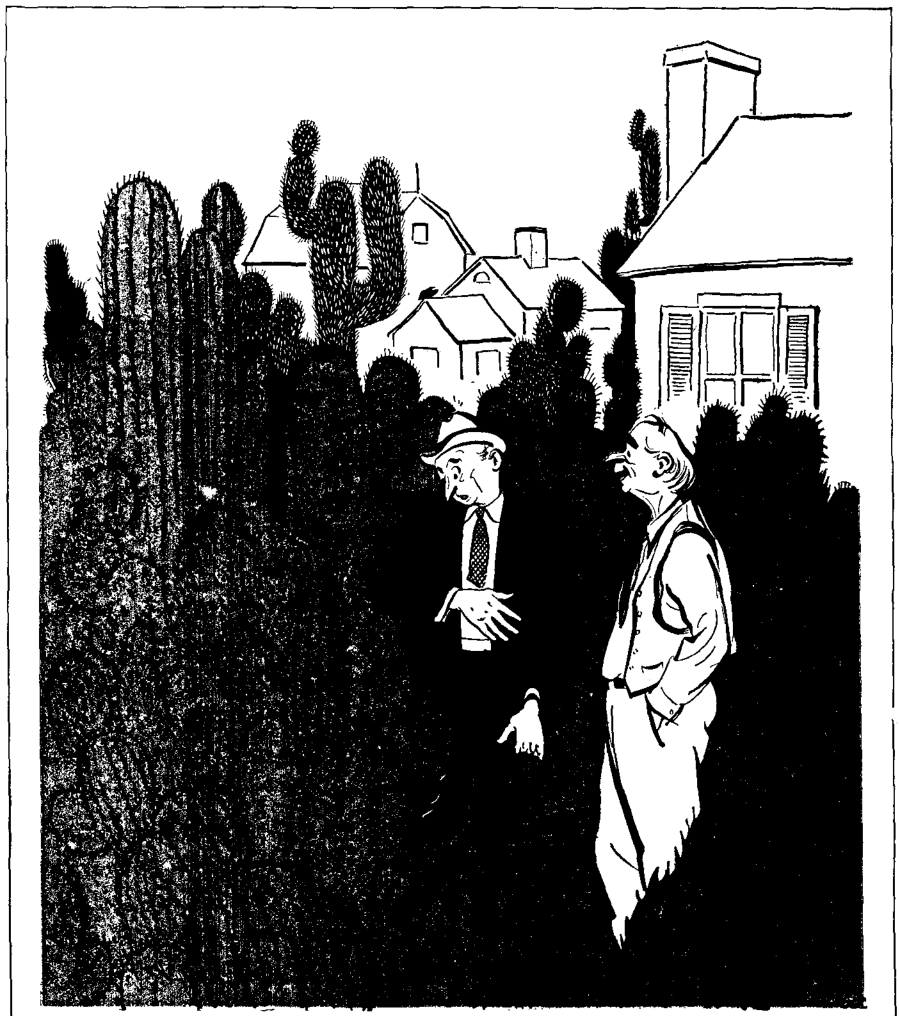
Carola did not answer. The car stopped at the entrance and Blaerchen helped her up the stairs. A servant took her coat and Blaerchen led her into a study off the living room, paneled in leather and decorated with somber oil paintings, most of them pictures of meaty Nordic nudes. A servant brought a tray with bottles of liqueur and a pot of coffee.

"What will you drink?" Blaerchen asked.

"Coffee, thank you." She felt isolated in this room, cut off from a world outside. She wondered what Karl had done and where he had gone when they separated.

The servant gave her coffee and poured a glass of brandy for Blaerchen. Then he withdrew, closing the door.

Blaerchen settled back in a large red-leather armchair and sighed deeply. "It's good to be in one's home," he said. "Every time I go to my office I seem to find new worries waiting for me." Then, as if musing: "I was glad for your



"It's a neighborhood project; designed to meet the menace of parachute troops, you know"

CARL ROSE

decision, Carola, to go back to your old work and take up singing again."

"Why?" She wanted an answer to that and she leaned forward eagerly.

"You'll be happier," he said as if he meant it sincerely. "You'll be a tremendous success." Then as casually and impersonally as if he were discussing plans for a new vegetable garden, he said, "And I shall be proud to have the most popular entertainer in Berlin for my wife."

In spite of Maria's warning, Carola was shocked. She felt her throat suddenly dry. Then, like a flash, she was sure that he had said it casually so that he might see the effect on her. As coolly as possible she said, "Really!"

"I have always hoped for that, Carola."

And he would marry someone whom, as he said, the Foreign Office suspected! She made a sudden guess that his talk about Foreign Office suspicion, his own suspicions, were only steps in frightening her into a trap.

"Isn't this rather abrupt?" she asked.

His assurance was more obvious than ever. A blunt word from her now would damage it and a hurt there, in the most sensitive part of his make-up, would be the more dangerous.

"I have looked forward to marrying you, Carola," he was saying. Then he glanced at her. "I shouldn't say the idea makes you look radiantly happy. Why not?"

"Paul's death—" she began.

He had no patience with that. "Be practical, Carola. You have a whole life ahead."

Here was the man responsible for Paul's death now proposing marriage to her, as if all he had done in the past were unimportant, as if he were not the man who had made these recent years sterile and who now threatened any hope for the future.

"I've given you plenty of time," Blaerchen said bluntly. "Now I offer you marriage, for your own good."

"My own good?" This was conceit to a superlative.

"You are in a difficult position here," he said, slipping into his paternal manner. "Your value to the Foreign Office, after the Froscetti affair, was zero. If suspicion against you increases, there is nothing you can do but await a decision to punish you."

SHE was startled. "Weren't you my employer at the Foreign Office?"

"Your sponsor," Blaerchen said smoothly. "There is a difference."

She asked scornfully, "As your wife I would be freed from suspicion?"

"As my wife, you would be freed from suspicion. No one could touch you."

As coldly as possible she said, "I can't marry you."

His face darkened. "Why not?"

"Because I don't love you." She could even laugh. "There is a difference between a proposal of marriage and a threat of marriage."

"*Ach,* words!" He frowned. "There is someone else, I'm sure. There is Karl."

She could confess and stop Blaerchen here completely but such a confession would concentrate all his vengeance on Karl.

"You're very beautiful," Blaerchen said suddenly. "You're beautiful when you look happy. You're even more beautiful worried." He stood up and came toward her. Then he sat beside her and put his arm around her. She jumped away before he could know how she shuddered.

"Please, please, don't!"

The house was still.

He was after her and his arm went around her again. "I have waited long enough, my dear."

"Please!"

"I want you, Carola. I can't remember when I haven't wanted you." He held her tighter. "All my life, when I have wanted something I have got it."

She was desperate now. It would not help to remind him how he had got some of the things he wanted. Yet there was one way to stop him now, to stop him so that he would fall back, his face redder, his lips even more a knifelike line.

"Carola!" His self-control was going now.

One way to stop him but the consequences would be terrible!

He had almost pushed her off balance.

No matter what the consequences, she had to stop him. Violently she fired a question, "Is this why you killed Paul?"

THE question did stop him. His hold on her relaxed. His self-control was not sufficient to mask a first instinctive reaction and that told her something that she had come to Berlin to find out. No matter what he said, she *knew,* even though she might never have any further proof.

He stepped back. "What do you mean?"

"Your face shows that you know what I mean!"

Savagely he asked, "What makes you think such a thing?"

"I don't think, I know it. I had a letter from Paul before his death! He suspected you, too."

"Believing that, you came to Berlin?" He began to pace up and down. "You thought that, every time we were together? You are a very skillful actress!"

Carola watched him closely. He was trying to decide what to do. It was too late to take back what had been said. He might consider her too dangerous to him and have her jailed. Yet he made no move and his face gave no sign of any decision. His hesitation could only have one meaning; he was weighing the value of arresting her against the hope of using her.

She expected threats and he made no threats. His silence was more frightening than any threats he could have made.

He turned to the door. "I'll call the car and you can go back to the city."

She followed him, telling herself that she had passed a point where fear would be of any use.

On the porch, he said, "I may have another assignment for you shortly."

That was proof that he had decided to use her somehow, that she need not wait arrest. She would not acknowledge fearing any threat. "I shall do nothing more for you."

"Possibly not! *Auf Wiedersehen!*" He added craftily: "Remember me to Karl when next you see him!"

She rode back to the city tight-lipped and tense. She had found out what she had wanted to know for three years. It was dreadful knowledge; from the consequences of knowing it there would be no escape.

She looked for Karl at the subway station but he was not there. He had never been late before. Twenty minutes passed, then forty, then an hour while she waited grimly. Trains passed and people streamed by but she did not see them. She waited for one person and he did not come. It was almost as terrifying to think of going to his room, to run into Kreitz or into some other trap. Going to his room might reveal what had happened to him and uncertainty now was worse than any other fear. She left the subway station and ran to a bus.

A knock at Karl's door brought no answer. She knocked again and jumped nervously at a sound. A neighbor's door opened just a little, then quietly and as silently closed. Again she knocked, again the neighboring door opened.

A man looked out. "Who do you

"Picture me playing Cupid!"

1. FOR ONE OF MY AGE, and a wardrobe mistress, it just doesn't happen. But there she was, our beautiful Tanya, not only in tears but wanting to tell me all about it. How she'd lost the one and only Prince Charming because she'd been so terribly rude.

2. THEN–WHAT DO YOU THINK? She breaks down in my arms and says she's been out of sorts for days—dosed up with all sorts of pills and purgatives. If only she knew how to *feel* better! Well, right then I get an idea.

3. NEXT MORNING, I call by her rooms before she's up and bring her a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. "Miss Tanya," I say, "why don't you try *preventing* your trouble instead of attempting to 'cure' it after it happens? What you probably need is a little more of a special kind of food called 'bulk.' If so, just eat ALL-BRAN for breakfast every day and drink plenty of water."

4. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED? Well, *she* had ALL-BRAN every single breakfast. Loved its crunchy taste, too! Before long she was cheerful as a cricket. And—bless me! Yes—Prince Charming came back with his arms full of orchids.

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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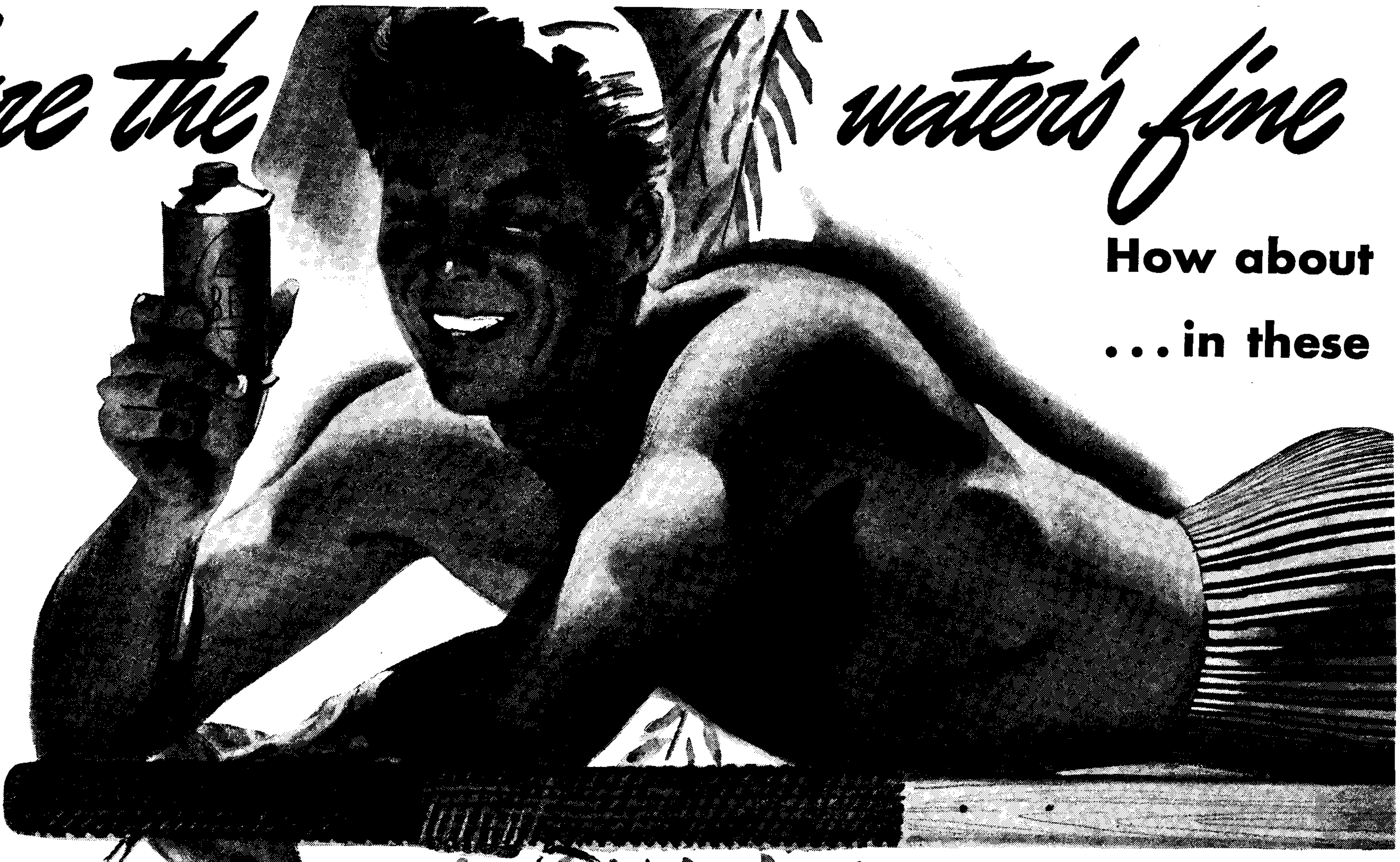
"Sure the water's fine



How about

. . . in these

The tip that followed the dip:

1. "Lead me to it, friend! If there's one thing that comes in handy on a hot summer day, it's a long, cool drink of beer. But how come *you* seem to know so much about the difference in beer cans?"

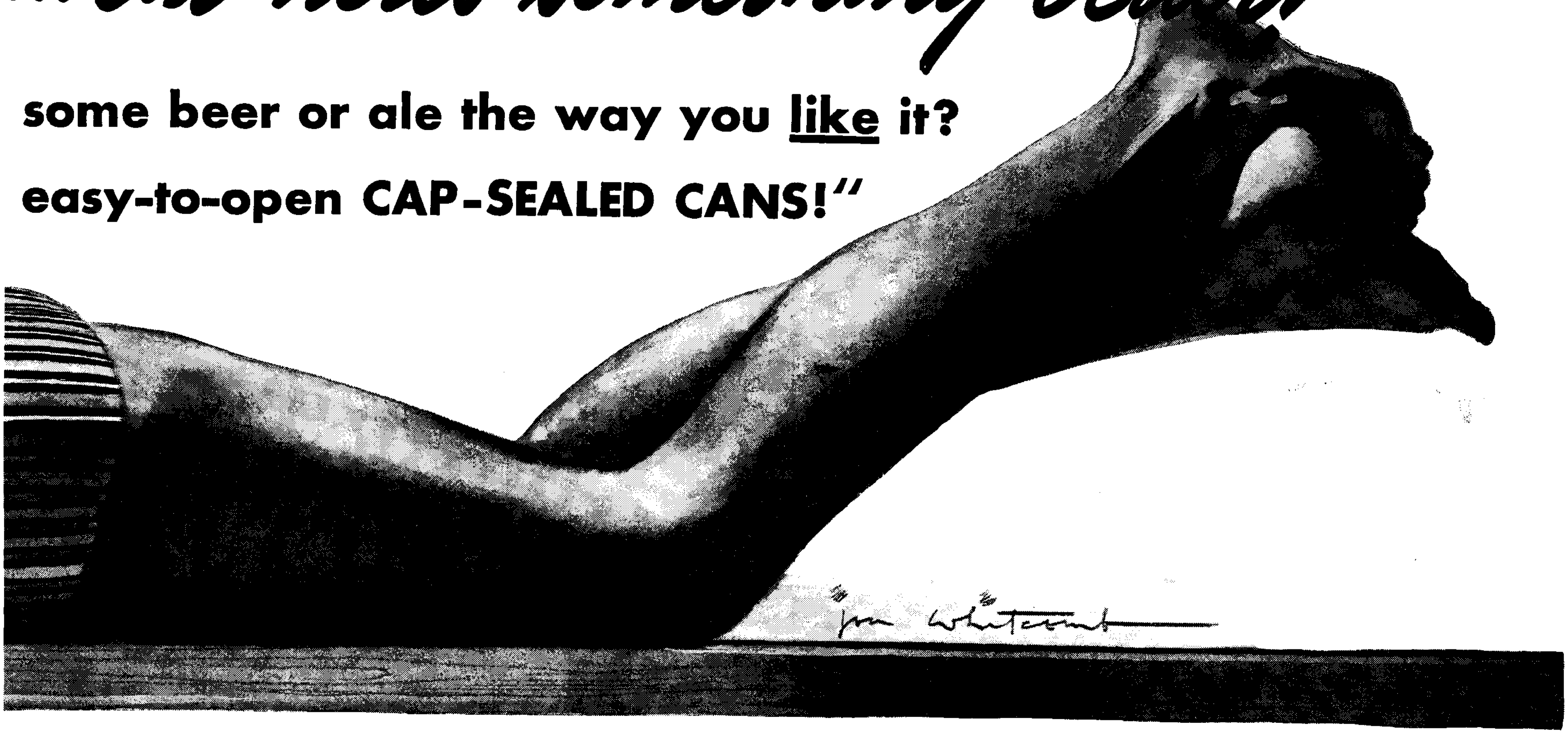
4. "After your dip, there's nothing hits the spot like beer or ale! And with these Cap-Sealed cans, we can drink right out of the can, from a clean, cap-protected surface. No returns or deposits, either."

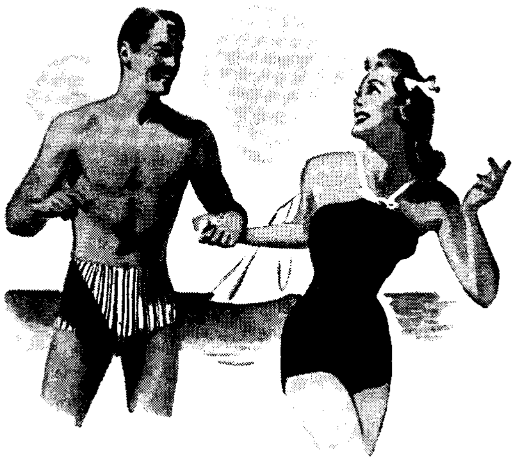
CONTINENTAL

... but here's something better!

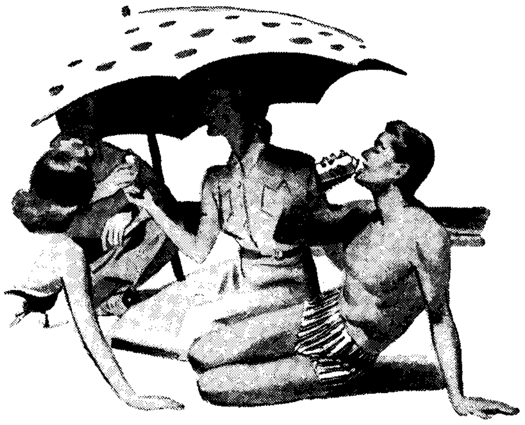
some beer or ale the way you like it?

easy-to-open CAP-SEALED CANS!"





2. "When you want a swim, you just dive right in, don't you? Well, that's the beauty of these Cap-Sealed cans. You *can* dive right in! No need to hunt around for a special opener."



5. "Dive in, folks! Here's to the Cap-Sealed can!" (P. S. Because every feature is designed to guard the delicate taste of beer, you get that true brewery flavor. Try also the big, economical *quart*-size can.)

3. "Dad brought along a case. These 12-can cartons are a cinch to stow in the car; half the space and half the weight. Let's put some of them in the water now; they'll chill in a jiffy."

Three steps to the perfect week-end...

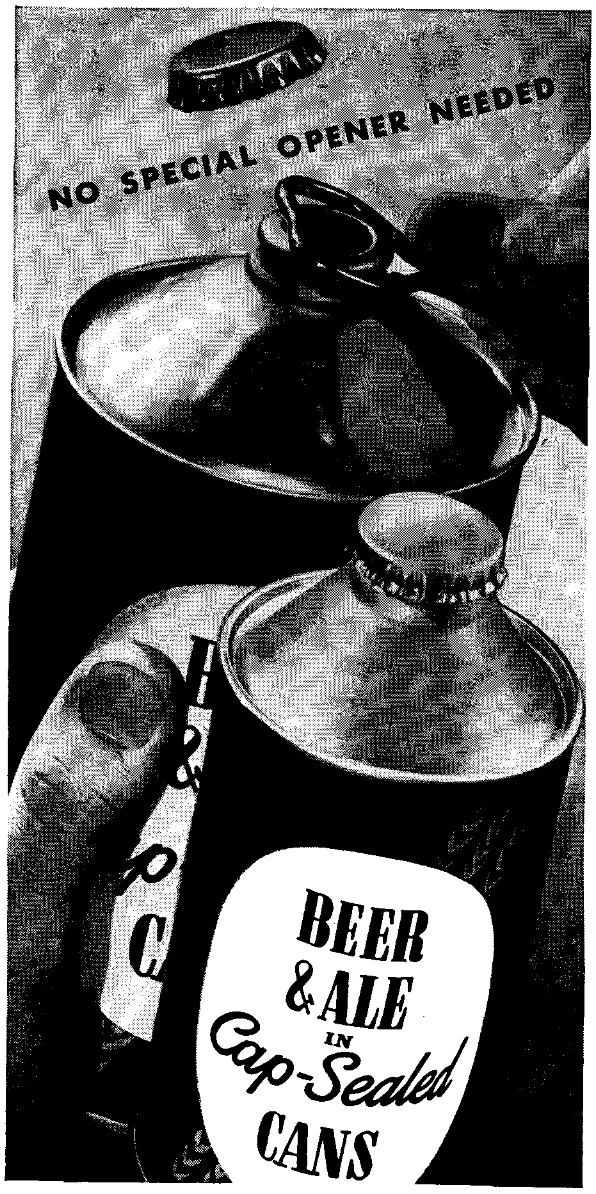
Planning to do something this week-end? A picnic, or a trip to the beach? A party at your home? Then try this simple formula for greater week-end pleasure:

Step 1. Serve beer—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink.

Step 2. Serve beer in cans—chills faster, takes less space, no deposits and no returns.

Step 3. Serve beer in CAP-SEALED cans—for *that's* the can that requires no special opener, and you can drink right out of the can if you wish, from a clean, cap-protected surface.

Cap-Sealed TRADE MARK REG.



TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regular 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32-oz.).

CAN COMPANY *New York · Chicago · San Francisco*

BETWEEN YOU AND ME—
FLEAS AREN'T CHOOSY!

They came early this year. One flea led to another, and they were everywhere. I was Home, Sweet Home for the fleas! Then they spread to my bed, the rugs, and finally the Mistress started scratching. Things began to happen. We got after them with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER!

First we got mine. As SKIP-FLEA went on, the fleas gave up. It sure kills 'em! Then the rugs and my bed got Sergeant's Pine Oil Disinfectant — more fleas quit! Get SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder at drug and pet stores — and the *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK. (Or mail coupon below.)

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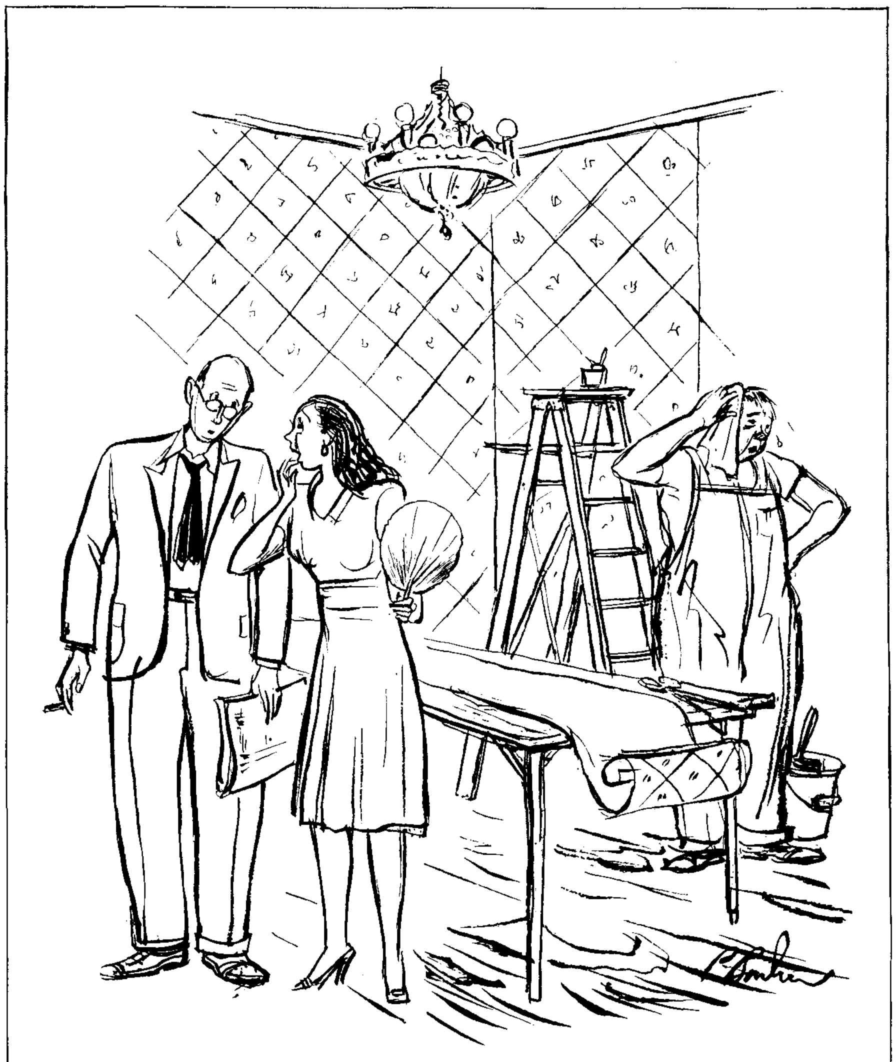


"Do paper hangers drink lemonade?" PERRY BARLOW

want?" He sounded frightened, as if he had expected to see something hideous.

"Herr Dietrich."

"He isn't there."

"How do you know?"

In a hushed voice the man said, "The police came a few hours ago and took him away!"

SHE walked toward the stairs like a person dazed by a blow. "The police came and took Karl away!" To break now and let out her feelings in a turmoil of hysteria would not help. To go to a police station, to anyone at random, and ask for Karl would be impossible. The officials would laugh. No one would tell her where he had been taken, why he had been arrested, what was to happen to him. They always chose to keep those things secret, to increase the misery of the prisoner's friends.

Then she remembered that Karl had told her, "In time of trouble, call this telephone number."

She called it, from a booth near Alexanderplatz. A man answered. As she had been told to say, she said, "Cousin Karl is sick."

The man asked, "Can you be at the newsstand downstairs in the Friedrichstrasse station in twenty minutes?"

"Yes." The thought of any sort of help cheered her.

Twenty minutes later two men approached the newsstand. After a moment's hesitation they came up to Carola, the only woman standing there. The younger man spoke to her: "You are from Cousin Karl?" He introduced himself as Dr. Ranke. "This is Herr Klauss."

Then the three walked away, toward Charlottenstrasse.

When Carola had told them what happened, Klauss did not answer. Ranke said, "The police fight us and we do nothing." Klauss did not answer him.

His silence worried Carola but it was encouraging to know that she was with Karl's friends, whoever they might be.

Ranke continued: "Perhaps he will not talk. I'm sure the police will learn nothing about the Underground from him."

Carola could feel Klauss turn to Ranke in the darkness. "Be careful what you say."

Carola showed no surprise at the word "Underground." At times she had been sure that Karl was carrying some sort of secret. Perhaps Blaerchen had not ordered this arrest! If so, Karl's position might be worse. Were Blaerchen responsible, he might somehow be persuaded to relent. If Karl had been arrested for Underground activities, then there was no hope, not even in an appeal to Blaerchen. It was a bitter paradox to have to hope that Blaerchen was responsible.

She asked quietly, "Is that why Karl has been arrested?"

"Is there some reason you know of?" Klauss asked gently.

"Possibly his arrest might be a personal matter, between Karl and Herr Blaerchen of the Foreign Office."

Klauss said, "I don't quite understand—!"

"I saw Blaerchen this afternoon and refused to marry him," Carola explained quickly. "This may be his revenge for my refusal. The arrest comes too soon to be a coincidence." Then, almost crying, "I can't go on, knowing that Karl has been jailed because of me. He's had three years in prison. They'll never let him go this time."

"Cry, my dear," Klauss said. "It may do you good."

Then, as if she had seen something in the darkness, Carola stopped crying.

"What's the matter?" Klauss was concerned.

"Nothing, nothing!" Blaerchen had spoken of a new assignment and she had scorned it. But he could force her to keep any assignment he wished. Any assignment! Either she did what he wished or Karl stayed in jail. And if Karl were free, then any time that Blaerchen wanted to use Carola, he need only arrest him! "He can make me do anything he wants," Carola said, in slow cadence to her steps. "Anything!"

"Who, my dear, who?"

"Blaerchen!" She knew it made no sense to Klauss. "I must get to a telephone. I must call him."

"Blaerchen?" Klauss asked as if he understood.

"I must call him. No, let me go alone. Thank you both very much!" Half stumbling, half running, she went down the street, bumping several times into pedestrians, wondering frantically where she could find a telephone.

In the lobby of a cheap hotel she awakened the night clerk from an early evening nap. "May I use your telephone?"

"Certainly."

The clerk stood by, pretending not to pay any attention while she called Blaerchen. In a few minutes he answered, "An unexpected pleasure! I thought I should never again have the privilege—!"

Carola cut him off. "Karl was arrested this evening!"

"I'm sorry to hear it." He sounded as if it were news to him.

"Were you responsible?"

"Who knows what a man is arrested for?" Blaerchen was amused. "It might be for any one of a hundred reasons: for listening to a foreign radio station, for hoarding soap—!"

"I'm not joking."

"Neither am I."

Carola had to be as unemotional as possible. Coldly she said, "I can't pretend that my feelings have changed toward you since this afternoon—I am not that much of an actress."

Blaerchen laughed at that. "You underestimate your ability, my dear."

"You asked me about some assignment," she continued. She hesitated, sure that she knew now what that assignment was. By force of will she shook away the memory of his face as he had pressed close to her a few hours ago. "If you will free Karl at once, I shall do what you wish."

His hesitation, then his pleased laughter made her surer that she knew what he would ask.

But he said, "You must care very much for him."

She would not discuss that. "Karl has suffered enough."

BLAERCHEN hesitated again, as if making up his mind. "Herr Praut has called you frequently, hasn't he?"

"Yes." Her voice faltered.

"You will please accept any invitation he may offer."

"Praut?" That was horrible! "I thought you hated him."

"Not at all. On the contrary, he and I are very good friends."

That made no sense!

"What invitation will he offer?" Carola asked dully, knowing she had little choice here.

"I'm not at all sure," Blaerchen said pleasantly. "He may take a trip to Poland and he might like you to accompany him. Possibly it may just be an invitation to tea."

Carola did not hesitate. "Very well. I shall accept if Karl is freed at once."

Blaerchen chuckled. "He will be free in the morning."

She leaned against the wall in the little lobby, her knees unable to support her. She shivered and not because the lobby was cold.

"Are you all right?" the clerk asked anxiously.

She nodded. Before her, coming close, she could see the face of Praut, coarse and ruttish. She closed her eyes, then opened them. The face would not disappear but came closer, expectantly, closer. . . .

Somewhere, not many miles away, was Karl, but as distant as if it were a million miles. Never moving from the armchair in her living room, Carola tried through the night to imagine where he was, what sort of room he was in, what he was thinking. The very attempt upset her and with it the knowledge that not even by imagination could she reach him. If Blaerchen kept his word and freed him, then any assignment, even one involving Praut, did not matter.

She did not fall asleep until the dirty, unwashed light of a gray dawn showed at the window. Then she slept, exhausted, to be awakened by the telephone. It was Karl and she almost dropped the telephone in excitement.

"Where are you?"

"In a telephone booth near Alexanderplatz."

"Are you all right? Come here at once."

It would be all right for him to come. Blaerchen would do nothing now, having given her an assignment.

WHEN Karl came she ran to him and kissed him. "I love you so, Karl," she said, holding tightly to him, not quite able to believe that he was there.

"I love you, Carola."

For a moment they were silent and prison, Blaerchen, assignment and Praut did not exist. Then Carola asked, "What did they do to you?"

"Nothing," Karl said cheerfully. He did not seem particularly upset. "I suppose my arrest had no particular meaning. I'm sure the police pick up all former inmates of concentration camps, just to remind them to be careful. This morning they freed me and said, 'Let this be a warning to you!' That's all!" He could even laugh cheerfully. "Where did Blaerchen take you—what did he say?" He saw the hesitation on Carola's face. "What's the matter? What happened?"

"I don't want to talk about it now. I'm just glad you're here. I thought I should never see you again." She held fast to him.

The ring on the telephone was like punctuation and Carola looked nervously at Karl.

"Fräulein Dirling?" It was a man's voice, a heavy, greasy voice. "This is Praut. How are you, my dear?"

Carola could not answer.

"Are you busy these days? I hope that some evening—!"

Carola could not look at Karl. Here was a decision, neatly offered to her. She could not say "No" curtly. To refuse bluntly meant that the police would take Karl again, and not for a few hours.

"I am really very busy—my opening, you know! Rehearsals and appointments!" She put words together at random, hoping they made sense.

"Of course, I understand." Praut was eager to be pleasant. "But I should like a definite engagement."

"Oh, yes, yes, certainly." She had to say that.

"I'd like to arrange a little party at the Esplanade after the affair at the Sans Souci. There will be just a few of us." He became confidential. "You'll find that by myself I'll be a better audience for you than the whole crowd at the cabaret. May I expect you?"

At least that put it off for a few days. She had to accept.

"I'll be very glad to come, Herr Praut," she said, hoping that she sounded sincere.

Carola looked at Karl as she hung up.

"What did Praut want?" Karl stepped forward as if taking over this situation.

Carola tried to restrain herself, but couldn't. "He has invited me to a party after the Sans Souci opening. He promises me his company all to myself."

Karl's face flushed. "You should have shouted, 'No!' "

For a moment Carola was on the verge of tears, then she ran to Karl. In a flood the whole Blaerchen business came out.

"You will have nothing to do with Praut," Karl said firmly.

"What choice have we?"

"Choice? I shall go back to jail, gladly." Karl sounded determined. "I won't have you think of anything else."

"And with you in jail, what shall I do?"

They stood looking at each other, not knowing what to say. Then Karl said, slowly, "There is one thing we can do. You must get out of Germany."

"That's impossible."

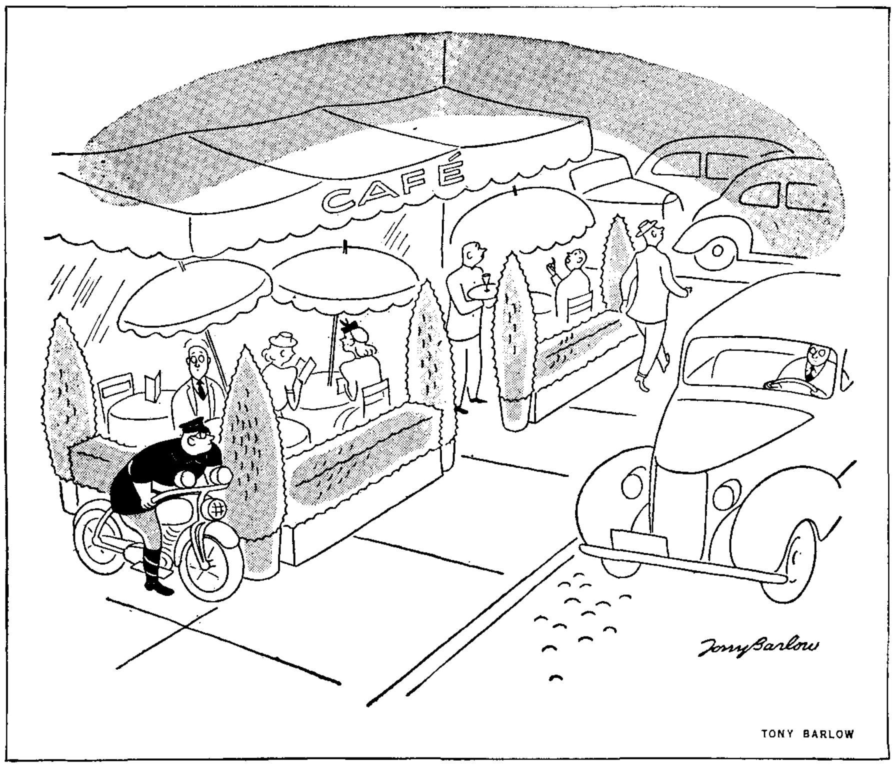
"It might be possible to arrange it somehow."

"I wouldn't go without you. I won't leave you here, Karl. Oh, Karl, I love you so!"

"Dearest." He looked perplexed. "But to stay here in the present situation is impossible. We must get out, somehow."

She gestured her helplessness. "If you think we can get out, no matter how dangerous, I'll go anywhere with you, Karl!"

(To be continued next week)



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Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF

90 proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Tropic Killer

Continued from page 22

several hundred million people needing it. When it became apparent that the natural supply of cinchona was about to be exhausted, the Dutch sent out an expedition to collect nursery stock. This was in 1854. In 1865 they made a fortunate purchase of cinchona seeds collected by a Britisher living in Puno, Peru. Seeds and nursery stock went to Java, and the Dutch strangle hold on the quinine market became a reality.

With the exception of a small amount of cinchona grown in India and consumed locally, the Dutch have absolute control of the world supply. They strip about 23,000,000 pounds of bark annually from trees grown on 42,000 acres of plantation.

Trees are ready for harvest after ten years' growth. Javanese laborers dig them up and strip bark from trunk, limbs and roots with curved bone knives. Bark is dried, pulverized and mixed with lime and caustic soda. Mineral oil extracts the quinine from this pasty mixture; and acid in turn extracts the drug from the oil. After several more complicated steps pure white crystals of life-saving quinine sulfate result.

The Kina Bureau of Amsterdam, organized in 1913, determines the amount of quinine that will enter world commerce; and allows release of only an amount that will keep world prices stable at around 60 cents per ounce. Export of trees, seeds or nursery stock is absolutely prohibited.

It's a $15,000,000 industry.

If the Supply Fails—

What would happen to Southern cotton farmers if quinine were suddenly cut off? No one can say positively, but a reasonable guess gives this picture: with nothing to stop their depredations malaria parasites would work their way through the blood stream, destroying enough red cells to produce anemia. Many people would die of complete exhaustion. The bodies of others would be too tired to fight off secondary infections. They would perish of such diseases as pneumonia, tuberculosis, dysentery.

Visions of such a series of events have prompted nearly every country in the world which has pretensions to empire to make an effort to crack the Dutch monopoly. Russia has tried to grow cinchona. The French have tried it in Madagascar, the Japanese in Formosa, the British in the Cameroons and the Germans in Tanganyika. Difficulty in procuring hardy root stock and high-yield grafts to apply on them, as well as difficulty in finding the exact climatic conditions required, have combined to thwart these efforts. So far no one has been able to put an appreciable dent in the Dutch monopoly. Whether the German occupation of Holland will affect the world's supply of quinine is, of course, a matter of conjecture.

The situation has become particularly pressing since the start of the war because malaria can be as terrible as any enemy weapon. During the last World War malaria put 70,000 British soldiers out of the fighting at Salonika; struck down 30,000 in one year in Macedonia, and was similarly devastating in East Africa and Mesopotamia. At one point the situation became particularly difficult. The Dutch threatened to cease cooperating with the Allies. The British rose to the occasion. Either we get quinine, they said in effect, or our navy will see that no one gets it. The Dutch became more tractable.

Malaria is by no means the problem in the United States that it was 50 years ago, when the disease was prevalent in every state east of the Rockies except Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Few states had laws requiring doctors to report cases and this allowed statisticians a macabre joke. Year after year they noted that there were more deaths from malaria than cases reported!

Good screening, good drainage and quick isolation of cases—so mosquitoes could not get at them, become infected and pass the disease along—chased the disease south of the Ohio River. But the cotton belt still has an estimated 4,000,000 cases per year. One recent survey, covering 129,000 school children, showed parasites in the blood of nearly 6 per cent of them.

Realizing how absolutely essential quinine is to a large part of the United States, federal agencies have been making every possible effort to prepare for a stoppage of supplies. The Health Service recently dispatched a man to South America to check on productive capacity of natural forests. The word he brought back was none too reassuring. Bolivia and Peru produced a minute amount of quinine, he found, but most of their small production was bought up by the Dutch to strengthen their monopoly.

"My daughter's supposed to help me—but she hired the girl to do her share"

ADOLPH SCHUS

Word of this situation prompted the Munitions Board to place quinine on its list of strategic materials not available in this country. It earmarked $400,000 for the purchase of 700,000 ounces of quinine sulfate which is safely stowed away in government warehouses. Impressive though this amount appears to be, it represents only a four months' supply! And at best such storage activities represent only temporary solution of the problem.

Efforts leading toward a permanent solution are taking place along several lines. In Guatemala several planters, aided by the United States government and one large manufacturing chemist, have spent several years experimenting with the culture of cinchona. There are 40-odd species of this tree and their barks will yield from 1 per cent to 15 per cent quinine. So the problem has been to find the best producers, and the ones which are best adapted to the Guatemalan climate. A great deal of preliminary work with nursery stock has already been done, and plantings on good-sized plots are beginning. As a good-neighbor gesture the federal government has also shipped nursery stock to Brazil.

The United States Department of Agriculture has been working along these same lines in Puerto Rico. Activity centers at the federal experiment station at Mayaguez. Cinchona seedlings grown in Washington are shipped in pots to the Mayaguez station. As many as 3,500 potted seedlings have gone down in one shipment.

A Good Emergency Reserve

After growing for a year or so at the station, they are ready for transplanting. Lacking exact knowledge about the demands of the trees—they seem to like high altitude, tropical sun, and ample rainfall—plantings have been made at various elevations: 1,000, 2,500 and 3,000 feet.

Particular emphasis has been placed on culture in the Maricao Insular Forest. While the Department of Agriculture hopes that local capital will become interested in large-scale plantation culture, they don't want to bank too heavily on this. Hence the forest plantings. A good stand of trees growing under natural conditions would represent an excellent reserve of vital quinine, which could be drawn upon in times of national emergency.

Research men in Washington are likewise making an effort to save the situation. By a curious coincidence six chemists working for the National Institute of Health, research division of the United States Public Health Service, began looking for new quinine substitutes the day war began.

At the start they realized that it would be virtually impossible to make quinine synthetically. The molecule is large and incredibly complex. To reconstruct it, borrowing atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen from readily available chemicals might be possible; but the steps required would almost surely make the process prohibitively expensive. Somewhere within this giant molecule, they felt, was hidden the active principle—the malaria-killing principle. Their efforts have been directed toward finding this magic.

French chemists tried the same thing. After synthesizing over 700 new substances—any one of which would fit in the quinine molecule—they gave up the job. The Germans had more luck. They produced two antimalarial drugs, plasmochin and atebrin. These drugs are effective and tremendously valuable, but they have two big drawbacks. They are expensive and they require medical supervision. These two things put them out of the reach of a large proportion of the millions who have malaria, which is primarily a poor man's disease.

There are many reasons for this somewhat frenzied activity, apart from the fact that 14,000,000 people in the southeastern United States live constantly with malaria at their doorsteps. It is quite possible for the disease again to spread into regions where it has been barred for decades. Malaria mosquitoes are prevalent in most states. A nibble at a person sick with the disease starts the chain going. Sporadic outbreaks occasionally occur in the North but are quickly squelched with the aid of quinine. The one a few years ago at Camden, New Jersey, will illustrate.

Cases began to occur in a most unlikely place: in a suburb recently built for well-to-do people. A shrewd epidemiologist quickly put his finger on the cause. Mosquitoes by the millions were breeding in decorative ponds and pools. All they needed to touch off an epidemic was a source of blood parasites. These were finally furnished by a malaria carrier, a visitor from Costa Rica.

Prevention Comes First

Another factor worrying the Health Service is the fact that strains of violent malaria are loose within easy plane range of the United States. Brazil has such a killer, spread by the *Anopheles gambiae*. This mosquito was brought across the South Atlantic by planes from Africa. This insect has already killed ten per cent of the people in some districts and a heroic effort is under way to exterminate it—history's first example of such a gigantic undertaking.

A similar malaria is rampant along the Burma road which the Chinese constructed as a supply route to the outside world. Several times this epidemic malaria stopped road construction as coolies fled in terror from "black-water fever"—the violent malaria in which the microbes explode blood cells.

The U. S. Public Health Service has had a three-man commission working on this new international highway—studying the disease and taking precautionary measures to see that it doesn't slip aboard a ship at Rangoon and ride across the Pacific to this country.

Meanwhile, preventive work is proceeding in the southern United States. WPA projects have drained nearly three million acres of swamp and applied two million gallons of spray. Houses by the tens of thousand have been screened. The work has helped the situation but has by no means eliminated the Killer No. 1 of the tropics. As long as there are men with malaria to furnish blood meals to mosquitoes, the disease will be with us. There remains but one thoroughly tested means of controlling this situation, and that means is quinine. It is going to be difficult to break the tight monopolistic hold which the Dutch have on this drug. But we are trying.

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by Will Shakespeare, Jr.

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And cows, you may observe, rub noses when they meet.

Yet breath of man and maid is ofttimes bad
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The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 19

Alfred's tone was rueful.

"Very good, Alfred. And you are quite sure no one except patients came to the house this morning?"

"No *stranger* did, sir. That Miss Nevill's young man came round—and in a rare taking not to find her here."

Japp said sharply, "When was that?"

"Some time after twelve it was. When I told him Miss Nevill was away for the day, he seemed very put out and he said he'd wait and see Mr. Morley. I told him Mr. Morley was busy right up to lunchtime, but he said: Never mind, he'd wait."

Poirot asked, "And did he wait?"

A startled look came into Alfred's eyes. He said, "Cor—I never thought of that! He went into the waiting room, *but he wasn't there later.* He must have got tired of waiting, and thought he'd come back another time."

WHEN Alfred had gone out of the room, Japp said sharply, "D'you think it was wise to suggest murder to that lad?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"I think so—yes. Anything suggestive that he *may* have seen or heard will come back to him under the stimulus, and he will be keenly alert to everything that goes on here."

"All the same, we don't want it to get about too soon."

"*Mon cher,* it will not. Alfred reads detective stories—Alfred is enamored of crime. Whatever Alfred lets slip will be put down to Alfred's morbid criminal imagination."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Poirot. Now we've got to hear what Reilly has to say."

Mr. Reilly's surgery and office were on the first floor. They were as spacious as the ones above but had less light in them, and were not quite so richly appointed.

Mr. Morley's partner was a tall, dark young man, with a plume of hair that fell untidily over his forehead. He had an attractive voice and a shrewd eye.

"We're hoping, Mr. Reilly," said Japp, after introducing himself, "that you can throw some light on this matter."

"You're wrong then, because I can't," replied the other. "I'd say this—that Henry Morley was the last person to go taking his own life. *I* might have done it—but *he* wouldn't."

"Why might you have done it?" asked Poirot.

"Because I've oceans of worries," replied the other. "Money troubles, for one! I've never yet been able to suit my expenditure to my income. But Morley was a careful man. You'll find no debts, nor money troubles, I'm sure of that."

"Love affairs?" suggested Japp.

"Is it Morley you mean? He had no joy of living at all! Right under his sister's thumb he was, poor man."

Japp went on to ask Reilly details about the patients he had seen that morning.

"Oh, I fancy they're all square and aboveboard. Little Betty Heath, she's a nice child—I've had the whole family one after another. Colonel Abercrombie's an old patient, too."

"What about Mr. Howard Raikes?"

Reilly grinned broadly.

"The one who walked out on me? He's never been to me before. I know nothing about him. He rang up and particularly asked for an appointment this morning."

"Where did he ring up from?"

"Holborn Palace Hotel. He's an American, I fancy."

"So Alfred said."

"Alfred should know," said Mr. Reilly. "He's a film fan, our Alfred."

"And your other patient?"

"Barnes? A funny, precise little man. Retired civil servant. Lives out Ealing way."

Japp paused a minute and then said, "What can you tell us about Miss Nevill?"

Mr. Reilly raised his eyebrows.

"The bee-yewtiful blond secretary? Nothing doing, old boy! Her relations with old Morley were perfectly pure—I'm sure of it."

"I never suggested they weren't," said Japp, reddening slightly.

"My fault," said Reilly. "Excuse my filthy mind, won't you? I thought it might be an attempt on your part to *cherchez la femme*.

"Excuse me for speaking your language," he added parenthetically to Poirot. "Beautiful accent, haven't I?"

Japp disapproved of this flippancy. He asked, "Do you know anything about the young man she is engaged to? His name is Carter, I understand. Frank Carter."

"Morley didn't think much of him," said Reilly. "He tried to get la Nevill to turn him down."

"That might have annoyed Carter?"

"Probably annoyed him frightfully," agreed Mr. Reilly cheerfully.

He paused and then added: "Excuse me, this *is* a suicide you are investigating, not a murder?"

Japp said sharply, "If it were a murder, would you have anything to suggest?"

"Not I! I'd like it to be Georgina! One of those grim females with temperance on the brain. But I'm afraid Georgina is full of moral rectitude. Of course, I could easily have nipped upstairs and shot the old boy myself, but I didn't. In fact, I can't imagine *anyone* wanting to kill Morley. But then I can't conceive of his killing himself."

He added—in a different voice: "As a matter of fact, I'm very sorry about it. . . . You mustn't judge by my manner. That's just nervousness, you know. I was fond of old Morley and I shall miss him."

JAPP put down the telephone receiver. His face, as he turned to Poirot, was rather grim.

He said, "Mr. Amberiotis isn't feeling very well—would rather not see anyone this afternoon. He's going to see me—*and* he's not going to give me the slip either! I've got a man at the Savoy ready to trail him if he tries to make a getaway."

Poirot said thoughtfully, "You think Amberiotis shot Morley?"

"I don't know. *But he was the last person to see Morley alive.* And he was a new patient. According to *his* story, he left Morley alive and well at twenty-five minutes past twelve. That may be true or it may not. If Morley *was* all right then we've got to reconstruct what happened next. *There were still five minutes to go before his next appointment.* Did someone come in and see him during that five minutes? Carter, say? Or Reilly? What happened? Depend upon it, by half past twelve, or five and twenty to one at the latest, *Morley was dead*—otherwise he'd either have sounded his buzzer or else sent down word to Miss Kirby that he wouldn't see her. No, either he was killed, or else somebody told him something which upset the whole tenor of his mind, and he took his own life."

He paused.

"I'm going to have a word with every patient he saw this morning. There's just the possibility that he *may* have said something to one of them that will put us on the right track."

He glanced at his watch.

"Mr. Alistair Blunt said he could give me a few minutes at four-fifteen. We'll go to him first. His house is on Chelsea Embankment. Then we might take the Sainsbury Seale woman on our way to Amberiotis. I'd prefer to know all we can before tackling our Greek friend. After that, I'd like a word or two with the American who, according to you, 'looked like murder.' "

Hercule Poirot shook his head.

"Not murder—toothache."

"All the same, we'll see this Mr. Raikes. His conduct was queer to say the least of it. And we'll check up on Miss Nevill's telegram *and* on her aunt *and* on her young man. In fact, we'll check up on everything and everybody!"

ALISTAIR BLUNT had never loomed large in the public eye. Possibly because he was himself a very quiet and retiring man. Possibly because for many years he had functioned as a Prince Consort rather than as a king.

Rebecca Sanseverato, née Arnholt, came to London a disillusioned woman of forty-five. On either side she came of the royalty of wealth. Her mother was an heiress of the European family of Rothersteins. Her father was the head of the great American banking house of Arnholt. Rebecca Arnholt, owing to the calamitous deaths of two brothers and a cousin in an air accident, was sole heiress to immense wealth. She married a European aristocrat with a famous name, Prince Felipe di Sanseverato. Three years later, she obtained a divorce and custody of the child of the marriage, having spent two years of wretchedness with a well-bred scoundrel whose conduct was notorious. A few years later her child died.

Embittered by her sufferings, Rebecca Arnholt turned her undoubted brains to the business of finance—the aptitude for it ran in her blood. She associated herself with her father in banking.

After his death she continued to be a powerful figure in the financial world with her immense holdings. She came to London—and a junior partner of the London house was sent to Claridge's to see her with various documents. Six months later the world was electrified to hear that Rebecca Sanseverato was marrying Alistair Blunt, a man nearly twenty years younger than herself.

There were the usual jeers—and smiles. Rebecca, her friends said, was really an incurable fool where men were concerned! First Sanseverato—now this young man. Of course he was only marrying her for her money. She was in for a second disaster! But to everyone's surprise the marriage was a success. The people who prophesied that Alistair Blunt would spend her money on other women were wrong. He remained quietly devoted to his wife. Even after her death, ten years later, when as inheritor of her vast wealth he might have been supposed to cut loose, he did not marry again. He lived the same quiet and simple life. His genius for finance had been no less than his wife's. His judgments and dealings were sound—his integrity above question. He dominated the vast Arnholt and Rotherstein interests by his sheer ability.

He went very little into society, had a house in Kent and one in Norfolk where he spent week ends—not with gay parties, but with a few quiet, stodgy friends. He was fond of golf and played moderately well. He was interested in his garden.

This was the man toward whom Chief Inspector Japp and Hercule Poirot were bouncing along in a somewhat elderly taxi.

The Gothic House was a well-known feature on Chelsea Embankment. Inside it was luxurious with an expensive simplicity. It was not very modern but it was eminently comfortable.

Alistair Blunt did not keep them waiting. He came to them almost at once.

"Chief Inspector Japp?"

Japp came forward and introduced Hercule Poirot. Blunt looked at him with interest.

"I know your name, of course, M. Poirot. And surely—somewhere—quite recently—" he paused, frowning.

Poirot said, "This morning, Monsieur, in the waiting room of M. Morley."

Alistair Blunt's brow cleared. He said, "Of course. I knew I had seen you somewhere." He turned to Japp. "What can I do for you? I am extremely sorry to hear about poor Morley."

"You were surprised, Mr. Blunt?"

"Very surprised. Of course I knew very little about him, but I should have thought him a most unlikely person to commit suicide."

"He seemed in good health and spirits, then, this morning?"

"I think so—yes." Alistair Blunt paused, then said with an almost boyish smile: "To tell you the truth I'm a most awful coward about going to the dentist. And I simply hate that beastly drill thing they run into you. That's why I really didn't notice anything much. Not till it was over, you know, and I got up to go. But I must say Morley seemed perfectly natural then. Cheerful and busy."

"You had been to him often?"

"I think this was my third or fourth visit. I've never had much trouble with my teeth until the last year. Breaking up, I suppose."

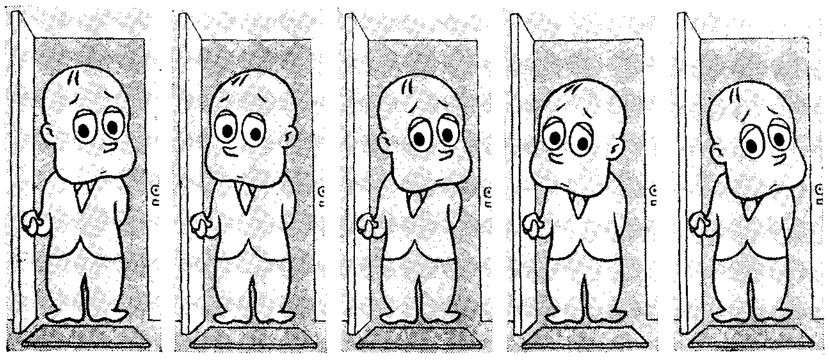
Hercule Poirot asked, "Who recommended M. Morley to you originally?"

Blunt drew his brows together in an effort of concentration.

"Let me see now—I had a twinge—somebody told me Morley of Queen Charlotte Street was the man to go to—no, I can't for the life of me remember who it was. Sorry."

Poirot said, "If it should come back to you, perhaps you will let one of us know?"

Alistair Blunt looked at him curiously. He said:



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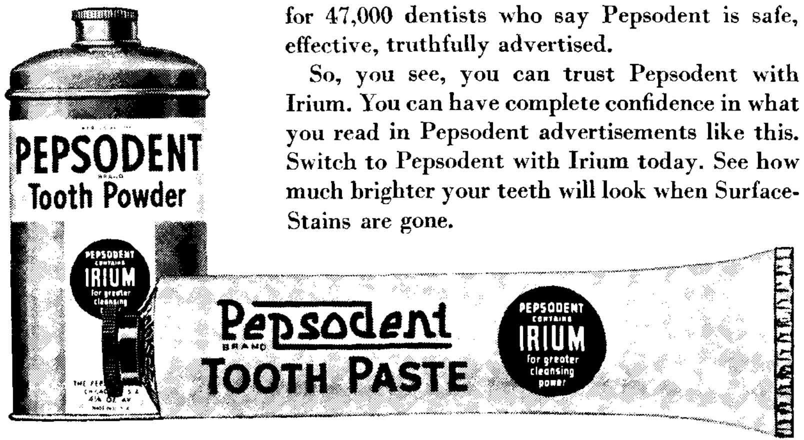
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"I will—certainly. Why? Does it matter?"

"I have an idea," said Poirot, "that it might matter very much."

They were going down the steps of the house when a car drew up in front of it. It was a car of sporting build—one of those cars from which it is necessary to wriggle from under the wheel in sections.

The young woman who did so appeared to consist chiefly of arms and legs. She had finally dislodged herself as the men turned to walk down the street.

The girl stood on the pavement looking after them. Then, suddenly and vigorously, she ejaculated, "Hi!"

Not realizing that the call was addressed to them, neither man turned. The girl repeated: "Hi! Hi! You there!"

They stopped and looked round inquiringly. The girl walked toward them. The impression of arms and legs remained. She was tall, thin, and her face had an intelligence and aliveness that redeemed its lack of actual beauty. She was dark with a deeply tanned skin.

She said, addressing Poirot, "I know who *you* are—you're the detective man, Hercule Poirot!" Her voice was warm and deep, with a trace of American accent.

Poirot said, "At your service, Mademoiselle."

Her eyes went to his companion.

Poirot said, "Chief Inspector Japp."

Her eyes widened—almost it seemed with alarm. She said, and there was a slight breathlessness in her voice, "What have you been doing here? Nothing—nothing has happened to Uncle Alistair, has it?"

Poirot said quickly, "Why should you think so, Mademoiselle?"

"It hasn't? Good."

Japp took up Poirot's question:

"Why should you think anything had happened to Mr. Blunt, Miss—"

He paused inquiringly.

The girl said mechanically, "Olivera. Jane Olivera." Then she gave a slight and rather unconvincing laugh. "Sleuths on the doorstep rather suggest bombs in the attic, don't they?"

"There's nothing wrong with Mr. Blunt, I'm thankful to say, Miss Olivera."

She looked directly at Poirot.

"Did he call you in about something?"

Japp said, "*We* called on *him,* Miss Olivera, to see if he could throw any light on a case of suicide that occurred this morning."

She said sharply, "Suicide? Whose? Where?"

"A Mr. Morley, a dentist, of 58 Queen Charlotte Street."

"Oh!" said Jane Olivera blankly. "Oh!—" She stared ahead of her frowning. Then she said unexpectedly, "Oh, but that's absurd!"

And turning on her heel, she left them abruptly, and without ceremony, running up the steps of the Gothic House and letting herself in with a key.

"Well!" said Japp, staring after her; "that's an extraordinary thing to say."

"Interesting," observed Poirot mildly.

Japp pulled himself together, glanced at his watch and hailed an approaching taxi.

"We'll have time to take the Sainsbury Seale on our way to the Savoy."

MISS SAINSBURY SEALE was in the dimly lit lounge of the Glengowrie Court Hotel having tea.

She was flustered by the appearance of a police officer in plain clothes—but her excitement was of a pleasurable nature, he observed. Poirot noticed, with sorrow, that she had not yet sewn the buckle on her shoe.

"Really, Officer," fluted Miss Sainsbury Seale, glancing round, "I really don't know where we could go to be private. So difficult—just teatime—but perhaps you would care for some tea—and—and your friend?"

"Not for me, madam," said Japp. "This is M. Hercule Poirot."

"Really?" said Miss Sainsbury Seale. "Then perhaps—you're sure—you won't either of you have tea? No. Well, perhaps we might try the drawing room."

She led the way to the comparative seclusion of a sofa and two chairs in an alcove. Poirot and Japp followed her, the former picking up a scarf and a handkerchief that Miss Sainsbury Seale had shed en route.

He restored them to her.

"Oh, thank you—so careless of me. Now, please, Inspector—No, Chief Inspector, isn't it?—*do* ask me anything you like. So distressing, the whole business. Poor man—I suppose he had something on his mind? Such worrying times we live in!"

"Did he seem to you worried, Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

"Well—" Miss Sainsbury Seale reflected, and finaly said unwillingly:

"I can't really say, you know, that he *did!* But then perhaps I shouldn't notice—not under the *circumstances.* I'm afraid I'm rather a *coward,* you know." Miss Sainsbury Seale tittered a little and patted her curls.

"Can you tell us who else was in the waiting room while you were there?"

"NOW let me see—there was just one young man there when I went in. I think he was in pain because he was muttering to himself and looking quite wild and turning over the leaves of a magazine just anyhow. Then suddenly he jumped up and went out. Really *acute* toothache he must have had."

"You don't know whether he left the house when he went out of the room?"

"I don't know at all. I imagined he just felt he couldn't wait any longer and *must* see the dentist. But it couldn't have been Mr. Morley he was going to, because the boy came in and took me up to Mr. Morley only a few minutes later."

"Did you go into the waiting room again on your way out?"

"No. Because, you see, I'd already put on my hat and straightened my hair up in Mr. Morley's room. Some people," went on Miss Sainsbury Seale, warming to her subject, "take off their hats *downstairs* in the waiting room, but I *never* do. A most distressing thing happened to a friend of mine who did that. It was a new hat and she put it very carefully on a chair, and when she came down, would you believe it, *a child had sat on it* and squashed it flat. Ruined! Absolutely ruined!"

Japp said, "Then this young man with the toothache was the only other patient you noticed at 58 Queen Charlotte Street?"

"A gentleman came down the stairs and went out just as I went up to Mr. Morley—oh! and I remember—a very *peculiar*-looking foreigner came *out* of the house just as I arrived."

Japp coughed. Poirot said with dignity, "That was I, Madame."

"Oh, dear!" Miss Sainsbury Seale peered at him. "So it was! Do forgive—so short-sighted—and very dark here, isn't it?" She trailed off into incoherencies. "And really, you know, I flatter myself that I have a *very* good memory for faces. But the light here *is* dim, isn't it? Do forgive my mistake!"

They soothed the lady down, and Japp asked. "You are quite sure Mr. Morley didn't say anything such as—for instance—that he was expecting a painful interview this morning? Anything of that kind?"

"No, indeed, I'm sure he didn't."

"He didn't mention a patient by the name of Amberiotis?"

(To be continued next week)

One Thunderous Night

Continued from page 21

did agree to meet him. He made an offer, for silence, involving something stupid I did years ago. I told him there was nothing doing. I'll admit I was so enraged that I put him in the tender and hoped he'd be swamped. I didn't expect that. He's good on the water."

"I suppose," Harper said next, "that your Chinaman overheard what you said on the boat, and knew Dole rowed off?"

"Quong was at the wheel. I don't know how much he saw, or what he heard." Henderson said, "Quong, did you see the man get into the tender?"

The Chinese said, "Too damn' much allo time thundeh, too much fog." He sloshed the ice in the shaker. "Dlink no good now. I catch new one."

McMasters was puzzled by Henderson, because it seemed to the engineer that the man's words were honest and his reactions normal. Harper, of course, was convinced that Henderson was guilty, as was the other detective. Two and two added to four. Mac guessed that the presence of a pretty girl had something to do with his own feeling; her eyes never left Marsh Henderson's face.

Harper dialed headquarters, and, as he reported, McMasters saw, first, complete disbelief on Henderson's face, and then a rising anger. Lastly, McMasters believed that Henderson was truly, deeply, frightened. Again, Mac felt that these reactions could be those of an innocent man who was telling the truth, who was amazed at an accusation, and intelligent enough to understand what it could mean.

"We recovered the body," Harper said. "No. Not just a floater. Murder, Lieutenant. No question. Blackmail, murder. *And* we've got the man who did it." The detective gave names, details. "Thank you, sir," he said, while Lane grumbled with the realization that Harper was taking all credit. "Mighty near didn't. We ran into a barge."

"He would tell it," the sergeant muttered. "Why could not Mallock do the talkin'? Now, Mac, ye've your first black mark, undeserved."

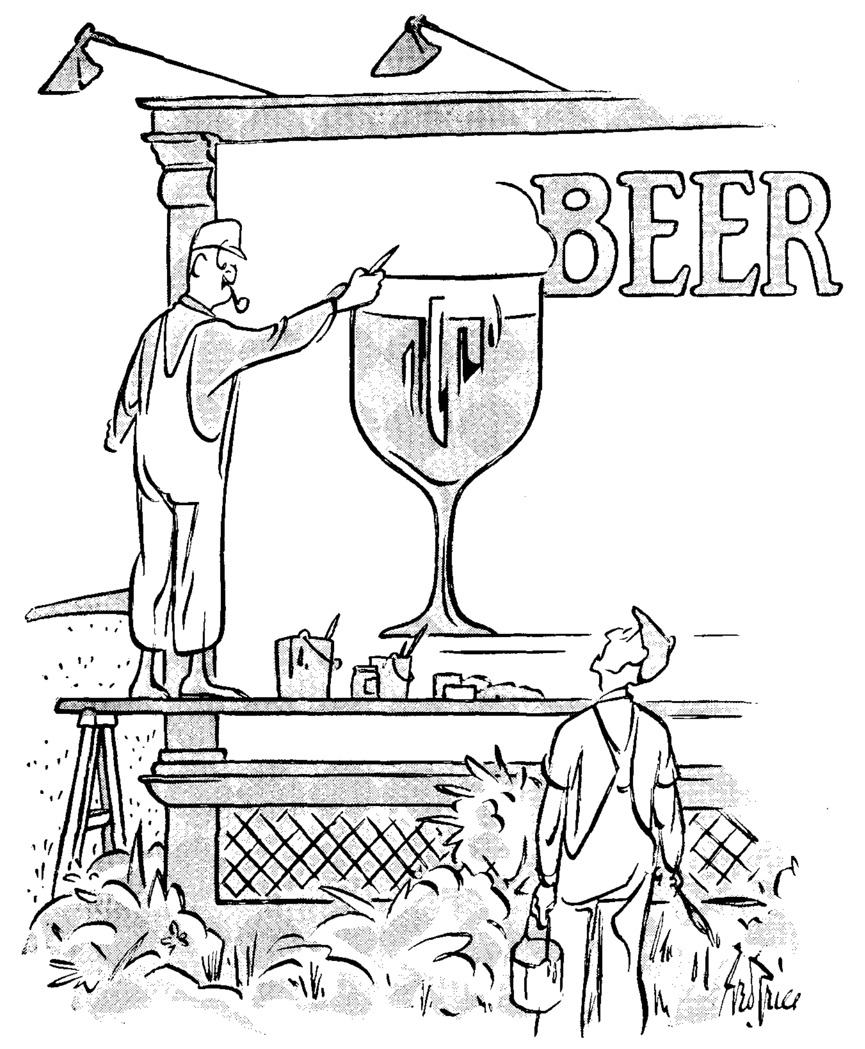
Sara Hallam said fiercely, "I was with Mr. Henderson every moment. I saw Mr. Dole get into the tender. I heard what was said. I—"

"Don't, Sally," said Henderson. "Don't say anything."

The girl was on her feet. McMasters liked the way she paused, lips tight, as if she wanted to obey Henderson's admonition, and yet as if she couldn't obey. How she came to the man's defense, McMasters felt, would determine, for him, Henderson's innocence or guilt. It came to him, watching her, that if she took the blame for what had happened in any way upon herself, Henderson was probably guilty.

WHEN she began to speak, it seemed as if this was what she intended, for she said, "Mr. Henderson wasn't being blackmailed. I was. Mr. Henderson told Dole to go to the devil, and Dole said we weren't dealing with just one man. That's why Marsh said what he did when you came." Her fierceness was gone; she was in deadly earnest. "They had words. Marsh refused to pay. I didn't want him to. Don't you *see?* Marsh told him to get off the Amarylla. That's the last we saw of him. I tell you that Marsh didn't touch him."

"Then how were his clothes ripped off?" Harper asked. "And he didn't punch himself on the nose, did he?"



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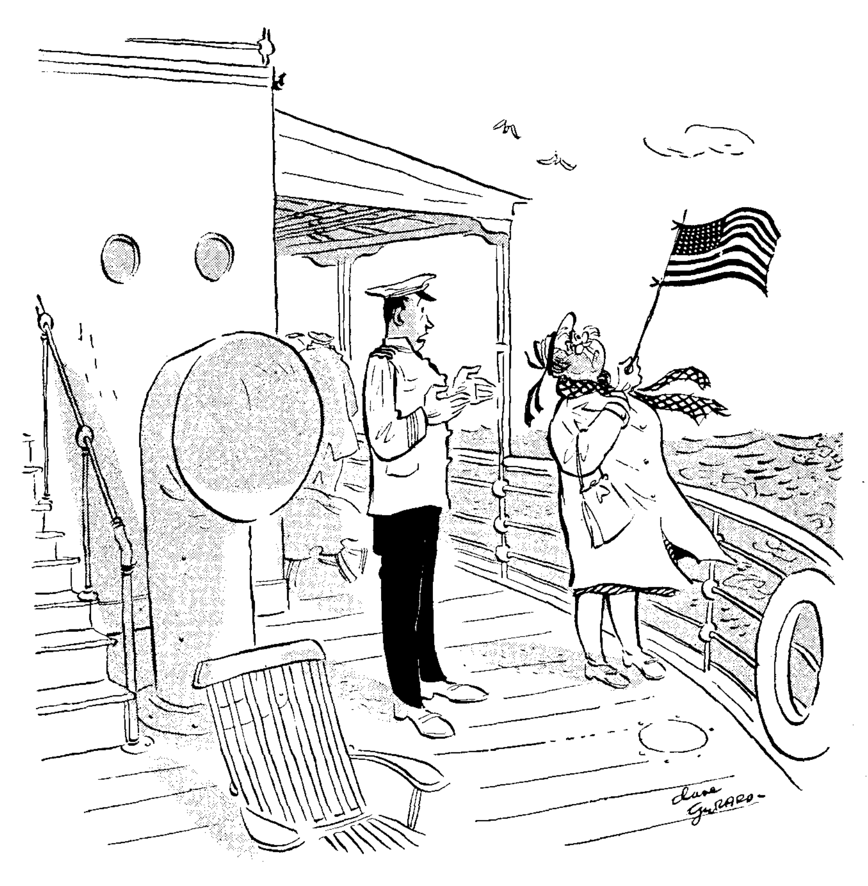


"I assure you, madam, that isn't necessary!" DAVE GERARD

"Marsh didn't touch him!"

"Henderson said he was being blackmailed. You say you were." Harper turned to Mallock. "The old story. Each wants the blame to save the other."

Mallock said, "Mr. Henderson, all we want to do is find out what happened. Can you account for the way Dole seemed to have been in a fight?" McMasters wondered if the detective didn't feel sympathy for the man and girl now standing close together. "It would help us all if you could. You see, we don't think Dole was drowned, although we can't tell until an examination. But he didn't have seaweed in his hands, and his face wasn't placid; but if he just rowed off, and was swamped, he'd have been drowned." Mallock's mild voice cut through Harper's protests at such relating of what the detectives knew: "If you can help us, Mr. Henderson, you'll help yourself and the lady.

"It is the blackmailing that makes it bad, Mr. Henderson," he continued soberly. "Sooner or later, the details will come out. If you wish to tell us, it might help. I mean if it would lead to anything. Or wait, if you wish."

"I wish we'd told you sooner. A week ago. Then this wouldn't have happened." He glanced at the girl, who nodded instantly; and then McMasters heard a story of how Sara Hallam, a year ago, on another boat, had been both silly and indiscreet, and how Dole, who'd also been on the boat, had taken the announced engagement as opportunity for blackmail. "She'd told me about it before," Henderson said. "Today, he gave her an ultimatum. I told her to tell him she was afraid to meet him where anyone'd see, but that she had the key to the Amarylla, and this would be a place to meet secretly. I was here when he came."

"And so you all went out for a ride in a storm," said Harper.

"I don't know why," Henderson said miserably. "I wish we hadn't. There was no reason for doing it." That, McMasters knew, was damaging. Premeditation. Go out on the bay, in fog and storm, get rid of the man by letting his body be washed through the Gate, swept beyond the Heads. But if Henderson was pilot enough to go out, cruise around, give the wheel to a Chinaman, and then return without difficulty to the yacht harbor, he'd know enough to pitch the body from the Amarylla where the current was stronger, the outbound tide flowing more swiftly. "There was no reason," Henderson said. "Perhaps I did want," he added slowly, "to thrash him, without interruption. I did not, even if you don't believe me."

"Hooked," whispered Lane. "No jury'll believe that." He said aloud, "That's no foghorn. It's the wagon's siren," and the men from headquarters arrived. McMasters saw the sheer misery on Sara Hallam's face, the way Henderson's tightened. Harper, quickly, had taken the explanation into his hands in reporting it to the lieutenant. Lane said, "If you're not needing the Barnes, sir, and if you'll have the body removed, we'll run her back. That is, if she'll float after the bad accident reported by detective Harper, involvin' a square inch of paint. It took a detective," the old man said sourly, "to know we so much as grazed a barge."

Harper said, "It wasn't the engineer's fault, Lieutenant, that he was taking chances. The sergeant was advising him."

McMasters' mouth was open angrily, but the sergeant said, "Shut up. Next thing you'll want to be a detective. Can we go, sir?"

"TAKE the boat back, yes." The lieutenant spoke to two of the officers, who left to remove the body on the Barnes. "Report to headquarters. You first, engineer. And you made good time getting here."

McMasters knew, from the last, that the near-accident was unimportant to the lieutenant, although how it would appear on the record might be another matter. He had a final look at man and girl; the former's face was bleak, the girl's defiant from fear. Because of what had happened? Or because of what would happen to Henderson? It might be either. Mac didn't know.

All he had to do, after sending the police boat out of the yacht harbor, was edge along beyond the wharves and keep his eyes open. It was far simpler than cutting diagonally across the bay.

The fog conjured up images to McMasters; he could fairly see the two men fighting on the Amarylla, with thunder roaring and lightning crackling, making of the deadly struggle a shadow show, now white and fierce, now obliterated in blackness. Whether the girl saw the end of the struggle, he couldn't know. The girl had love in her eyes in the cabin when the police were there; what, then, must she have felt on the bay? And why didn't it leave a mark on her? It didn't make sense to McMasters. Had she tried to help Henderson? Had she taken something and smashed Dole, a man who wished to hurt her also? Had the Chinese? One of the three, unless Henderson's fragile story were true, had killed the blackmailer.

HE SAID suddenly, staring straight ahead, "If Dole's clothes were ripped and torn, why weren't Henderson's? Was it a one-sided fight? Or did Henderson just sort of hammer him down, the first time, when Dole wasn't looking, and then beat him up? But Dole'd have been on his guard. And—"

"Next thing," snorted Lane, "ye'll be a detective. If it were not such an open-and-shut case, boy, I'd like to fix Harper. Not even his mates like him, but it was his luck to be sent out on routine, like collectin' a floater, and come up on the front page, picture an' all. Now do you pay attention and forget the crime. I will be tellin' why you're to go to headquarters, which is so you'll be able to testify exactly concernin' Dole's appearance when we picked him up."

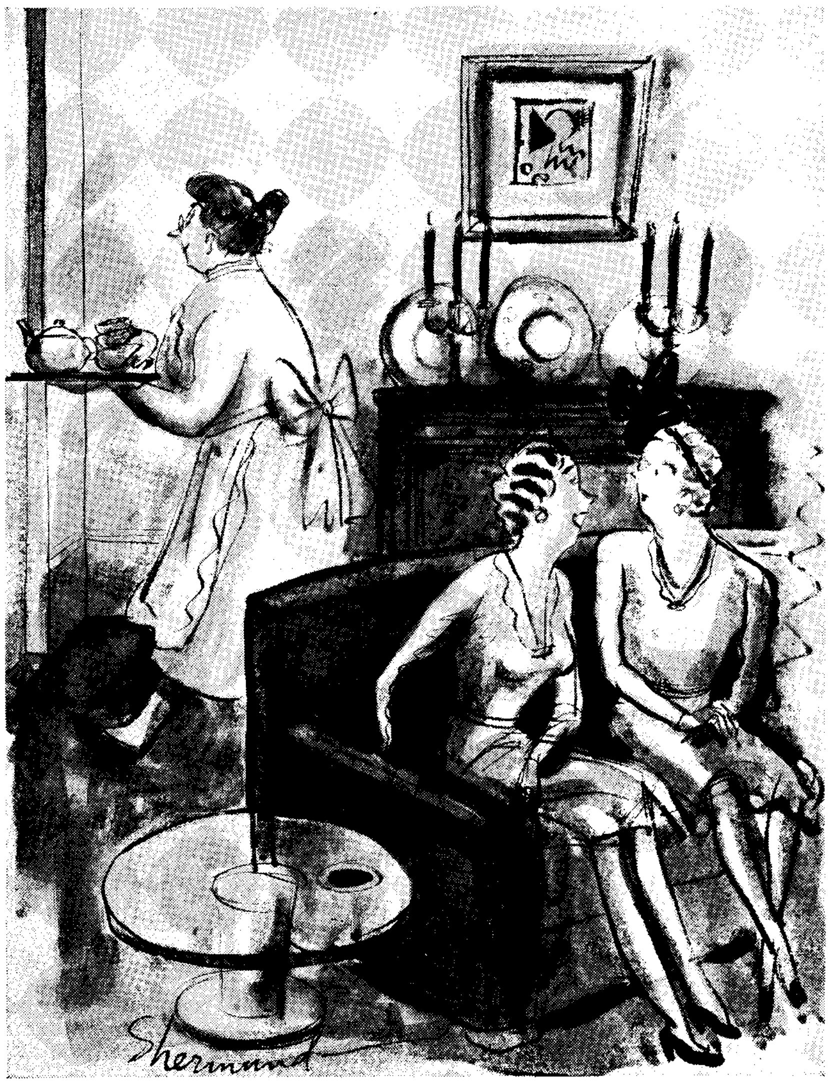
There would be a defense, Lane said, that would have Henderson relate a scuffle and fall, in which Dole struck his head before reaching the water. Dole, naturally, would have tried to use a gun: the girl and the Chinese would so testify, to make it appear self-defense. But it wouldn't serve. "What hurts Henderson, boy," said the sergeant, "is that the blackmailer was dead before hittin' the bay. That's bad."

The old sergeant was talking either because he hoped something would mess up Harper's case, or because he was trying to make the return journey as ordinary as if the weather were clear. The fog wasn't bothering McMasters. What did trouble him was the man and girl's situation, and he had to get over that sort of thing if he were to be a proper member of the department. He wouldn't think any more about it. Then, because all of his training had been as exact as mathematics, and he didn't like having an answer without knowing how it'd been computed, he said, "When a man is first drowned, sir, you said that his face could be red. Dole's was."

"I said . . . well, I said it. Harper'll never let that be forgotten. You see, boy, he was on a case, and in kindness I told him something from my experience. He acted on it. I was wrong. He's never forgiven me, believing it was intentional. Now he will rub this in." Lane shrugged. "Do ye stick to your engines, and some day maybe you'll have charge of the department's mechanical units, which is how a good engineer can be promoted. Leave detectin' alone." He frowned at McMasters, and then he said slowly, "But the man's face was red. It was so, and I saw it." Lane sighed. "So will mine be, when Harper finishes jokin' at my expense."

"I wish we could make a monkey out of him."

"What you've been wishin'," the sergeant said, "is that something could be done to save a man and a girl, and that's a good way for an officer to feel. But do not be figurin' what happened on the



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BARBARA SHERMUND

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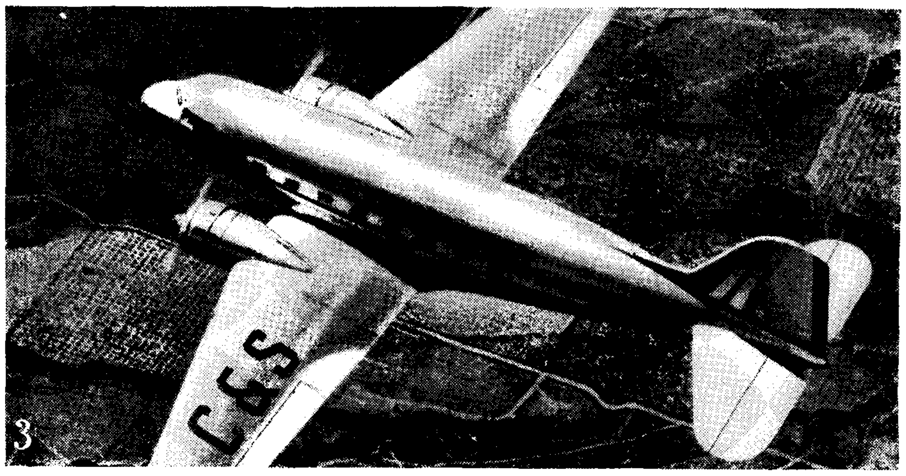

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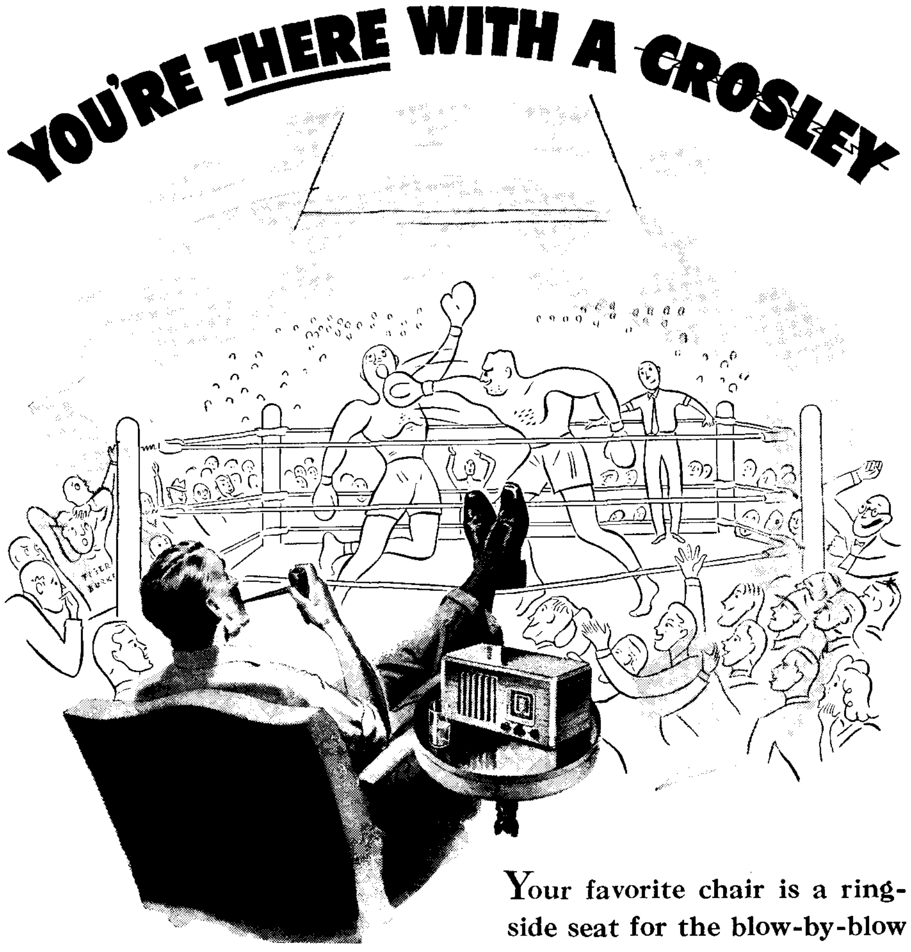
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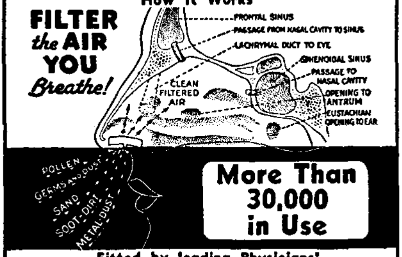

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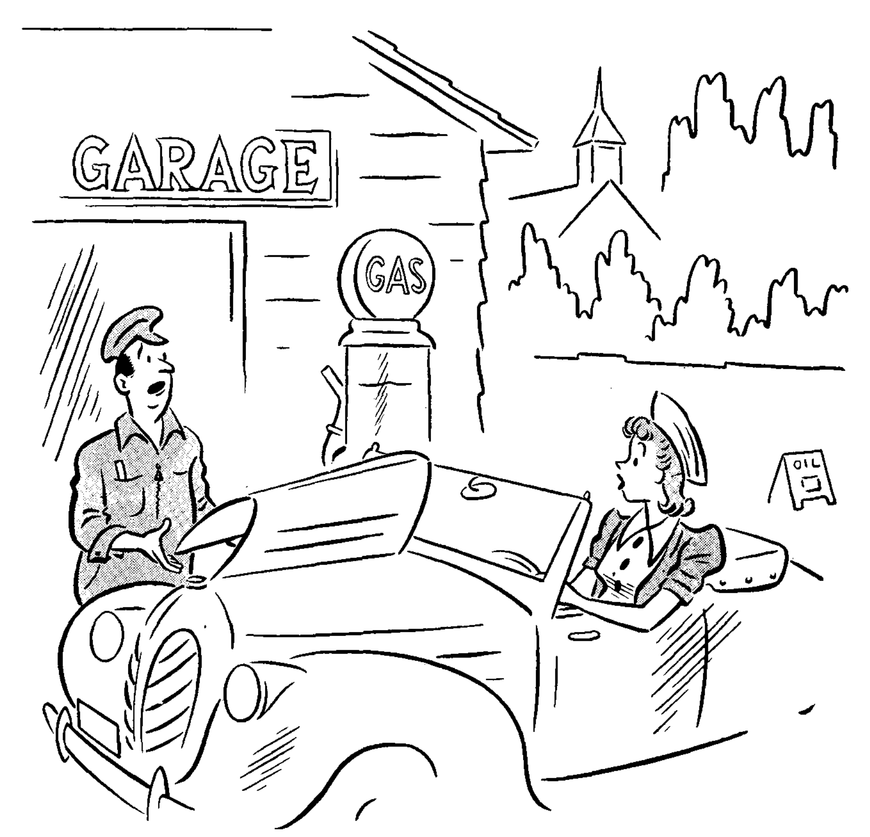


"Really, lady, you don't save a bit of gas by removing three spark plugs!"

FRANK BEAVEN

cruiser. One of the three slugged him, an' with good reason. If it was the Chinaman, the girl would not be so worried. So it was Henderson. Dole is dead, boy, and he was well beat up."

McMasters said, "It still doesn't add up right, sir. You said Dole's face was red. Is that the way a man appears when he's been beaten?"

"There are things you will learn with experience," Lane said, "and one is that a black eye, a pair of them, do not mean a man has been struck there. It is a sign of violence, of beating. Did Dole have black eyes? He did. But his face . . . was . . . red. You are right. It does not make sense. We will leave it to headquarters. There are but three ways in which a man dies violently, boy. Suicidal death, homicidal death, accidental death. It was not the first. It was the second. So—"

McMasters said, "Or it was the third." The engineer said, "A lot's happened since we took the Barnes out, hasn't it, sir? One minute we were at Sixty-A, and there was thunder and lightning, and the rain came down; and then we got the report over the radio, and . . . and . . ."

"Well? What're you thinking, boy?"

McMasters said, "If I tell you, and anyone wants to know if I did, you'll be laughed at pretty badly, sir. But you said this was an open-and-shut case. In that sort, there's not too much checking, is there? So . . . you wait until I come back from headquarters," Mac said, "and then I'll let you laugh at me."

The Barnes was docked, secured; McMasters left the old sergeant making coffee. The others, including the three prisoners, were at headquarters long before him; all were in the lieutenant's office, with newspapermen waiting in the corridor. McMasters was ordered down to a cold tiled room, and, while he needlessly refreshed his memory as to what had been taken from the water, heard that death had resulted from a series of blows, and that Dole had been dead before immersion. Merciless beating, he heard, and compound fracture.

Then, with medical opinions in his ears, he went back to the lieutenant's office, although his heart was beginning to beat quickly. Probably he was wrong. But if being laughed at would be the only penalty, he didn't much care. He had nothing on which to base his wild guess save what Lane'd said; but if he was right he could prove it, prove what nobody would think of. And all because two and two didn't add correctly.

The newspapermen were in the office now, filling it; Harper was talking with them and unfolding the story. McMasters didn't listen. He saw, first, Sara Hallam and Marsh Henderson, the girl sitting beside the lieutenant's desk, the man standing; and if both were white of face they weren't afraid any more. Their hands were not joined, as if they no longer needed contact to keep them together; McMasters' own were sweating.

He waited a moment, during which he saw the uninterested Chinaman, before speaking to the lieutenant; and then the request didn't need to be made. For on the desk he saw what'd been taken from Dole's clothing. The letter, smoothed out and dried. A few coins. A sodden wallet, contents beside it. A key ring. Key ring!

WAS he right? He'd soon know. His disgust at Harper's antics, obviously also displeasing to the lieutenant, and his wish to help two trapped persons, were only part of the reason for his curiosity. It had risen because there shouldn't be anything doubtful in a problem, not when a man's life was involved in the figuring. It wasn't just a matter of two and two; it was an experiment in which you took everything you knew and proved it, and then you went after the unknown. What'd he have? A red-faced dead man. A compound fracture. A lot of sympathy. And he'd find out . . . well, what hadn't happened, maybe.

There was a pen, tray, with rubber bands and clips on it. McMasters, with the lieutenant frowning at him, reached across the desk and took one of the clips. Then, uncertainty gone, he placed the clip an inch from the key ring. He took his fingers off the clip; and, click! the clip was against the key ring.

The lieutenant, only, had seen what McMasters had done. Harper was now explaining the open-and-shut nature of the case. But McMasters spoke before the lieutenant could question him, or tell him to keep his hands off: "Pull the clip away, sir," Mac said unevenly. His eyes were on man and girl, as if he wanted to tell them that their world wasn't smashed. "You see?" said McMasters. He reached over and, as the lieutenant held to the clip, he held the key ring. The two separated unwillingly. As Mac took another clip, and the performance was repeated, he said, low, "The key ring's magnetized, sir. You've seen. Highly magnetized. Maybe that's accidental. Or maybe it was all accidental. Because if a man has been struck by lightning, metal on his person frequently becomes magnetized."

THE lieutenant's eyes widened. He played with key ring and clip again. A third time. He said then, "I'll be damned," and, glancing to where Harper was holding forth, picked up the telephone. He spoke even lower than McMasters had. "Dr. Thompson," he said. "Doctor, what happens when a man's struck by lightning? No, I'm serious. Hmm. I see. Livid face?" He looked toward Harper, making McMasters certain the story on Lane, concerning drowning, had already been told. "Not much to be determined by post mortem? Wouldn't be discovered that way, without something else? The contusions could have been caused by it? And the clothing partially ripped off? I see. How about burns? None? Not necessary, eh? Well, suppose a metal object were magnetized? Oh. Best of proof? Thanks, Doctor."

McMasters felt hot and cold at once. Then he heard the lieutenant ask what'd started him on this track. "Everybody was satisfied with the answer, sir," Mac said, "and I couldn't seem to forget that if a fellow was really innocent he'd have acted as Henderson did. I guess I was sorry for him, sir. For the girl. Are . . . are you sure, sir?"

"Sure enough," the lieutenant said, grinning, "to begin a bit of deflation." He paused, listening to Harper's explanation of the way the Hallam woman and Henderson had acted when the police burst—burst was the word he used—into the cruiser's cabin, and the callous way in which the pair were drinking. Then the lieutenant turned in his chair, and although he didn't raise his voice, Harper stopped speaking, and the newspapermen looked toward the desk.

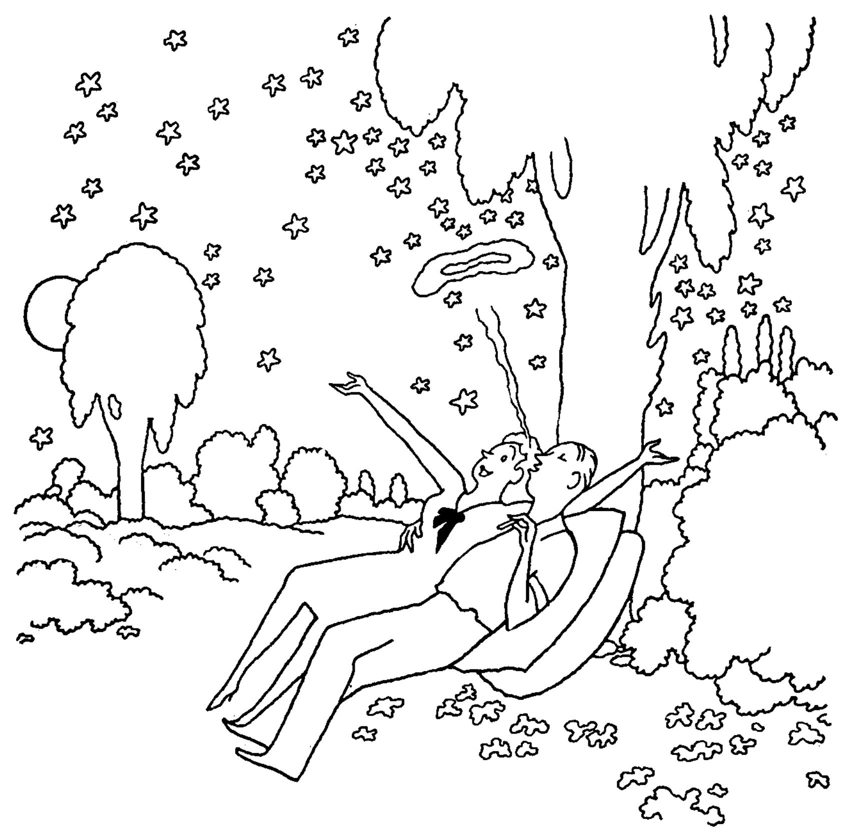
"Mr. Henderson," the lieutenant said, "I would not under any circumstance build up your hopes and then shatter them. I'm very glad to tell you that the worst you have been guilty of was misjudgment in setting Dole afloat in the tender. He never reached shore, but it wasn't your act that prevented it. I am trying to say," the lieutenant went on gently, "that Dole was killed in the tender, and that you are no longer under suspicion. Your story was true."

McMasters saw the girl, so brave before, crack now. Henderson's arm circled her; Henderson's face had come alive. Along with the girl's first sob, McMasters heard, in the breathless office, the booming of a foghorn, and from the tone of it, guessed it was on the Point. There was a shore light there, too, flashing every two seconds, visibility fifteen miles in clear weather; and light, lightning, had flashed when Dole had died, probably lifting him up, hurling him back against the tender.

Harper saw McMasters; he blurted, "What fool tale'd Lane have the engineer bring you, Lieutenant? Why, that doddering old—"

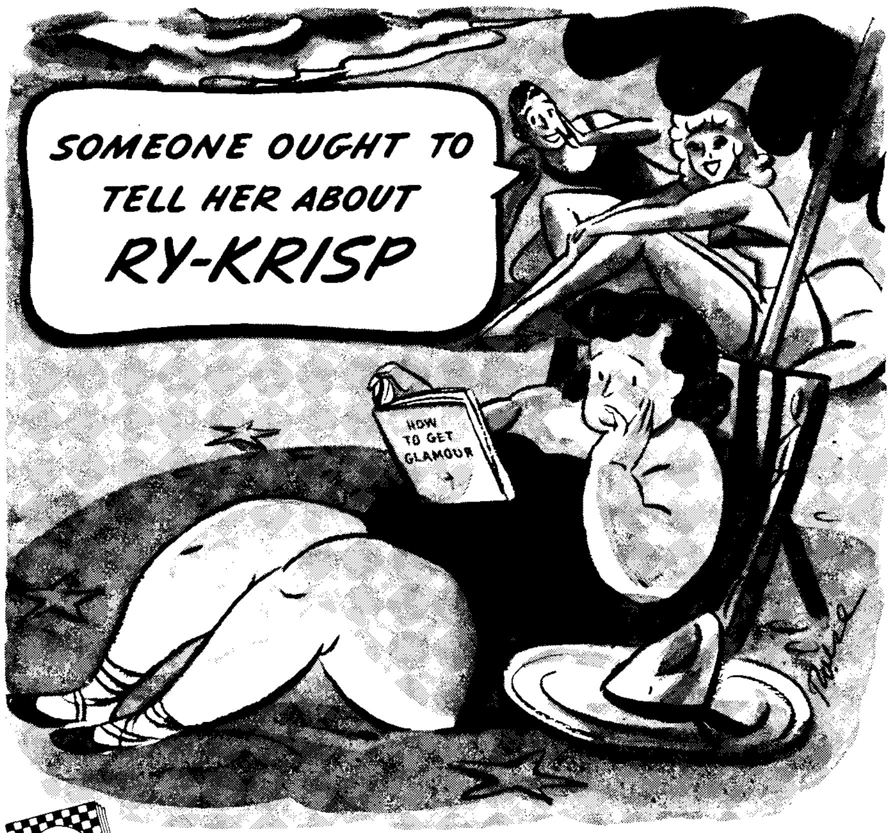
"Jackass?" the lieutenant asked. He leaned back in his chair. "Engineer," he said, "the newspaper boys will want details. By the time you've cleared things up for them, I'll have the report from Dr. Thompson, but there's not any doubt as to what the report will contain. So go ahead, engineer."

McMasters said, "Well," and then he knew Sara Hallam and Marsh Henderson were handclasped, and that both were staring at him. He felt grand. The office was very still; the moooo-*oooom!* that cut through the Point siren must be the transport dock diaphone, and there was strong current there, almost a clockwise eddy. Boy, but he liked his job. He couldn't help grinning. He said again, "Well," and, as he began to speak, he wished the sergeant could've been there, to see Sara Hallam and Henderson smiling, and the way Mallock was smiling, and the way Harper wasn't. The old boy would've enjoyed it.



"Don't you like to think sometimes that we're all of us just moonbeams dancing through life—you and me and everybody except that louse in the shipping department?"

GARDNER REA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Friends Needed

Continued from page 15

sympathized. "The law is the same for everybody if they don't know anybody. I might know somebody, Mr. Mivvle."

"Something ought to be done," said Mrs. Mivvle decidedly. "It's the same with everything. . . . Aub, did you speak to the policeman about the chimney over there that smokes into our windows?"

"Now, Angel, that chimney is smoking into everybody's windows, isn't it?" argued Mr. Mivvle, starting the car.

"That's the way with Mr. Mivvle, Jack," said Mrs. Mivvle to the guest beside her. "He is so honorable he gets all the worst of it. It is the same in the office; he knows the department from A to Z, and does twice the work, but he doesn't get ahead because he doesn't know anybody. I often say to him, 'Papa, why don't you do *something!*' "

"Are you new in Washington, Mrs. Mivvle?"

"New! We are here in the Government since before I had Dot! But Mr. Mivvle comes home from the department and reads the newspaper and plays himself the radio and—Aub, did you do something about the gyp delicatessen that sold me a pound of butter and it was only three quarters?"

"Now, Angel, if he sold it to you he sold it to everybody else, didn't he? As Jack says, the law is the same for everybody. Write Mrs. Roosevelt."

Mr. Mivvle had been twenty years in the Government and had risen to assistant chief of section at thirty-four hundred per annum, and he knew to what he owed his success. To hard work and knowing the job, of course, but also to avoiding responsibility and quarrels in the Government or out.

Take these battles that Mrs. Mivvle was always urging him to start—against rich owners, against public utilities, dairy companies, and the police—how long would he last? Until somebody put in a quiet plug against him. A man in the Government wants to watch his step. It wasn't as if he had big friends; then he would have some fat appointive sinecure such as the chief of section. That post was vacant now too. Bending over his wheel, Mr. Mivvle wondered who would be the new chief of section and draw the nice salary while Mr. Mivvle did the work as usual.

"The President Hotel—quick, Papa, there's a car pulling out!"

MR. MIVVLE grabbed the lucky parking spot; they entered the hotel and rode up to the roof, which was an early evening port of call for many smart and important people.

"Make mine the same," ordered Jack, lying back in his chair.

He sat up, grinning gratefully; he had been recognized at once, to the right and to the left. "Hello, Congressman! Good evening, Judge!"

"Look at Jack—he knows everybody!" said Mrs. Mivvle, *her* eyes shining. "Jack, tell me—who's that distinguished-looking big man by himself, crossing his legs and a Western hat on the table? He looks awfully familiar—don't he to you, Papa?"

"That's Senator Breathitt, Mrs. Mivvle. . . . Hello, Senator!"

"Papa, that's Senator Breathitt from our state! You ought to know him, Papa. Jack, please introduce Mr. Mivvle to Senator Breathitt."

Jack had to try. He led Mr. Mivvle to the senator's table.

"Senator, I guess you know me—Jack Smith? Could I introduce a friend of mine—Mr. Aubrey Mivvle? From your state, Senator."

The senator offered his hand—wondering what particular Jack Smith this was. He knew Jack, but couldn't place him. He knew several Jack Smiths Senior, any one of whom might be this boy's dad.

"Hello, Jack, delighted to see you again. Delighted, Mr. Mivvle—from the old home state, sir? Visiting Washington?"

"Oh, no, Senator, I've been here twenty years. I'm in Mr. Woodhull's department, sir."

"That so? May I call on you when I have business there? You do the same, sir, without hesitation; anything I can possibly do for you. . . . Glad to see you again, Jack—Mr. Mivvle!"

There was color in Mr. Mivvle's lank cheeks and a new set to his shoulders as *he returned with Jack to the table. . . .* Breathitt was a big man. Nice man too; right friendly. Good man to know.

"HELLO, Jack Mivvle! How's Jack Mivvle?"

Jack did not recognize the portly gentleman with the gurgling voice who rose in his path, caught his hand and wrung it. It was a Mr. Podhunter, a legislative agent—lobbyist—of the objectionable sort who was stalking the powerful senator and had observed his reception of Jack and Mr. Mivvle. Mr. Podhunter would be a friend of the senator's friends; but he had got the names jumbled.

"I am Mr. Mivvle, sir," said Dot's father.

Mr. Podhunter grasped Mr. Mivvle's hand.

"Podhunter is the name. Fine boy you have here. You can be proud of him, but you never can deny him—he's every inch a Mivvle."

"You got us wrong, sir," said Jack, embarrassed for this kind gentleman. "Mr. Mivvle is not my father. My name is Smith."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mr. Podhunter, carrying it off. "Must have been two other fellows, eh, Jack?" He sat down, disgusted.

"Do you know what I think, Jack?" whispered Mr. Mivvle as they moved on. "He didn't know you from Adam."

It seemed to Mr. Mivvle that Dot's boy friend must be some punkins. Nice boy too, and no coffee-cooler; he had said that his place didn't amount to any more than a messenger.

The Mivvle party had like experiences in the Shoreward Park Hotel, where they went for dinner.

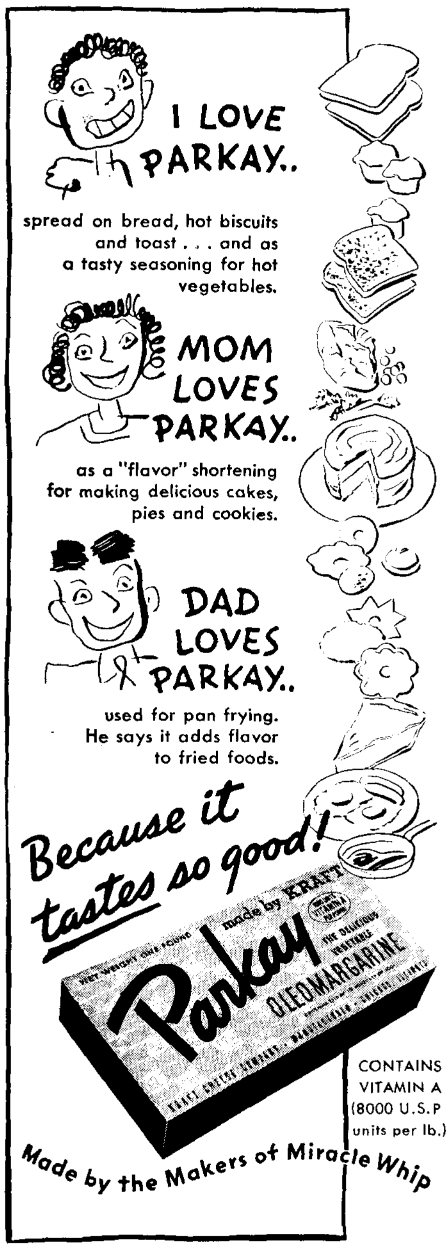
The huge Shoreward Park houses a galaxy of legislators, jurists and bureau chiefs and is a "must" stop for a smart evening.

Jack introduced Mr. Mivvle to several men of mark, selected by Mrs. Mivvle, who wanted her husband to know people. The notable gentlemen were cordial, with a look of secret thought, trying to place Jack.

An exception was Hugh Blackstone, justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. The eminent jurist was sitting against a pillar in a side gallery, leafing through the evening newspaper. At Jack's respectful hail, he glanced, nodded curtly, returned to his reading; but Jack didn't pop into his own file in the jurist's orderly mind. He looked again, remembered, smiled; amused, admiring.

He saw Jack leading toward him an undistinguished gray-mustached gentleman who was ill at ease, awed. Judge Blackstone went grave and attentive at once, rose, was gracious to Mr. Mivvle.

"Ps-st! Ps-st!" signaled Mrs. Mivvle from the background.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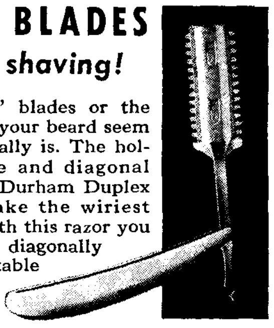

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Secretary Morley Woodhull, Cabinet member and head of the department employing Mr. Mivvle, had just passed her. Mrs. Mivvle did not note the Secretary's hurry or his expression of ill-humor.

"Ps-st! Ps-st! Ps-st!" she signaled.

Jack heard. "Oh, good evening, Mr. Woodhull! Might I—"

"Now, now, young man," said the Secretary, brushing him off. He halted to speak to the doorman, pointed to the Mivvle party, hurried out.

"He had no time, Jack?" asked Mrs. Mivvle, coming up. "What a shame. Of course Mr. Mivvle knows him in a way, but not to speak to, like you do. When will you see him again, Jack?"

"I wouldn't know, Mrs. Mivvle. It might be months."

"You could phone him, or write him a letter, Jack. . . . Dot, stay here with Papa; don't let him wander. . . . Come in here a minute, Jack."

She led Jack into a writing room.

"Jack, write Mr. Woodhull a nice letter, please! I can tell you what to write; I was a receptionist in the department when I met Mr. Mivvle and I know what they say. Won't you, please?"

Mrs. Mivvle dictated and Jack wrote:

"My dear Secretary:

"Introducing Mr. Aubrey Mivvle, assistant chief of section in the department and a very dear friend of mine. He is anxious to be of greater service and anything you entrust him with will be discharged to utmost satisfaction and I will esteem it a personal favor.

"I was going to present Mr. Mivvle in person but I was in conference with Judge Blackstone.

"Assuring you of my continued esteem and support and with kindest personal regards,

"(signed) JACK SMITH."

"But, Mrs. Mivvle—"

"That," said Mr. Mivvle, reading the letter over satisfiedly, "is what they write. I'll see he gets it. Thanks, Jack! Let's hurry."

She was in haste to get to the world première, but they lost another minute in the doorway of the writing room. They were intercepted by a tall gentleman in dinner dress—a house detective—who spoke suavely.

"Mr. Woodhull was hissed out here just now," said the tall gentleman. "As the hotel is Secretary Woodhull's home, we do not permit for a moment any demonstrations, political or otherwise."

"I should hope not!" agreed Jack.

When the theater lights went on again, and the world première was world history, the Mivvle party went to their car.

"Leave you home, Jack?" offered Mr. Mivvle.

"I'll walk from your place, sir! . . . I'm stopping at the Ambassadorial Club on Massachusetts, Mrs. Mivvle."

HE SAT in the back with Dot.

"Oh, Jack, if they ever find out," whispered Dot, snuggling.

"Gosh, sweetie, they're bound to. Will they get sore?"

"Oh, Aub," said Mrs. Mivvle in the front seat, "wouldn't it be nice if you got to be Secretary instead of Mr. Woodhull. He's not so popular with people as he might think: a gentleman in the Shoreward Park was telling me they hiss him. . . . Aub, stop somewhere and get butter. If there's anywhere open this hour except that gyp place; I wouldn't go there again if I never ate butter."

"Why not?" said Mr. Mivvle ruggedly. "Here's the place, Angel, and I'm going in and get a pound of butter and I mean a pound of butter!"

He halted the car, strode into the store.

"A pound of butter."

The proprietor, a stout man with a cream-cheese complexion and a half-round smile, tossed out a package. "And now what else?"

"And now," blustered Mr. Mivvle, "a quarter pound for nothing that you short-weighed me out of last time!"

The delicatessen man's half-round smile turned upside down. "Wise guy, eh?" he sneered. "Give me that butter and take your money."

"This package," proclaimed Mr. Mivvle, "is going down to the Bureau of Standards if it is short. I'll make an issue out of this! And Judge Blackstone is a personal friend of mine, if you want to know it."

"You mean," said the proprietor, his smile turning up again, "it was some mistake? Sam, give this customer a pound frankfurters we give a customer catches us in a mistake! And a quarter pound butter with our compliments."

Mr. Mivvle strode out with his butter and his pound of blackmail, which was duly exclaimed over. He drove back to their apartment, found a parking spot three blocks from home. A policeman appeared, strolling.

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An article by W. B. COURTNEY

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

"Your name Saunders, officer?" called Mr. Mivvle. The name was on his notice of parking violation. "It is? Then you're the man gave me this ticket."

"So what?" said the policeman indifferently.

"Now, Officer, I didn't mean to violate the law, and I did no harm. The sign was new and was far from the car—"

"I can't do anything about it," shrugged the policeman.

"Oh, you can't?" Mr. Mivvle's voice swelled. "And perhaps you can't do anything about that infernal chimney up there that's been smoking into everybody's windows all winter, all spring! Why don't you enforce the law? And if I can't get action, maybe my friend Senator Breathitt can!"

"You didn't see that sign 'No Parking?' " said the policeman considerately. "Shucks, let me have that ticket and forget about it. And I'll give the janitor of that big house a summons first thing tomorrow."

"What's got into papa?" whispered Mrs. Mivvle to Dot, thrilled. "Isn't he the lion tonight. . . . Good night, Jack! So lovely to have met you!"

At 6:30 the following morning, Dot was in the kitchen putting on the kettle; she heard a spaced plop!—plop! coming down the public hall. She hurried to the apartment door.

Jack was coming, but not in his topper or Levy's Chesterfield and tails. He wore an old sweater and shapeless pants, and on his head was a high stack of morning newspapers; he reached up for a newspaper, folded it, tossed it—plop!

To kiss a girl ardently while balancing fifty morning newspapers on one's head takes practice; but Jack had it, and he did it. Dot withdrew into the Mivvle apartment; Jack went on plopping papers.

HAVING completed his route he hurried to the Ambassadorial Club on fashionable Massachusetts Avenue for his breakfast.

The Ambassadorial was one of the city's biggest and better boarding-houses. Jack got two meals and a cot in the cellar in return for some dish-washing and tending the furnace and continuous hot water. His cellar quarters were short on all modern improvements but he got square on the delicious home-cooked food.

He ate a breakfast in the Ambassadorial kitchen, did his trick at the sink, and took the bus to his newsstand on First Street by East Capitol.

Jack's newsstand was not on a busy thoroughfare, but the passers-by were likely to be important people. Only five buildings fronted on that length of First Street but they were the Capitol, the Library of Congress, the House and Senate office buildings and the U. S. Supreme Court.

Jack owed his pitch on First Street to political influence.

He had not come to Washington to distribute General Intelligence; he had come on a campaign promise of a Government job. His patron congressman was unable to deliver, being in wrong with the Administration; the best he could wangle for Jack was leave to use the top of a low wall on First Street as a newsstand. The wall was Government property, and Jack's legal status was that of a tenant on sufferance, liable to be bounced out any time.

Jack put the personal touch into selling his papers and magazines. He paced the top of the wall, greeting pedestrians, soliciting trade.

"Morning, Judge!—Piece about you in the World yesterday, sir—saved you a copy . . . Morning, Senator! . . . Morning, Congressman!"

He had learned when. He waited till the prospect gave a glance or smile or nod. Perceiving moods is a gift and the ungifted are not salesmen. The ruddy, smiling youngster on the First Street wall had a tiny niche in the memories of many prominent Washingtonians.

JACK was on the watch particularly this day for the dozen affable gentlemen who had shaken his hand the night before; he would show them special attention. Shortly after four in the afternoon he saw the very nice stout man who had seized his hand out of simple kindness and without knowing him from Adam.

Legislative agent Podhunter was coming from the Senate offices. His interview with some senator had been no use; Mr. Podhunter looked ill-humored.

"Hello, Mr. Podhunter! Nice day, sir! May I offer you the three-star edition with closing Wall Street prices?"

Mr. Podhunter glanced, halted, stared, said slowly and sourly, "Well, I'll be—" It was the exasperating little squirt whose acquaintance he had falsely claimed on the President roof. A newsboy!

Mr. Podhunter moved on, holding Jack transfixed by his stare. He snapped

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AT MOBILGAS AND MOBILOIL DEALERS

his stare away, strode purposefully down First Street.

"He didn't know me again," murmured Jack regretfully.

A half hour later he received evidence that Mr. Podhunter had known him again. There came the deputy superintendent of the public building on whose grounds Jack was conducting business.

"Jack," said the deputy, "you have to clear out. Somebody's kicked on you. I don't know who, and it doesn't matter, as anybody could. You have to clear out now and not come back."

"Who—what can I do, Mr. Conklin? Who can fix it?"

"Congress," said the deputy. "Get an Act of Congress—though the Supreme Court might declare it unconstitutional. This is government property! . . . Sorry, Son. Get going right away and don't come tomorrow."

AT 5:30 P.M. Jack approached the Ambassadorial Club.

In a club window commanding a view of the cellar entrance sat a large-bodied and long-necked lady. She was the proprietress of the Ambassadorial. She raised the window as Jack neared.

"Good evening, Miss Collick!" called Jack, cheery for politeness' sake only; he was feeling glum. "Almost like summer, isn't it?"

"It is almost summer, Smith," said Miss Collick. "We don't need the furnace going any more."

"Shall I let it go out?"

"No, Smith, I'll let it go out. You get your things and go out, too."

"You mean—you're letting me go?"

"I'm letting you go, Smith," said Miss Collick. "Whether them that are waiting for you will let you go I can't answer. Whatever you are up to by night you can't be up to it here. This is a respectable house, Smith, and I don't want any double-lifers in my cellar. I saw you going out yesterday and you didn't look like a furnaceman or newsboy. Go!"

Jack slunk into the Ambassadorial cellar.

The situation was becoming a bit thick. He had blown most of his capital on his evening out; he had lost his place of business; and now he had lost his home. The eighty cents he averaged from his morning delivery route wouldn't keep him in breakfasts.

He had lost all, practically—except Dot. He managed a ghostly smile on that.

He still had Dot. . . . And then, suddenly, he wasn't sure even of Dot. He had rounded the folding screen in the cellar—and there, sitting on Jack's cot, was Mr. Mivvle.

MR. MIVVLE raised a hand.

"No explanations are needful, Smith. You deceived me—and not only me but my dear little girl, and not only her but Mrs. Mivvle—and Mr. Woodhull! I have been sitting here in agony of mind. Are you a Secret Service man that Mr. Hoover goes to for information, as you intimated? No, you are a newsboy. Are you stopping here? No, you tend the furnace. I have had a talk with the lady upstairs, Smith. My poor Dot!"

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle, Dot knows all about me!"

"Dot does? You didn't palm yourself off as a rich young clubman? She knows you deliver our newspaper? . . . Then it's not quite so bad—but that's not the half of it, Smith. Did you write to Mr. Woodhull?"

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle! Did he get it? Oh, gosh."

"Yes, Smith. Or somebody of his staff got it, at any rate. And, Smith, I came here meaning to thank you!"

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle. But—thank me?"

"This morning, Smith, our chief of division sent for me. The secretary had asked him to talk to me and report. We've known each other for years and he wasn't hopeful at first; he seems to have had the false impression that I am just a yes-man, no executive personality. I can say I agreeably surprised him as we discussed the work of the section. And this afternoon, Smith, an order from the Secretary's office appointed me acting chief of section; the permanent appointment and salary to follow if my work justifies."

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle!"

"Smith"—the work-worn old clerk's voice shook—"it's what I've dreamed of. I've been doing the work for political appointees for years. I'll give them the best job was ever done in the department!—if I have a right to the place. But have I? Was I appointed under false colors? Does the Secretary think he is obliging some big bow-wow? That's the position you've put me in. . . . Smith, do you think that damned letter of yours did me any good?"

"BUT of course not, Mr. Mivvle! The Secretary knows me from selling papers on First Street. I didn't make believe I was somebody big; I just said—oh, what they all say. Maybe it gave him a laugh—or just reminded him of you as the best man—or maybe he never saw my letter at all!"

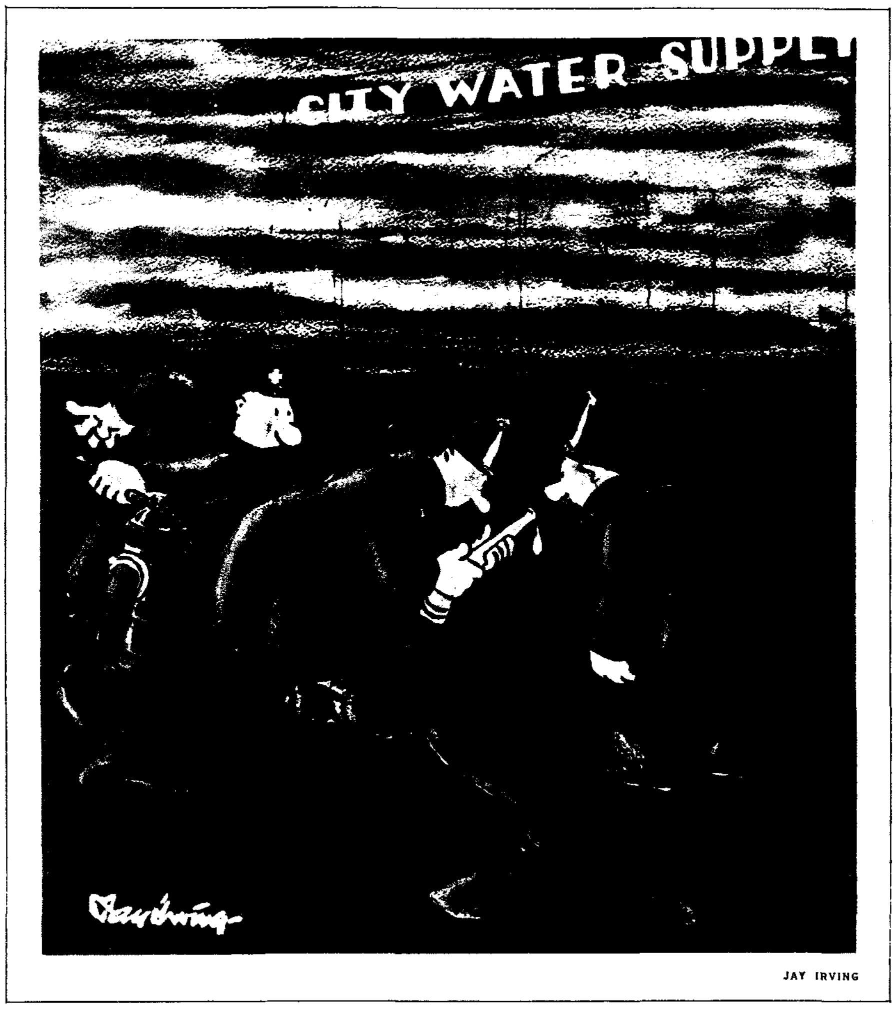
"You think so?" Mr. Mivvle lifted, breathing deeply. "Yes, Smith, I dare say you're right. Better let the matter rest. You're selling papers on First Street? No? What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Suppose you come to the house after dinner," suggested Mr. Mivvle, rising. "I wouldn't say anything to Mrs. Mivvle about selling papers for the present. . . . Jack, as chief of section I have a messenger appointment at fourteen hundred per annum—want it?"

"Oh—Mr. Mivvle!"

"Tut, tut, my boy—thank me by doing hard and faithful work! That's the way to succeed in the Government as I know by my own experience and don't let anybody tell you different. See you later!"



JAY IRVING

The Man Who Didn't Quit

Continued from page 11

confident was Guderian of the success of these tanks that many of them were armored only in front. From the beginning the Germans fought an offensive war with the possibility of retreat ruled out.

Today de Gaulle is the only articulate voice the free Frenchman has. Each day hundreds of weary French who managed, by some miracle, to escape from the cataclysm that engulfed their country go to his dingy suite of offices in St. Stephens house on Victoria embankment, asking to join his forces, pleading for a chance to strike a blow that might by some miracle breathe life into the corpse that is France. Within two months de Gaulle may be a half-forgotten name but if the miracle should happen he will emerge as the greatest and most patriotic of the French generals, the one man who refused to be a stooge for the miserable set of leaders who figured in the betrayal at Bordeaux. If de Gaulle's past is to be believed it is difficult to think that his future will be sterile.

In the beginning his career followed the military pattern. He graduated from St. Cyr as a lieutenant. He fought in the last war under the then Colonel Henri Petain. He was wounded twice but each time returned to his regiment. Then, during the Verdun battle, he was wounded badly and taken prisoner by a German patrol. He made five abortive efforts to escape and each time had to endure the penalties for such failure.

His military career after the war was active except for a stretch at teaching in the military college at St. Cyr. During recent years his radical military theories received support from only one man in a high place, Paul Reynaud. During the first week of June he was recalled from the front by Reynaud to join the cabinet as Undersecretary of State for War. Reynaud felt that his colleagues were weakening under the pressure of both German military and fifth column strength; he wanted one additional strong voice to overcome the babble of the incompetent and the senile who through no fault of his had been put into the cabinet which he headed.

De Gaulle's tenure as a member of the cabinet was short-lived. When Reynaud was deposed at Bordeaux and Petain put in, de Gaulle knew that it was all over but for the division of spoils. He hurried to London where he sent out an appeal to colonial generals for help.

One inducement was offered to French officers who fell in line with the Bordeaux government. The Germans promised them that their pensions would be safe if they behaved well. They held the safety of their families over their heads as another blackjack. Thousands of French officers made their choice. They picked what they thought would be financial security and continued health for their families. They threw in their lot with the Bordeaux group which, day by day, becomes more of a puppet government.

Blame the Men on Top

De Gaulle, with the reticence of a professional soldier, refuses to condemn or even comment upon the action of his fellow French officers. He condemns the politicians and the general staff bitterly, but he has not reproached the men who fought so brilliantly with him at Abbeville and at Cambrai during the nightmare of May. De Gaulle would rather discuss the lessons this war has taught the military world today. No country can say that distance protects it from the mechanized forces of another nation. He says, "To date the war has taught us that we have a real military revolution. If I were an American I would take these lessons to heart. America must be ready at any time with the necessary weapons to meet a modern attack, with mechanized forces of air, land and sea. If I were an American I would take for my slogan, 'We should do our utmost to save liberty in this world by all means and at any cost.' "

De Gaulle stood erect and strong; his face showed nothing but confidence. He terminated our talk with a short nod and a strong handshake.

Outside, in the badly lighted hall, men and women were waiting to see him. There were two small anterooms. In one a bespectacled lieutenant took the names of the callers, in another a Cockney lad answered a telephone. The shabbiness of the uncarpeted room and the derelict furniture, dimly lighted by uncertain bulbs, seemed a poor setting for bright dreams. But General Charles de Gaulle, the man who didn't quit, may emerge from the shabbiness of this old office building to make the dreams of hundreds of thousands of free Frenchmen come true.

We Furnish the Home

Continued from page 13

There can be few pieces of furniture because many of them are built to work full time. The beds, for instance, made up to be couches in the daytime. You needn't worry about spoiling your bed by sitting on it, either, for every mattress in the house is built with special controlling strips of steel over the inner springs that make for a resilient but firm surface and with no danger of springs bumping through.

The bed-couch in the many-purpose room has a special trick besides. With upholstery-covered mattress and long cushion across the back, it's a trim-looking couch in the daytime. It slips part way into a pocket in the wall, to leave just a comfortable sitting depth; and to give the proper pitch to the seat the front legs are longer than the back ones. The mattress is also a little thicker along the front edge. When you want to use the couch as a bed, pull it out from the wall and flip the mattress over. The thick edge goes back to counteract the shorter legs, giving you a level sleeping surface.

Since the upstairs rooms are small, Mr. Cooper has not furnished them like bedrooms. Do that, with beds sticking out into the room, a chest here and a dressing table there, and a chair or two stowed where possible, and what have you? A display of bedroom furniture, maybe, but hardly a place to move around, or to enjoy a book or write a letter in the daytime.

So the rooms have been designed to be living quarters by day as well as sleeping quarters at night. Beds, which are daytime couches as we have seen, pushed against the wall, astonish you with the resulting space.

In the girl's room you see a table-top desk extending out from the window. But sit at the end away from the window, and you can open it up like a vanity table, to find work surface and storage space for beauty gear. A mirror pulls into place and there you are—every convenience, in a room that is not bedroomish but still as feminine as you please, with its soft, light colors and dainty furniture.

Plenty of Versatility

In the master room, the dressing table has all the advantages of built-in furniture. It saves space by hugging the wall, a continuation of the birchwood closet wall, with mirror between the windows. It has the trim, part-of-the-room look of built-in furniture, too, that gives an impression of uncluttered spaciousness. But it is not anchored to the wall. It is actually two separate cabinets and a table, ready for a different arrangement in a different room—an idea you can apply to all built-in furniture.

The upholstered chair here has a matching bench in the dressing corridor of the room—they can be put together for a chaise longue. The back of the chair is flat so that a man can throw his trousers over it, and have them creased in the right places in the morning; might as well make use of everything.

Notice how many of the chairs through the house are similar to the dining chairs. You could bring them all together in the playroom for movie-party seats, and you'd have a very harmonious collection; yet they are different enough in woods and upholstery so that you wouldn't be reminded of a regiment.

Mr. Cooper has made a special point of having the few tables in the house big enough to set things on. Notice the enormous one at the head of the beds in the master room, big enough to hold all the books, magazines, thermos jugs, clocks, jigsaw puzzles, soothing sirups and what not you might require in the course of any night. Notice the oak coffee table in the living room, with man-sized removable metal ash trays sunk in either end; the mahogany tray table in the same room, lacquered in a design of smoking pipes and a sprig of leaves. Lift the tray off by its pigskin-covered handles.

But the prize table is the long, narrow one against the living-room wall, which is actually five tables. Each end is Mr. Cooper's idea of a nest of tables—two sturdy, squarish tables so beveled at the edges that one can stack solidly on top of the other. Lift them easily apart, and you have four extra tables when buffet suppers spread into this room. The center section now left behind is in two parts that can be fitted together side by side instead of end to end, and clamped in place to form the steadiest, handsomest bridge table you have ever seen.

Comfort Needn't Mean Bulk

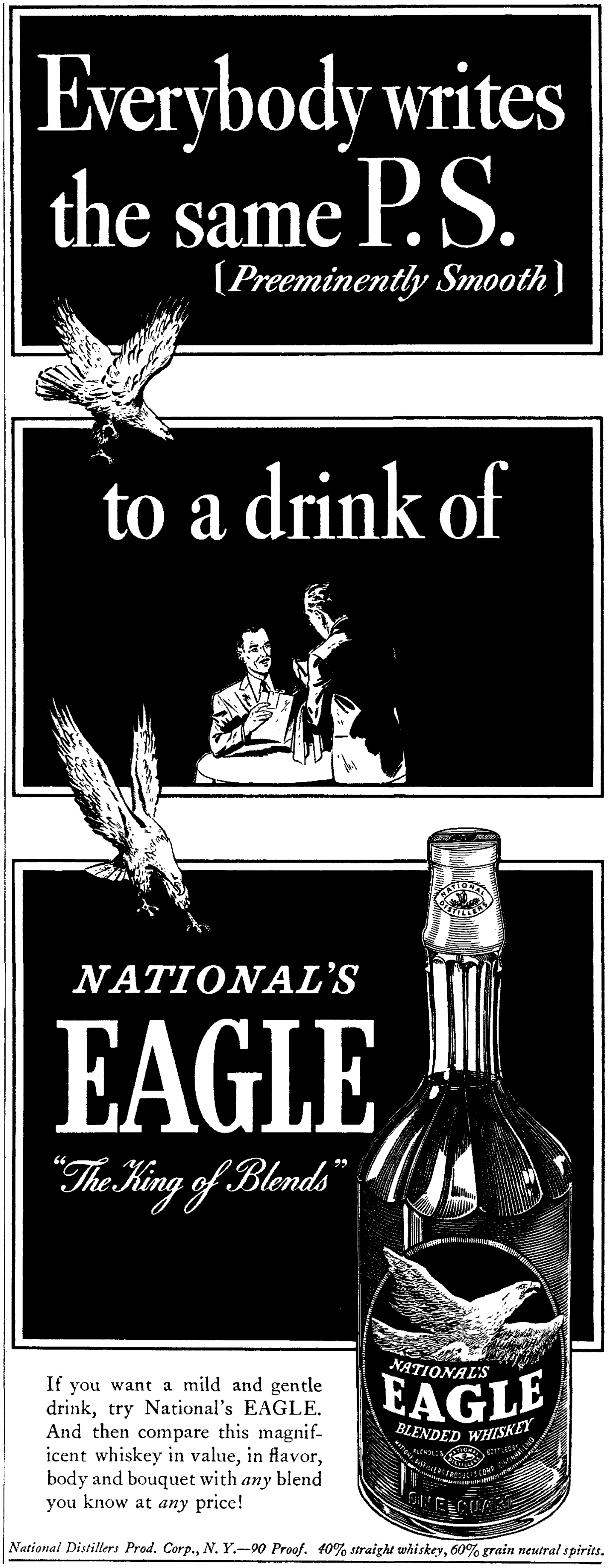
The upholstered furniture in Collier's House is another demonstration of Mr. Cooper's practical ideas. Why overstuffed things that are all out of scale with the room? he wants to know. Why overstuffed things, anyway, that are elephants to move around? Why squashy couches that are mussed-looking when you get up from them? He gives you comfort without all this padding in upholstered chairs that are easy to handle; in sofas with removable cushions, like the two-seater at the fireplace. The cushion, which forms seat and back, is easy to flip off to the upholsterer, come re-covering time, and stout enough to look orderly after a sitting session.

We could go on and on like this. There are curtains that draw over onto the wall, blocking no light in the daytime; unlined, for more light and cheer. There is the great beauty of fine cabinetwork. There are pieces of sculpture through the house, and paintings on the walls, reproductions of the work of modern masters from the museum of modern art, of a kind that are fast taking their places in the hearts and homes of America, at a cost within reach of many pocketbooks.

This mixture of common sense and beauty and usefulness didn't just happen. It's not the misguided modernist's idea of sweeping out the past and starting new, with cold, stern lines to show he'll have no fripperies and nonsense. Mr. Cooper has decorated in all styles. He has done great houses in the grand manner, and simple ones like his own Virginia farmhouse. He knows furniture and periods so well that he can forget them, and concentrate on the fundamental reasons why we furnish houses at all—for comfort and use, and beauty, too. He has a sense of the suitable that makes him know what furniture to use and how—and how to eliminate it, also, which is the final essence of good decorating.

In the next article you will read about the lighting of Collier's House, done by experts working with Mr. Stone and Mr. Cooper, to give you more new ideas for making your house a pleasant place in which to live.

A booklet containing many more details about Collier's House of Ideas is now available. To obtain one, send ten cents to Mr. E. K. Simpson, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



If you want a mild and gentle drink, try National's EAGLE. And then compare this magnificent whiskey in value, in flavor, body and bouquet with *any* blend you know at *any* price!

National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y.—90 Proof. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Autograph

Continued from page 10

abruptly her knees felt like water; her courage was so much ooze. She said sharply, "Come with me, Joseph."

Inside it was cool and dark, and for the moment peaceful. She put a hand on his arm. "Please, Joseph, François is coming . . . get between us . . . just a minute . . . until I get my breath." Trilby turned away. Her violet-gloved hands trembled noticeably. She pressed them together, straightened her shoulders, threw back her head, tweaked her huge bunch of purple violets, touched her perky hat, turned back, said, "One hour, Joseph."

Of François, she asked, "Is Miss Littlefield here?"

"Miss Littlefield is waiting, Miss Jamison."

Trilby sighed. Her feet were silent on the soft rugs, her manner subdued. Diners caught sight of her and silence filled the great room, silence drawn suddenly taut. Trilby, her little head held high, followed François.

"Miss Jamison," he said at last, "Miss Littlefield." The silence ran away in a soft susurrus of sound. Trilby's head hurt. She forced her mind to register a window, a table, and in the other chair a pretty girl with a gentle mouth and great brown eyes.

Trilby held out her purple glove. "I hope I haven't made you wait."

"Not at all." The girl's soft hand was limp in Trilby's.

"Pretty," said Trilby.

Miss Littlefield was mute.

"Shall we order? I'm very tired and everyone is curious and, undoubtedly, hopeful."

"Hopeful?" Wide-eyed, the girl glanced about. People were staring. Whispering and staring. She shuddered.

WHEN the waiter was gone, Trilby said, "I asked you to lunch because I'm not working today. But you are wondering why I asked you at all?"

The girl drew one hand through the other. She was nervous but she was no coward. She could not quite control the tremble in her voice. "I imagine you want to talk about Prince di Traggioni."

"Gossip," Trilby counseled, "is still the second commodity of Hollywood. Everyone knows that I'm Alfredo's wife. The newspapers have been advertising that you are his current 'heart.' So smile, please. Don't think that I have any idea of being troublesome. I haven't." She spooned into the bouillon the waiter set before her.

Sheila said, "I'm glad you asked me, Miss Jamison. I—"

"My dear, don't explain. Love is very arbitrary. *Without a by-your-leave it* moves into our hearts and—" She spread her hands in a Gallic gesture.

"Oh," gratefully, "you are understanding."

"It's a trait one develops living with Alfredo." Trilby salted her soup. "I'm very fond of Alfredo."

A trace of defiance in her soft voice, Sheila said, "I'm fond of him, too."

Trilby thought, "Fond! Alfredo would snap you up whole and spit out your bones."

Sheila proffered the rolls but Trilby shook her head. Two women, passing the window, glanced in; one touched the other's arm and pointed. Instinctively Sheila drew back but Trilby, eating soup, said smoothly, "If you marry Alfredo, you'll get used to a canary-on-a-perch existence."

"It's not because of him! It's because you're Trilby Jamison."

"Maybe." Both women were silent while the waiter removed the soup plates and brought the main course. Boiled spinach was still boiled spinach for Trilby, even in a covered silver dish; Sheila had a chop and baked potato. "The thing is," Trilby said, "I'm all Alfredo has to look out for him. He's charming, lovable, extremely naïve and quite broke."

Sheila flushed. "We've never discussed money."

"A VULGAR subject," Trilby conceded. "With the habit of the vulgar—it pops up." She worried her spinach with her fork, exploring delicately. "I suppose your intentions are honorable?"

"Honorable!"

"Matters of this sort present twin solutions. If you do not intend to marry Alfredo," she shrugged, "it's simple. Although I think it's only right to say that I will not be saddled with the expenses of an affair—"

"Miss Jamison!"

A shadow fell across the table. "Will you?" a breathless youngster pleaded. "Will you, please?" She extended a book and fountain pen.

"It's a whim of mine—I always invite one guest at random from the telephone book"

RICHARD TAYLOR

Determinedly Trilby bent the corners of her lips upward the while she scribbled her name.

"Thank you." The child skipped back to her table, the book, like treasure-trove, hugged to her bosom.

Trilby stared after the small departing back. She wished Alfredo had not *sucked her dry of emotion. She wished* she *wanted* to create a scene instead of being so desperately anxious to avoid one. She wished she felt something more than a vague sympathy for the girl across the table. For one dangerous, wistful moment, Trilby dallied with truth. She said, "That means a great deal to me, Miss Littlefield, that child's eagerness, her belief . . . in me . . . in romance . . . in princes on white chargers."

Trilby sighed. "The fact that this is to be—well—kosher—makes what I have to say difficult." She paused; she seemed to gather courage as a concrete substance by a determined physical effort of her expressive hands. Smartly she said, "The expenses of Alfredo's divorce and your courtship should, I think, be borne by you."

The girl said, "Ah!" sharply, like a heart stabbed. Trilby hurried on: "This morning there was a statement from my jeweler. The purchase was described as a diamond-and-emerald bracelet. Maybe you want it, twelve hundred dollars' worth. Maybe you don't. If you do, very well. If you do not, return it. You will understand, I'm sure, that I don't wish to pay for it."

"But—but Alfredo . . ."

"He selected it. With Alfredo, it's the thought that counts. Not that he expected the bill to come to your attention. He signed for it and Alfredo is convinced that when he signs for anything, the transaction is complete."

Sheila crumbed a roll. In a small, dead voice, she said. "You make him sound very—very helpless and—and irresponsible."

"Not helpless, Miss Littlefield."

After a moment the girl said, "I shall, of course, return the bracelet."

Inexorably Trilby moved on: "Alfredo will want an allowance. But I've found that doesn't work. An understanding with tradespeople that his credit be cut off at a fixed amount is best. However, I have no wish to meddle and you may—"

The girl interrupted: "That lies with my father. I—I am dependent upon him."

"O-oh," Trilby's sudden overwhelming emotion was more relief than triumph. "Maybe I should speak—"

"No!"

"You must keep after Alfredo to write to his mother. The old lady gets abusive if she misses his weekly letter. He has three brothers, too, charming boys, all *of them. They are at school here and* during vacations they move in on you. Of course, you could refuse to accept them, but I wouldn't." Trilby made a slight deprecating gesture. "It isn't that Alfredo's grasping, exactly. He simply lacks a comprehension of finance."

Sheila said, "And people call you romantic!"

"I EARN my living by romance." Trilby went on doggedly. "If you didn't intend to marry Alfredo, expenses could be kept to a minimum: dinners, theaters, concerts, corsages. Moreover, when an affair wearies one—poof!" Her hands disposed of wearying affairs.

"Oh!" Sheila cried. "You're horrid! You make everything sound beastly!"

"I'm neither horrid nor beastly. I'm trying to help both of you. If I talk about money, it's because I respect it. Every dollar I spend is a dollar I've earned. I know what it is to be hungry. I know what it is to ask for work and get insults. Very impersonal insults in the big, fine offices. Leeringly, personal insults in the cheap ones.

"Now Alfredo costs me twenty thousand dollars a year and to me he is worth it. I don't feel horrid about him. I think I'm rather fine. After all, I am his wife. And according to the papers, we are proof that marriage in Hollywood can be successful. But even so, I'm not going to stand in your way; I'll not sue for alienated affections. As a divorcee I'll sacrifice a little something. Cinderella will lose a bit of her precious gilt and the loss will reflect in the box office. But I love Alfredo. So if it's best for him I'll give him to you. Only don't expect him prepaid!"

"I don't expect him at all," the girl said. "I comprehend, as you expect me to. He is a luxury far beyond me. You're trying to soften the blow by telling me that he is vicious and low. That you are cheap and vulgar. Well, ou are! I hope that I never see you again. Or Alfredo either!"

"You mean that?"

"I do. Oh, indeed, I do!"

"Alfredo," Trilby dipped a spoon into her orange ice, "is as God and his mother made him. Maybe I am cheap and vulgar but I don't honestly believe that I am. It's only—with all my practice I still haven't found a soft way to tell hard truths. I'm sorry you dislike me because I like you." She sighed. "You have more beauty and brains than the usual run of Alfredo's loves. Oh, believe me, I'm not being flippant. How could I be?" She held out her empty hands.

Sheila smiled, a hard, forced smile, and cut into her ice cream.

WHEN they had finished, the waiter brought the check and, smiling at his stale pleasantry, said, "Your autograph, Miss Jamison?" Trilby signed. She rose, shook hands with Sheila Littlefield, pulled on her purple gloves. Admiring glances followed her from the room, ruefully admiring glances from two columnists at a corner table who suspected that once again Trilby Jamison had robbed them of a story. Outside, the Hollywood sidewalk performed its recurrent miracle of yielding autograph hunters from every crack. She left her scrawl in their books and crept into her car.

"Home," she ordered. She added: "The long way, Joseph."

Joseph drove through the park. The car stopped after a long time. Joseph opened its door. He said, "Home, Madame."

She wiped her eyes. She tweaked her hat.

She stepped from the car, squared her shoulders, tightened her jaw and ran up the shallow steps. The house door swung open. Alfredo had been waiting for her in the hall.

He crooked an arm around her shoulders. "Darling, you look tired. Was it a bore?"

She leaned against him, savoring the strength of his well-kept body. "Not a bore. But difficult . . . difficult."

His lips teased hers with a hasty kiss. His voice was gay. "Forget it, my sweet. I, Alfredo, command it! Come." He led her to a window. "There it is," he said, "the little yellow car."

She laughed. "Alfredo, it's precious."

"And here's the check, darling." He held out a slip of crisp paper. "I made it out to save you trouble." He uncapped a fountain pen and screwed his face up like a little boy's. "Please, Miss Jamison—your autograph."

Thrilling MYSTERY NOVEL *Complete* IN THIS ISSUE

Even a blank check, signed by one of the richest men in America, couldn't pay Jim Steele for the terror and danger he and his lovely young wife encountered when he took on the fantastic Kinsolving case. Dana Chambers' exciting mystery, "She'll Be Dead By Morning," is not a serial, but complete in this issue—just a small part of the superb show the September American Magazine brings you for 25¢.

Underwood

THE TRUTH ABOUT *Co-eds*

More than 200,000 girls this fall, facing their first breath-taking days at college, are wondering: How much should I spend for clothes? What about shorts and slacks? Should I concentrate on studies—or dates? The American Magazine brings them the answers, after quizzing thousands of co-eds.

Every Boy a SOLDIER

Young soldier-Senator Henry Cabot Lodge believes universal military training highly beneficial for young America and vital for national defense. And gives the arguments, not of a politician but of a hard-boiled realist, to prove his point.

SIT DOWN WITH this exciting new novel, so exciting we hadn't the heart to run it as a serial. Complete in the September American, you can enjoy it all in a single evening; no waiting for the next issue to finish it . . . Then take your pick of the short stories. Start say with SAVAGE SERENADE, a dramatic story of Venezuela that's exhilarating as a cruise to the tropics. Eleven stories and novels in all in the September issue—and you'll love every one of them.

You'll have fun with the articles too, but far more than mere fun, for here's a magazine teeming with life as America really lives it—zestful, absorbing, thrilling. And the price of admission is only 25¢ for your entire family. Don't miss the September issue; out today.

Over 160 Exciting Pages To Enjoy and Profit By

WHEREVER YOU turn to first you're sure to find lively, fascinating reading. Here is just *part* of the September program:

TEXAS FIREBRAND: When a congressman is defeated for re-election and subsequently plastered with felony indictments he is considered politically dead. But when these disasters befell Maury Maverick of Texas, the alleged corpse leaped from the coffin and turned the funeral into a triumphant parade. Now, as clean-up mayor of San Antonio, Maury is giving the old town the thrill of its life. *Article by Beverly Smith.*

THE TOUCH OF A GENTLEMAN: The dusty stranger vowed he possessed a secret worth millions. Surprising things happened when he passed that secret along. *Short story by Willard Robertson.*

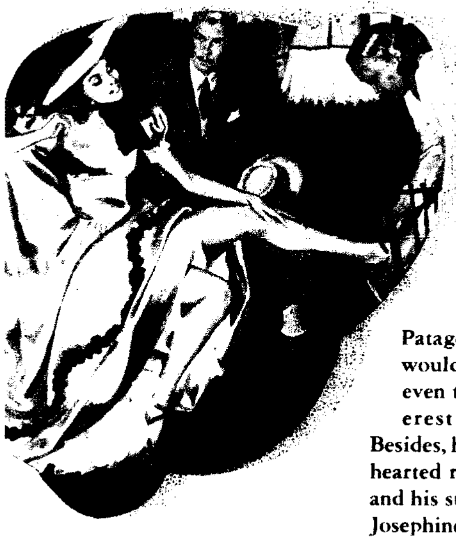
"I'M THE BILL COLLECTOR": Leaves from the diary of a man nobody wants to meet—and tips on how to deal with him if you *have* to. *Article by John Somers.*

THE PROUD MERCHANT PRINCE: Scattergood Baines, beloved old busybody and dictator of Coldriver, kicks his old friend Sam upstairs to save him from bankruptcy and smooth the course of Sam's granddaughter's romance. *Short story by Clarence Budington Kelland.*

CRAZY LIKE A FOX: Meet Jim Moran, the super-stunt man who actually sold a refrigerator to an Eskimo and found a needle in a haystack, all at a profit. *Article by John D. Greene.*

REGARDS TO OLD MAN TROUT: Jonathan was an elderly and respected trout whom no one ever thought of capturing, until the Duke of Kilshire blundered along and took Jonathan—with a worm! Only the love of a beautiful girl saved the Duke from something worse than hanging. *Short story by Edmund Gilligan.*

AND an Ogden Nash poem, cartoons by Steig, Soglow, and others; a fable from Munro Leaf—and lots more! Forty-six "time of your life" features in this issue.



JUDITH *wasn't the* OUTDOOR TYPE

And when she made a play for the great big out-doors man from Patagonia, Michael knew he would have to spoil her act even though she was the cleverest actress on Broadway. Besides, he loved the girl. A lighthearted romance of a playwright and his star, "Between Acts"—by Josephine Bentham, one of eleven fiction treats this month.

The American

The September American Magazine is on sale now at your favorite newsstand. Get your copy today.

Dr. Wolff

FIGHTING FOREIGN *Spies* *on the* AIR WAVES!

Federal sleuths are on the trail of the radio spies who transmit by short wave messages too hot for cables or diplomatic pouches. Donald Keyhoe and John Daly tell an amazing story of present-day espionage and the successful fight Uncle Sam is waging to catch up with foreign agents who use our air waves to report abroad and receive their orders from foreign governments.

NOW ON SALE

30¢ in Canada

Bally Boy

Continued from page 14

that favor, I will reduce the price so low that even a tiny little Scotchman could reach into his wee pocket, pull out his tiny pocketbook, and say, 'We can afford to go in!' That price will be children's prices to everyone—PROVIDED you reach the cashier in three minutes time. If you are not in line, the price will automatically go back up."

James has never studied mass psychology. He says he knows nothing about it beyond what he has learned from experience, and then he knows only the facts, not the explanations. For instance, he knows that if his crowd is scattered—his "tip," in show parlance—he can usually collect it by saying, "Step out of the gutter and come up close!" or "Gather down close like a bunch of bananas, because the banana away from the bunch always gets skinned!"

Sometimes he plays a primitive trick —tells them to come up and watch him put a fifty-cent piece into a pop bottle, or burn up a ten-dollar bill—and then, when the tip is gathered, he either seems to forget about the trick or brushes it aside with the remark, "I got into a crap game with the boss last night, and if that's not burning up ten bucks, I don't know what is!"

If they listen to his talk but hesitate to buy tickets, he gives them the Punk Needle. A "punk" is anything young; in this case, it's a small boy. James picks one, invites him to look under the teaser cloth—a canvas screen at the entrance to the side show—and asks him to tell what he has seen.

The small boy always answers, "I see a girl without any head!" and, says James, "the whole tip bangs for the ticket box."

Head-Office Censorship

A crowd represents to James only so many potential quarters in the damper. In his carnival days, when he was working on percentage, the more quarters the bigger the bonus. Sometimes he made as much as $500 a week. Ringling pays him a straight salary of $40 a week and keep, including transportation, but James feels that the prestige makes up the difference. Ringling men command a lot of respect in show business.

Otherwise, the advantage and disadvantages of the job about balance. Talking for the carnival was much more competitive. Rival shows were lined along the midway, and a talker had to gather the tip coming out of the show before his and grind it in before it drifted past him. Ringling has only the one side show. On the other hand, James was a platform talker in carnivals, whereas now he has to work from a ticket box and make change.

Ringling also censors him to a certain extent. He has to keep his talk clean and stick pretty close to the facts. James resents this only when he reflects what a talk he could make for the Siamese twins, if Ringling would give him a free hand, and—of course—if their father weren't one of the ticket takers. "Whom God hath joined together" would certainly be part of it, he says—"it's a line that's got everything!"

Don James's name is legally Jean O. Boutz. His father was a Swiss who had settled in Portland, Oregon; neither parent had any connection with show business. Don was born in Portland, but grew up in Hoxie, Kansas, where his mother took him to live with her family after her divorce.

His first interest was athletics. He was captain of the high-school track team, made two letters in football, and won the state amateur 135-pound wrestling championship. His second interest was medicine. His grandfather believed he had the makings of a great surgeon, and gave him $1,500 for his education at the University of Kansas. He was just past his sixteenth birthday when he enrolled in the fall of 1931. Almost immediately he discovered a third interest: girls. He blew the $1,500 in four months.

A job as a bellhop in a hotel at Lawrence, the seat of the university, kept him going until the summer of his sophomore year, when a bet in a wheat pool brought him enough money to quit work. He continued his courses through the following spring, but just before the examinations he was assailed by doubts that medicine was his proper field.

"It's our boomerang hat. When it blows off your head, it comes right back"

REAMER KELLER

In November of that year he spent an evening at a dance hall. He remembers its name—The Ritz—but he doesn't remember the name of the girl he met there.

He is sure she was attractive, though, because she persuaded him to sign up as her partner for a walkathon contest beginning on Monday. She had already arranged for a sponsor. The White Palace Restaurant would pay them $25 a week for wearing white sweaters with a slogan.

The team breezed along for the first month, but then the girl began to get tired. She gave up at 900 hours. He walked the next twenty-four hours alone and automatically won third prize of $500, which he split with her.

The $250 seemed such easy money for five and a half weeks' work that he decided to stay in the business. He was in it for a year. "Don't all infants," he argues, "have to learn to walk before they learn to talk?" He regretted leaving the university until somebody told him that left-handed men didn't make good surgeons anyhow.

This first walkathon gave him a new name as well as a new career. The promoter happened to object that "Jean O. Boutz" didn't sound romantic enough at a moment when Boutz happened to be thinking of a friend named James MacDonald, so he twisted the name into "Don James" and adopted it.

As soon as one walkathon was over, James jumped to the next one. All were managed alike and all were "gaffed," he says. Part of the gaff was the title "walkathon." You didn't have to walk; you merely had to stay on the floor, lifting an arm or wiggling a foot. Theoretically, you did this for forty-five minutes in every hour and rested for fifteen. Actually, you walked only thirty-five minutes, because three minutes were allowed for the lavatory and seven for seeing the doctor. James remembers getting a doctor to lance sixteen boils for him one afternoon, before his system became adjusted to the life.

You could skip this time-out if you wanted to, and add the ten minutes to your rest periods until you had saved enough for a good sleep. All the contestants slept in their clothes with their feet above their heads for the sake of circulation. They were fed seven times a day, but they were never given sugar or butter. They got so that three teaspoons of sugar would make them drunk, and butter was too fattening. Even without it, James would put on fifteen pounds in the month that a walkathon usually lasted.

His average weekly income was around forty dollars, made up from prize money, salary from sponsors, and tips from spectators who called upon him to sing. He has a poor singing voice and he knew only two songs, Love Thy Neighbor and The Little Dutch Mill, but the money and the chance to sit down were the important things; he didn't mind his voice if the spectators didn't.

James says he rather enjoyed his year with the walkathons, and he might have kept on in the same line if he hadn't been "duked." The duking took place in the 619th hour of a walkathon at Mandan, North Dakota, in the fall of 1935. Only twenty-six couples had entered, and the town's slight original interest soon dwindled away entirely. One night the walkers came out of their midnight doze to find that the promoters had packed up all their "flash"—banners, photos, floodlights and announcements—and had blown town, taking the cash box with them.

A Star Finds His Orbit

James, broke, was debating what to pawn, when one of the contest judges introduced himself as a former alligator wrestler, and said he thought he could get jobs for both of them with Hennies Brothers Carnival, which was playing over at Bismarck. They got the jobs—the alligator wrestler as an inside lecturer, James as a ticket seller. The night they joined, the dwarfs in the African Pigmy Village struck because their sienna make-up powder had run out, and lampblack was the only available substitute. James still laughs at the recollection of eight naked, bad-tempered little men cursing in Polish and Bohemian as they tried to scrub the lampblack off their faces.

James' employer was a man named Red Scott, who owned an illusion show. Scott could glance at an illusion he had never seen before, solve it, and go build a duplicate. When he had built a dozen or so, he would book them with a carnival, which would furnish transportation, tent, lights and a banner line in return for 50 per cent of the gross profits. Scott started James at five dollars a week and keep. After three weeks, he was raised to ten dollars, later to twenty-five. He finished out the 1935 season at Houston and left with a contract for the following year.

The $700 he had saved would have seen him through the winter if he hadn't taken up with a French girl he had met at Port Arthur. The story was a repétition of his freshman year. This time a job in a transients bureau, at fifteen dollars a week, tided him over until April, when Scott went on the road with Hennies Brothers again.

James was still a ticket seller, but Scott occasionally asked him to double as inside lecturer and manipulator for the illusions. The most spectacular ones were the Blade Box (false padlocks), the Egyptian Torture Cabinet (false spikes), the Guillotine (false blade) and the Pigeon Vanish (false table top). Since his ticket box was outside the tent, James had never had a chance to listen to the patter, so he had to make up his own when he took over. It shames him now to remember what an amateur he was when he began.

Inside lecturing, or "making the pitch," is far below outside talking, or "making the opening," in the peerage of the side show, and James had never yet made an opening. One reason was that Scott's talker, Preacher Monroe, a Canadian, was probably the best in the business. Talkers usually work for a percentage of the gate; the average is 5 per cent, though some get as little as 2½ per cent. Preacher Monroe got 12 per cent, the highest rate on record. James can still recite his ballys verbatim and accompany them with his favorite gestures.

The Preacher's greatest feat was gathering a tip and grinding it in without saying a word. He did it one Fourth of July night when he suddenly "blew his pipes," James says, after leather-lunging all day without a microphone. The feature of the show was the Head Without a Body (no relation to the Headless Girl), and the Preacher got the idea across to the tip by running up the steps to the platform, grabbing himself around the neck, sticking his tongue out, rolling his eyes, and running down again. James doesn't know what else he did, but he knows that the tip stampeded for tickets.

A Break from the Preacher

James is indebted to the Preacher for the first opportunity to make an opening. He was dozing in his ticket box one night when he heard the Preacher break off his talk and announce, "The Floating Girl is floating in the air now, and I must hold one of the hoops. My assistant will continue the description of the marvels that await you." He pointed to the ticket box and stepped down. Panicky, James mumbled a few words, and the tip that the Preacher had already gathered surged up to buy tickets. Red Scott happened to stroll past at the moment; he congratulated James on his talk.

The end of each season found him broke. He put in the first winter at a machine shop in Carruthersville, Missouri, building a new set of illusions which he sold to Scott for $400 the next spring.

The second winter, he worked as an inspector of spinach cutters at Muskogee, Oklahoma, seeing that they didn't weight their baskets with rocks.

Both these seasons had been so unprofitable that he decided to quit show business for good and hitchhike west. The first driver who gave him a lift was the manager of the Mayflower Hotel in Los Angeles. James talked himself into a job as bartender, although he knew nothing about it, and saved up enough by May to buy a car for a tour of the Pacific Coast. The tour ended at Tacoma, in a collision. When he had paid off the damage to the other car, just enough money was left for his fare to Jamestown, North Dakota, where he learned from Billboard that Red Scott was now working with the Fairley & Little Shows.

Scott gave him his old job of manipulating the illusions, but James had lost the knack in his long layoff. A few days after he joined, he boggled the Guillotine and dropped the real blade on the girl's neck. The blade was dull, so she was merely stunned, but James leaped off the platform, plunged through the crowd, and caught the first train out.

Hennies Brothers, he learned from Billboard again, was playing Columbus, Ohio, with an illusion show managed by Skeeter Lorow. The morning James reached Columbus, Lorow's regular talker had a heart attack, and James was hired to fill in. That day, he grossed $300, a new high for the show, and next day Lorow gave him a contract at 10 per cent of the gross and 25 per cent of the Blade Box. It was under Lorow that James hung up his all-time records of $300 in one hour at Dallas and $2,000 in one day at Detroit.

Figures like that get around the carnival world fast. When Hennies Brothers ended its season, Royal American, the biggest carnival in the country, snapped up James for the winter fairs on the southern circuit. He was talking for Royal American at the Sarasota Fair in January, 1939, when Clyde Ingalls, the manager of the Ringling side show, asked if he would like to sign with them that year.

Working for Ringling, James averages six hours a day in the box, seven days a week. He reports for work soon after ten in the morning, sees that his box is set up, that his mike is connected, and that he has five dollars in change. At 10:30 he makes his first opening, and talks off and on until 3:30, when the matinee has absorbed the last of the come-ins. From then until 4:45 the side show is closed, unless the "lot lice" are people who haven't enough money for admission to the big show; they are especially thick in New Orleans and Montreal.

The come-out from the matinee is the biggest crowd of the day, so James talks fairly steadily from 4:45 until 5:45, when the side show closes again until the evening come-in starts at 6:30. If Ringling is playing a one-night stand, the side show closes for good at 9, since its equipment has to go out on the first of the four trains. Otherwise, it stays open until midnight, to catch the evening come-out.

On an average day, James makes about half the total of sixty openings, divided half and half between come-ins and come-outs. An opening for a come-in lasts 3½ minutes, and about half as long for a come-out (come-outs are impatient to get home), so he figures that his Ringling microphone carries more than 10,000 words a day, or 2,100,000 a season—"each one different," he likes to boast, "each one strange and beautiful."

The Ringling season begins early in April and runs into November. James lays off from then until early January, when he joins Royal American for six weeks. This gives him a working year of around thirty-six weeks and a total salary of around $1,600, plus keep and transportation. His total income, however, is around $2,000. The difference is made up by "walkaway money" left by forgetful ticket buyers. Carnival talkers don't have this bonus, because they don't double as ticket sellers, as Ringling requires James to do.

There's Gold in Those Walkaways

Ringling prides itself on being an honest show, and James makes an honest effort to give every customer his money. He has never deliberately short-changed anyone. He puts a man's change on the shelf in front of him, but he counts a woman's into her hand. Before he learned to do this, there was hardly a day when some woman didn't complain that she had been gypped, and tie up the whole line while she was finding out that she hadn't been. Walkaways, though, simply don't wait for their change; they grab their tickets and beat it for the entrance.

A favorite trick of the carnival gyps was to sell a ticket to a shill and yell after him, when he was fifty yards away, "Hey, mister! You forgot your change!"

James doesn't yell after walkaways. All he does is rap on the shelf. He says he keeps a special sponge to rap with.

His greatest windfall was at Fort Francis, Canada, in his first year with Hennies Brothers. A customer shouted for five tickets, handed him a bank note and a quarter, and rushed off. Not only was the note a twenty—it had another twenty stuck to it, and James was $39 ahead on the sale. Last year he had five walkaways from tens, but not one from a twenty.

He might be more protective toward walkaways, he thinks, if it weren't for his tendency to give too much change instead of too little. Shortages have to be filled from his own pocket, and he has cost himself as much as six dollars a day.

James hasn't seen his parents or his sister and brothers for six years. Until he married a girl from a Tampa beauty shop a few months ago, he was tempted to quit show business out of plain loneliness. Freaks are chummy among themselves, but they are reserved with ordinary people, and the turnover in the administrative staff is so high that they never have a chance to become intimate with one another. More to pass the time than anything else, James makes a hobby of devising new illusions. He spent nearly two years planning a Long-necked Girl only to discover that someone had beat him to it. At present he is devoting himself to a Girl With Two Heads, but he admits that he hasn't gotten very far with it.

If he ever settles down to a regular life, he'd like to live in Houston, which he considers just a big country town, "full of happy gillies." His ambition is a job as an announcer at a Houston radio station.

The only thing that worries him is his absent-mindedness. He's afraid that he'll be introducing some famous actress and absently slip into his bally for the Headless Girl: "Her body must be kept at the same temperature at all times. The doctor is getting her ready now. In just three minutes, liquid nourishment will be pumped into her veins. . . ."

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

The new champion waved me aside. "A speech? Nothing doing! I'm just a tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I ask. "You've won the tennis cup, now you've got to tell them how you did it. Here — settle yourself with a stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great and that tang —"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman's — it's got what it takes. A fresh taste that's doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that's too good to last — yet does." He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech! It'll be good, too — if you'll just keep that package of Beeman's on tap!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

My Friend, Kerry Boyne

Continued from page 8

came, we walked up to Pinterelli's candy store and sat down at one of the marble-topped tables.

I said, "She didn't even thank you, did she, the stuck-up snob?"

"She didn't have a chance," Kerry said.

A little while later, though, she thanked him, I guess. At least, he said they'd danced together a lot at the Mason's summer dance.

But I didn't even know about it until the day after Cap Penberthy tried to bulldoze Kerry in Walters' saloon.

Kerry never would tell me much about that. But I heard from other people. Nights in bed I used to lie and think about it, and wish I'd been there. That was the only time, they said, that Cap Penberthy had ever been told off.

First, it is necessary to understand that Cap Penberthy was the superintendent of mines for the International Steel Company, and in those days that meant that everybody in town worked for him, either directly or indirectly. He was a good superintendent; he'd come up through the ladder-roads. He got the ore out. That was the best I could say for him.

Kerry Boyne was a railroad man, a boomer. All railroad men were toughs in those days, and the boomers were the worst. Of course, I knew what kind of a man Kerry was, and today I know that Evangeline Penberthy did, too. But who else?

So maybe Cap had some right to get huffy. He came into Walters' saloon that night and saw Kerry at the bar. "Hey, you," he said. "You the one who stopped my girl's runaway?"

"Yes," Kerry said.

Penberthy was a little man. He always wore a gray suit and a gray cap pulled over one eye. He had a deep, big voice. "That's all very well," he said, "all very well. But I don't want you hangin' around my daughter. Understand? I'm grateful, an' all that. If you'll drop around at the minin' office sometime, I'll see there's a check for you. I've already taken care of the other one, the one who got hurt."

KERRY put his glass down on the bar and turned around slow. "Aren't you gettin' a little big-headed?"

Cap swelled his chest. "Big-headed? Big-headed? Because I don't want riff-raff callin' on my daughter socially?"

Kerry said, "If you were twenty years younger and twenty pounds heavier, I'd slap that mouth of yours down to your size."

Big Dick Davis, the Cousin Jack wrestler, was there. The Cornish were top dogs in the mining country then. And they were clannish. Besides, Cap Penberthy was the biggest dog there was.

" 'Ere," Dick said. " 'Ere. 'Oo the bloody 'ell they booger think 'e is? They booger can't talk Cap . . ."

He stepped in front of Penberthy and held his arms out as though he were reaching for a hold. He wasn't expecting any trouble, really, I guess.

Kerry sloughed him square in the face.

Davis went backward, knocking Cap staggering into a corner. They tell me that room full of men might have been frozen there.

Kerry walked across and picked Cap up by the front of his coat. He put him on his feet, and pulled his cap from over his eyes where one of Davis' flopping arms had knocked it. "Look," he said, and pointed to the wrestler on the floor, his nose mashed flat and his front teeth gone. "That's what you'd get if you weren't an old man." Then he walked out.

But that wasn't the end of it. To begin with, Cap blamed Walters for letting Kerry get away with it, and six months later Walters sold out his stock and what was left of his good will, and left town.

And then, for two weeks someone or other was always taking a crack at Kerry, figuring the man who licked him would be sitting pretty with Cap. It got so he wouldn't walk anywhere but in the middle of the street after dark.

That's the way it was all summer. As far as I know, Kerry never spoke to her again until the day they were married. But every evening he would come out of White's Hotel and light his cigar at the corner of Main Street. Then he'd walk slow up the hill, up and around by Penberthy's. And if she was in the hammock in the front yard, he'd tip his hat and bow, and walk on around and back by the school, standing empty and lonesome in the warm night.

I know because I used to walk with him.

ONE night he said, "You want to do a little stealing, Bum?"

I had to laugh at that. Kerry Boyne stealing. "Sure," I said.

So after we'd made our walk, we got Satan, the best horse in the livery barn, and a buggy, and headed out toward the Christian Mine. "What're we goin' to do, Kerry?" I said.

"Steal a dog."

That was different, and no harm in it—like stealing apples. There was only one man out this way who had a dog worth stealing, and that was Fat-stuff Royce, a fancy-man. He had a bull bitch who was a beauty and meaner than a weasel. He thought more of that dog than he did of any of his girls.

I said, "That guy'll shoot you, Kerry." He would, too, though he was a big blow.

"I'll do the stealing, Bum. You hold the horse."

We blew out the dash lamps, and turned down a back road, and then Kerry slipped off through the woods.

I waited, and pretty soon Kerry came back and jumped into the buggy. He didn't say a word, just jerked the whip from the socket and hit Satan a lick that sent him twenty feet in the first jump.

"Feel here," Kerry said.

I ran my hand inside his coat and hit something smooth and warm. The funniest little snarl came out.

"You got one!"

"Got two of 'em. One for you."

"How'd you ever do it, Kerry?"

"The old dog was tied to a post, and I just let her chase me around and around until she was snubbed short. Then I took my pick of the pups."

"Your pick?"

"Lit a match. You didn't think after all that trouble I was goin' to take a chance on a runt?"

We laughed together. That was the best I'd ever heard.

"Won't Royce be mad, though!" I said.

"Oh, I'll pay him. Good enough for him if I didn't though—refusin' to sell just because he doesn't like me."

Back in town he drove all the way up the hill and stopped. "Here. Take this pup, and give it to Miss Penberthy personally." He was smiling, looking awfully pleased, his gold tooth shining in the light of the dash lamps. "I heard almost a month ago that she wanted a dog, an' there ain't any better dog in the country than these pups."

"The senator would never let a crowd like that get away!"

THURSTON GENTRY

It seemed an awful waste to me, but if that's the way he wanted it. . . .

"The ol' man'll be down to the board of aldermen's meeting. Make sure you give it to her personally."

I tucked the puppy in my shirt and went up the walk. I knocked and waited. She came to the door herself, the light shining fuzzy through her hair. "Here's something for you," I said, and shoved the puppy at her, and ran.

So we used to walk around there evenings, and she'd be there in the hammock with the puppy. And Kerry would lift his hat, and bow, and she'd look at him, and then we'd walk on.

But one night, just before we got to Penberthy's, Paddy Burg, the town marshal, stepped out from behind a tree. He was, perhaps, the only fighting man Kerry hadn't tangled with. He'd killed a man once with his fists. "I got orders to keep you away from here," he said.

I could feel Kerry beside me get mad; though you couldn't see it. He said, "How's the livery barn?"

"All right," Paddy Burg said. "Come on."

We went to the barn. My chest was so tight and my heart so swollen I didn't know if I'd have breath enough to make it without resting. We went down the alley so no one would see us, and stopped just inside the back runway.

Kerry took off his coat and hat and shirt and handed them to me. Paddy Burg did the same. They walked down between the horses together, their undershirts white in the gloom.

I sat on the oat bin with my arms around those big heavy clothes, and I started sweating. I heard their feet go slow and steady down to the other end of the barn. I heard the door of the box stall slam, where they doctored sick horses. Then silence, except for the sounds of the livery horses, and I knew they were lighting the ceiling lamp.

Then I heard them fighting—but not plain.

I sat there, I don't know how long. I wanted to go to the door of the box stall and listen, but I couldn't move. I just sat there and listened to the stamp and pound of their feet, and the way the sick stall shook when they slammed against the wall, and I could hear their whistlings and their unconscious voices coming wild and far away from high up in their heads.

How long it lasted I don't know. There was some light when we came in, but it was pitch-dark when it was over.

I HEARD the stall door open, and a man walked toward me, slow and tired. I stared and stared, but I couldn't see anything. I opened my mouth, and words wouldn't come. The feet stopped for seconds, and I thought my heart did, too. I tried and tried, and finally I said, "Who is it?"

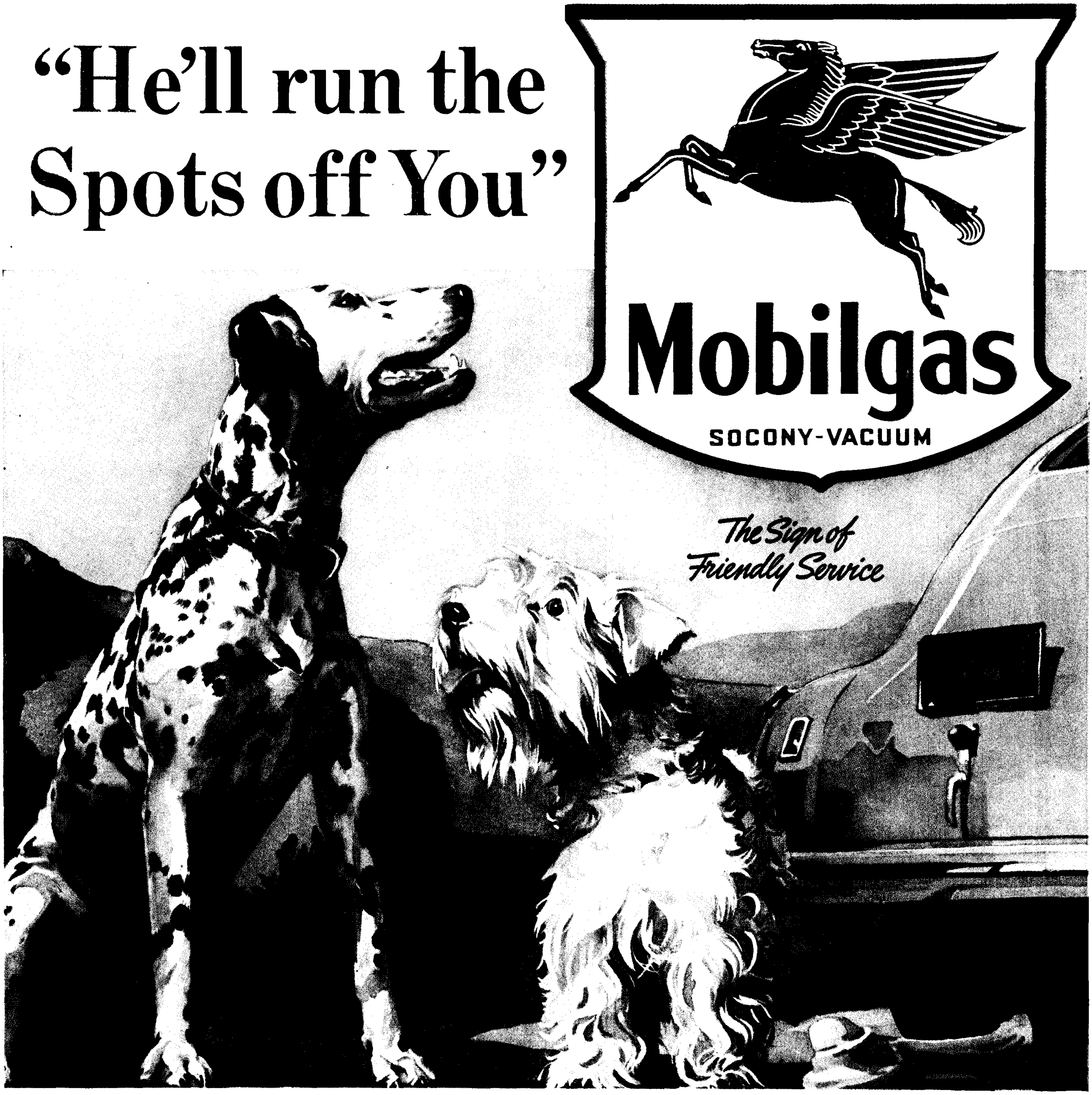
"It's me, Bum," he said, and I began to cry.

He came over and sat down beside me and put an arm around me and pulled me close to his chest. I smelled the sweat and the blood, and I cried harder than ever. He was the only man besides my uncle who ever saw me cry.

Kerry washed his face, and then in the dark we walked by Penberthy's. In front of the house, Kerry lit his cigar—but quickly, so she'd just recognize him, and not see how his face was all battered up. We heard her there in the hammock as we went away. Kerry sent me home then, and he went back to the barn to take care of Paddy Burg.

I didn't see him again until one afternoon on my way home from school. The

"He'll run the Spots off You"



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ore season was almost over, and every so often there'd be a day when he didn't work. "How's the pup?" he said.

Cap Penberthy drove up behind those blacks of his. He pulled up close to the walk, and leaned out of the buggy. "Hear you whipped Paddy Burg the other night."

Kerry's face was still swollen and battered. He grinned a little bit. "Yeah," he said.

"We got a custom around here," Cap said, "that whoever licks the marshal takes his job."

"I don't want it," Kerry said.

Cap kind of smiled.

"You stiffened him up, you oughta help him with his work. There's a dog up in front of my house, clutterin' up the street. I want you to go up and take care of it."

Kerry didn't say a word. The skin stretched over his face. All battered and bruised, he looked horrible. Even when Paddy Burg had stepped up to him he hadn't looked like that.

IT WAS the pup, the little fat brindle thing. He was lying on the grass between the road and the sidewalk.

Evangeline Penberthy came out of the house. She was wearing a gray dress, and her hair was held up with a blue ribbon.

I left them there together.

That evening Kerry came down to the house and asked my uncle to get him wire-passes.

We walked together up the hill. When we got to the front porch of Coles, the county clerk, we heard the kids squabbling at the supper table. They shut up when Kerry knocked. Then they started again, and Coles opened the door. His black hair hung down over his eyes and his shirt was bulging out of his waistband.

"I want a wedding license," Kerry said.

The county clerk swore. "Come around in the mornin'," he said. "I gotta right to some peace."

He made as if to shut the door, and Kerry grabbed a handful of the front of his shirt and jerked him out on the porch. "If you want a full set of teeth," he said, "you change your tune."

"Kerry Boyne!" Coles said. "I didn't recognize you. I thought . . . I'll get my hat and coat."

"Change that shirt, too," Kerry said. "You're goin' to be a witness, an' I want no dirty shirts at my wedding."

We waited on the porch. "Bum," Kerry said, "walk over to the courthouse with us, and then go down to the barn and get a rig, will you?"

Coles came out and we walked back down the hill with the plank walk plunking under our heels.

When they turned into the courthouse, I ran down to the livery stable. "I want Satan and a buggy," I told Joe La Fave who was sitting in the office.

I followed him back into the barn, and while he was downstairs I found the buggy I wanted. It was as good as any Cap Penberthy had, if not as stylish as his carriage.

While Joe harnessed Satan, I picked out the best robe they had, and I was in the buggy, ready to go, when Joe passed me the lines.

We dipped down the incline to the street, and trotted up the hill, around by the courthouse.

Kerry and Coles were just coming out. The county clerk was scared now that he knew who the girl was, and it had shrunk him.

"I got that new buggy," I said to Kerry. "I didn't get a carriage because they use them at funerals more than at weddings."

"You're a man to tie to, Bum," he said. "You've got a head."

My heart swelled so it hurt my jaws and I had to clamp my teeth tight.

Evangeline Penberthy was sitting in the Browns' front room. She was happy, I could see.

Kerry went right up to her and kissed her. "This is Bum Hogan," he said. "He's my best friend, and he's goin' to be best man."

Evangeline Penberthy said, "How do you do, Bum?"

She'd been crying. Her crying only made her eyes bigger and her mouth softer.

Kerry said, "Number Seven's due out of here in thirty minutes."

The Reverend Brown said as though he hated to, "Don't you think it would be wiser, Mr. Boyne, if we notified Captain Penberthy. . . ."

Kerry said, "We're doin' things my way now."

Evangeline Penberthy got up and stood beside him in front of the Reverend Brown.

"Stand alongside me, Bum," Kerry said, and I did, conscious of my clothes, because even the county clerk had a clean shirt on.

Kerry gave me a ring, and when he nudged me, I handed it back to him, and that was all except for signing my name.

When it was over, Coles ran out ahead of us.

Kerry said, "You drive, Bum." He put Evangeline Penberthy between us, and I helped him tuck the robe around her.

Down at the depot, the express car and the mail car were drawn up at the platform, but the train wasn't ready. The passenger car hadn't been hooked up yet. Kerry went into the depot for the passes my uncle had wired for, and Evangeline Penberthy and I sat there.

When Kerry came out he said to her, "Your father called up."

Her breath sucked in over her teeth. "What did he say?"

"Nothin'. Just asked if I was there, and when they said yes, he hung up."

We sat there for quite a while, nobody saying anything; I was feeling awfully lonesome. And then suddenly I was conscious of a sound up the hill. It was like a parade without music. "Listen," I said. "What is it?"

That noise made me itch. "I've got to go see," I said, and climbed out of the buggy.

It was a block to Main Street, and the noise was growing all the time. At the corner I saw what it was: better than halfway up the hill was a bunch of men. I could see the blob they made, and the light from the saloons and the stores on their faces.

They swarmed under the suspended arc light, then, and right in the middle of them was Cap Penberthy. As I watched, a man I knew was a shift boss at one of the mines led a bunch of Finnlander miners out of Autinen's saloon.

THAT was enough for me. I ducked between the buildings and came out in the alley. Then I ran through the dark for White's Hotel.

Munson and Old Man White were playing cribbage in the lobby. "Kerry's just married Evangeline Penberthy," I hollered. "An' ol' Cap and a gang are on their way to the depot."

Old Man White said, "I'll get my gun."

"No, you old rooster!" Munson said. "Roust out that freight crew upstairs. Tell 'em there's brake clubs at the freight house. Kid, you tell Boyne to hang on. I'm goin' over town an' see if I got friends."

I tore for the depot. In the ticket office was an old muzzle-loading shotgun that some agent had kept to protect the money. I whipped in the back way, grabbed the shotgun, and out again. I climbed one of the boxcars on the freight track and then jumped to the roof of the depot.

Kerry and Evvie were standing in the open doorway of the mail car. There must have been thirty men hollering around under the platform lights, throwing their shadows in sprawling chunks.

Cap Penberthy was right under a light, shaking his fist at his daughter and Kerry, hollering about an annulment.

My uncle was on the platform with a brake club in his hand, madder than a man with a bee in his underwear. "They're married, you dumbheads," he was shouting. "Don't you understand? They're married!"

Cap was screaming, "Never mind him! Never mind him! Get Boyne! *Get Boyne!*"

The crowd was edging up to the mail car, but nobody was anxious to get too close. I saw Kerry take a kick at somebody's face, but the guy ducked.

I propped the gun against my leg, prayed that it would go off without blowing up, pulled a hammer back with my thumb, and let her flip.

I almost went off the roof, and I almost lost the shotgun. But I blew an awful hole in all that noise.

Out of the silence, Cap said, "Who done that? What is it?"

I said, "It's me, up here with a double-barreled shotgun. Get away from that mail car."

With one movement, their faces all turned up. But I was in the dark above the lamps and they couldn't see me. Kerry gave one approving, triumphant shout of laughter.

"It's that kid," Cap screamed. "Somebody shoot him. He's dangerous."

Nobody had a gun, and everybody got away from the mail car.

Four or five men from the hotel, with Old Man White in the lead, came running along the platform from the freight house, and each of them carried a three-foot brake club. Jerking lanterns from the roundhouse told me that the swipes were on their way, and I knew that every one was swinging a wrench or a club or something.

And then the whole mob was stilled by the light of the engine bringing up the passenger coach. It showed Munson loping down at the head of four or five friends. Behind them came Paddy Burg, trying to shed his coat on the run. "Hang tough, Boyne," he was hollering. "Hang tough, Kerry."

My uncle hollered, "Hold it boys! No fightin' except to keep the peace."

KERRY jumped down from the mail car and lifted his wife down to him. She walked beside him with her head up, holding to his arm. They stopped just under me, and Kerry turned his face up to me. "Come down, Bum. The best man always kisses the bride."

"I'll stay up here," I said. "I've got another barrel left if you need it."

I didn't want to kiss her. He knew how I felt. She did, too, but it didn't make so much difference about her.

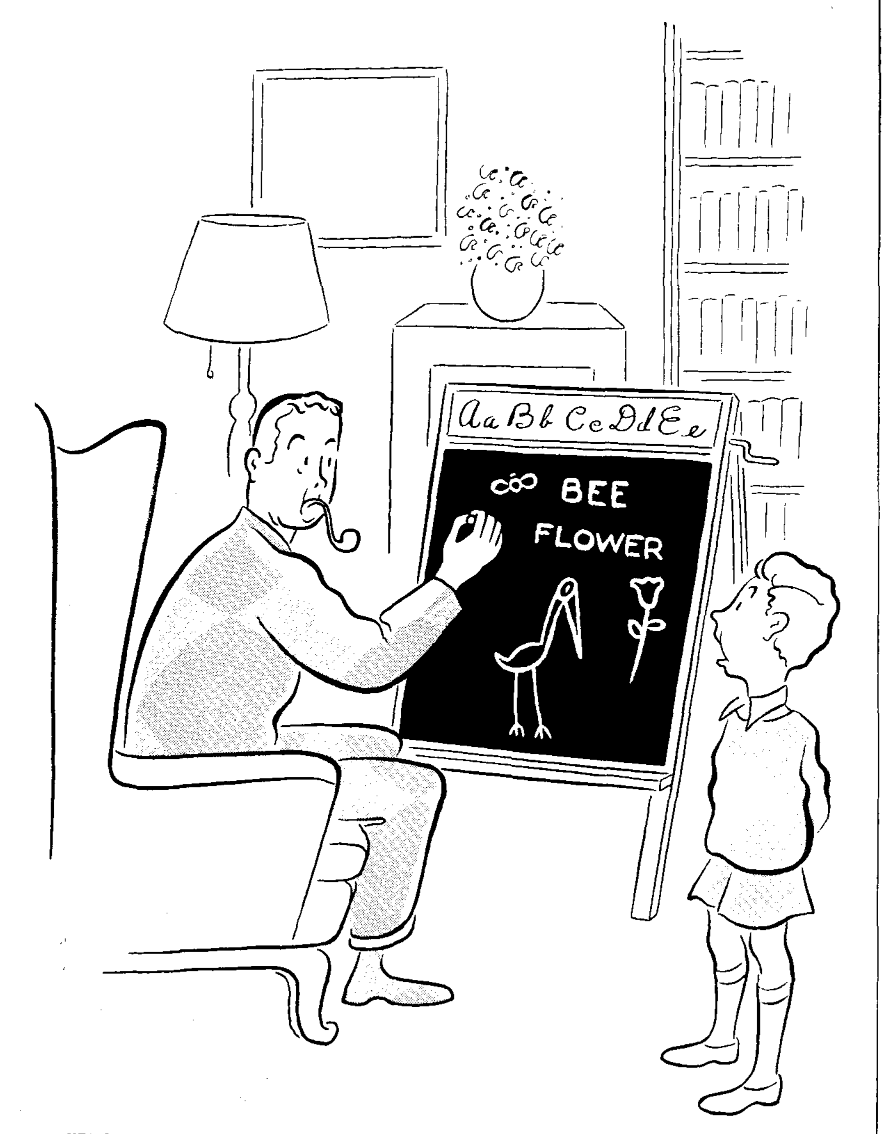
They got on the train, and just before it pulled out, Kerry came out on the coach platform. "Thanks, boys," he said.

The conductor—I don't remember who it was—swung a go-ahead sign at the engineer and hollered, " 'Booooooard."

Kerry looked up to where I was in the dark on the roof. "Goodby, Bum—and thanks," he said, and gave me that casual, friendly little wave of his.

I waved back—but with my left hand, for my right arm and leg felt like I'd been kicked by a horse instead of a shotgun. They had to get a ladder to get me down.

But that was after Kerry had gone.


Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee
BEE
FLOWER

"What's that got to do with me, Pop? I want to be a businessman"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

1 **"Help! Help!"** screamed Toto, rushing up to the animal trainer who was enjoying a TEN HIGH highball after his act. "Give me a drink—quick! That big lion of yours just tried to bite me."

2 **"He was only yawning!** And anyway, he has no teeth," laughed the trainer. "Oh, I knew that all the time!" said Toto, sipping his TEN HIGH. "But I also knew this whiskey of yours has No Rough Edges—and I was in a hurry to Double My Enjoyment of the raise the boss just gave me!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
SAY! THEY WEREN'T FOOLING! THIS RICH-TASTING, LOW-PRICED TEN HIGH IS THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH

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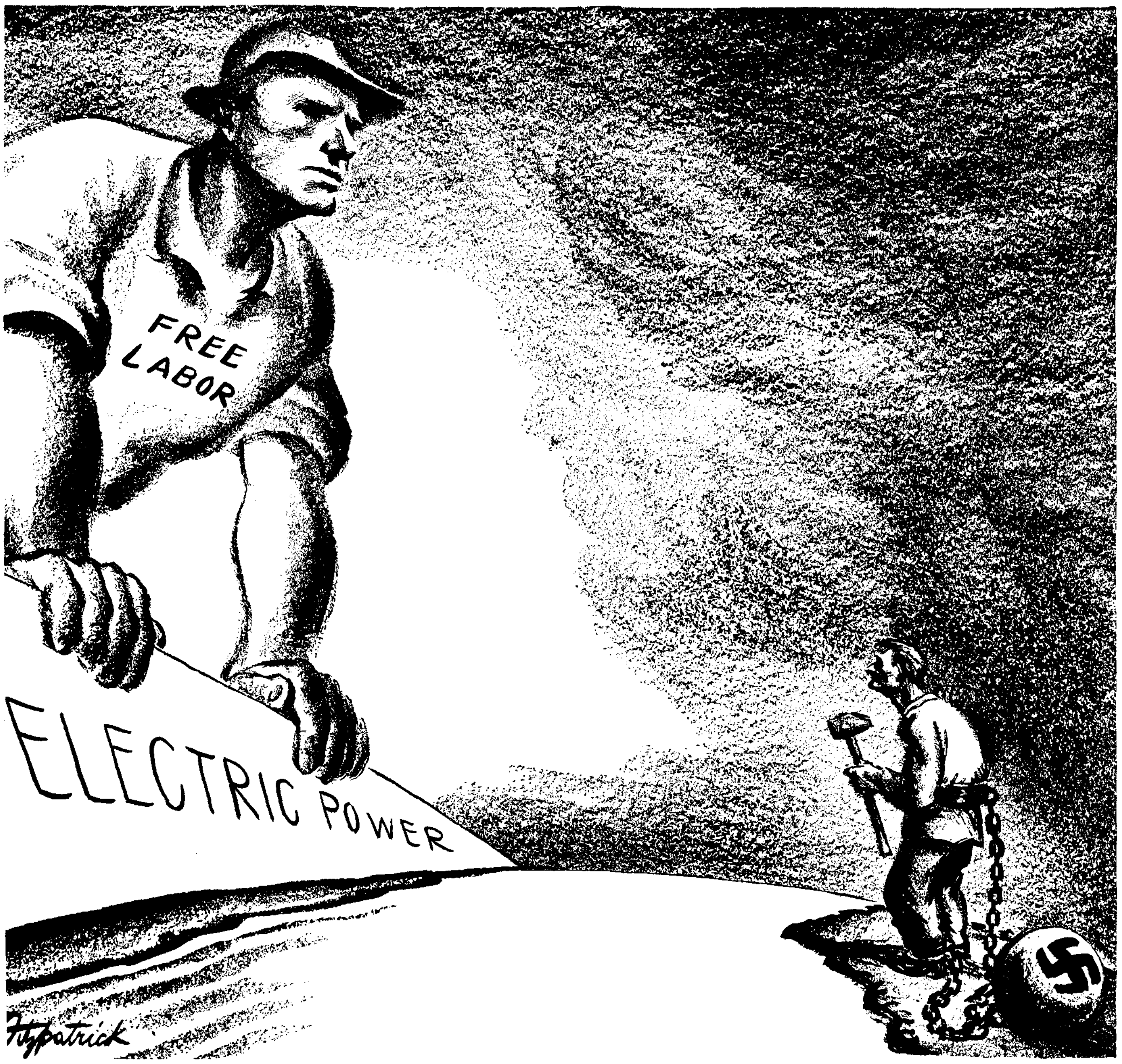

Our Head-Start on Hitler

SHIVERS dip down a lot of American business backs every time a news story floats in about how German salesmen are offering steel and various manufactured goods for October delivery in South America at prices far below United States prices.

It sounds like a popular American nightmare coming true already—the nightmare of Hitler bossing a slave-labor population around, and forcing it to turn out goods that can undersell goods produced in the United States by free and well-paid labor. If that nightmare does come true, our foreign markets will be in jeopardy.

Maybe it will come true sometime. But it hasn't yet.

And remember, United States industry, by and large, is far and away the most efficient in the world. That means that United States labor can turn out manufactured goods or processed materials at far less per-unit cost than can the less efficiently equipped and trained labor of any slave state now functioning. Yet because of this low per-unit cost, United States labor can be well paid.

The key factor in all this is our immense superiority in electric-power production and in mechanized production. Where Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini leave off with a lot of human slaves operating comparatively inefficient machines or making things by hand, we begin with a lot of free working people driving millions of electric-horsepower slaves which neither eat, sleep, suffer nor plot rebellions against their masters.

True, we suffer large-scale unemployment from time to time because of this plethora of electric-horsepower slaves and for other reasons. True, too, the slave states will undersell us on some items in some countries and will unquestionably make an effort to do so in all.

But the net of all these truths appears to be this: that our low per-unit costs are going to give us a head-start in any trade war Mr. Hitler and his comrade dictators may feel like waging against us, and they will be a long and weary time overcoming that head-start if they ever do overcome it. We are economically best equipped in this struggle.

It looks as if the main thing we have to worry about just now is not totalitarian competition in world markets, but defenses sufficient to keep the dictators from trying to grab the vast treasure house which is the United States. Get that national defense problem under control, pronto, and we'll have a wall behind which we can work out our other problems in our own way, and most likely with maximum success.

Let the Children In

LET'S give the green-light and the step-on-it signal to all the bona fide movements in this country to bring in child victims of Europe's war and find homes for them.

We mean, specifically, let's all contribute whatever we can to these organizations . . . let every American family that can do so take one or more of these sufferers from a war they never made . . . AND let Congress get busy and slash the immigration quota and other red tape which at this writing hampers and harries this child-rescue work.

England alone, beginning mid-June, undertook the task of rushing about 1,000,000 children out from under the German bombers.

Famine is already setting in in several parts of Europe; and according to Walter Davenport's recent report in Collier's based on findings of the Hoover relief organization, famines reminiscent of the Middle Ages are inevitable in Europe this winter.

Of all the victims of war and famine, children are the most tragic, the most piteous. They didn't start the war, they couldn't have known what it was all about, they can't fight for survival as adults can. Children take war and its consequences on the chin, and their chins are small and weak.

We know, of course, about the German children taken in after the World War by Norwegians and Hollanders, only to turn up again as fifth columnists or parachutists or bomber pilots when this war's fury cut loose.

That's a chance that any country receiving refugees in large numbers must take. Let's go ahead and take it. The immediate tragedy—a tragedy we can alleviate though we cannot stop it—is that a generation of European children is suffering atrociously and undeservedly. And we're sentimental enough to surmise that, though the bread those Norwegians and Hollanders cast on the running waters may be many, many days returning to them, it will return some day in some way.

If you want information on any practical aspect of this subject, write to the U. S. Bureau of Immigration, Washington, D. C.

Success Story

A recent United Press news item:

> TOPEKA, Kan.—Mrs. Marshall Becker of Topeka, runner-up for the women's state golf championship, began playing the game to keep from being a "golf widow."
>
> "It was either learn the game or sit at home while my husband played," she explains, "and then hear him play the game over after he came home."

This is what is meant by all the givers of advice about how to adjust yourself so as to be happily married and stay that way.

We recommend Mrs. Becker's example of how to turn a marriage liability into an asset to all wives who think they're neglected or misunderstood, and to all husbands ditto. Give comradeship and give-and-take at least one more fair chance before you hop off for Reno.

TEXACO
REST ROOM

Three hours past MIDNIGHT!

It is three hours past midnight.

A mother's arms cradle two sleeping children through an all night emergency journey . . .

A gay collegiate group arrives in an ancient "jaloppy" singing to the strum of a ukelele . . .

The restless driver of the little coupe re-reads a crumpled telegram and peers anxiously ahead into the dark . . .

A big truck thunders in . . . carrying provisions for a distant city.

* * *

It is three hours past midnight . . . yet the lights in the Texaco Dealer's Service Station burn on.

Night drivers come in for *Sky Chief* and *stepped-up FIRE-CHIEF* gasolines, *Insulated* Havoline and Texaco Motor Oils, water, air . . . the boon of a swiftly cleaned windshield . . . of clean *Registered* Rest Rooms . . . road maps . . . the dozens of other courtesy services we gladly render.

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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph—Branch Bobbitt, tobacco warehouseman, admires a fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.

LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCOS MEAN LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them. This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

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★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS. From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

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